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THE
WORKS
OF
PHILIP MASSINGER,

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

- A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS,
• The GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE,
The UNNATURAL COMBAT,
The BASHFUL LOVER,

LONDON:

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M DCC LXI.

THE

W O R L D

OF

PHILIP WASHINGTON

JOHN WASHINGTON

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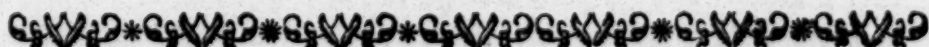




A NEW WAY
TO
PAY OLD DEBTS.
A
COMEDY.

As it hath been often acted at the *Phoenix* in
Drury-Lane, by the Queen's Majesty's Ser-
vants. 1633.

WRITTEN
By PHILIP MASSINGER.



VOL. III.

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TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
ROBERT Earl of CARNARVAN,
Master Falconer of ENGLAND.

My Good Lord,


 ARDON I beseech you my Boldness, in pre-
 suming to shelter this Comedy under the Wings of
 your Lordship's Favour and Protection. I am
 not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in
 my Service) that it cannot but meet with a severe Con-
 struction, if in the Clemency of your noble Disposition, you
 fashion not a better Defence for me, than I can fancy for
 myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian Princes,
 and Lords of eminent Rank in England, have not dis-
 dained to receive, and read Poems of this Nature; nor am
 I wholly lost in my Hopes, but that your Honour (who have
 ever express'd yourself a Favourer, and Friend to the Muses)
 may vouchsafe, in your gracious Acceptance of this Trifle, to
 give me Encouragement to present you with some laboured
 Work, and of a higher Strain, hereafter. I was born a
 devoted Servant to the thrice noble Family of your incom-
 parable Lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming
 Distance, to be known to your Lordship, which, if you please
 to admit, I shall embrace it as a Bounty, that while I live
 shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble Patron, and
 profess myself to be,

Your Honour's true Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

LOVELL, an *English* Lord.

Sir GILES OVERREACH, a cruel Extortioner.

WELLBORN, a Prodigal.

ALLWORTH, a young Gentleman, Page to Lord *Lovell*.

GREEDY, a hungry Justice of Peace.

MARRALL, a Term-driver; a Creature of Sir *Giles Overreach's*.

ORDER,

AMBLE,

FURNACE,

WATCHALL,

WELL-DO, a Parson.

TAPWELL, an Alchouse-keeper.

Three Creditors.

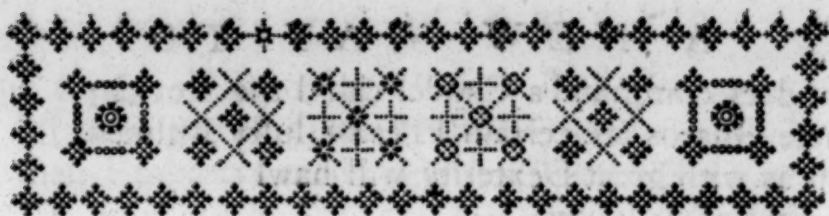
The Lady ALLWORTH. a rich Widow.

MARGARET, *Overreach's* Daughter.

Waiting Woman.

Chambermaid.

FROTH, *Tapwell's* Wife.



A NEW WAY
TO
PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Wellborn, Tapwell, Froth.

Wellborn.

N O Bouze? nor no Tobacco?

Tapwell. Not a Suck, Sir;
Nor the Remainder of a single Cann
Left by a drunken Porter, all Night pall'd too.

Froth. Not the Dropping of the Tap for your Morn-
ing's Draught, Sir:

'Tis Verity, I assure you.

Wellborn. Verity, you Brach!
The Devil turn'd Precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tapwell. Troth! durst I trust you with a Looking-
Glas,

To let you see your trim Shape, you would quit me,
And take the Name yourself.

Wellborn. How! Dog?

Tapwell. Even so, Sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your pile-worn Cloak, you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within Call (if it please your Worship)
A potent monarch call'd the Constable,

That does command a Citadel call'd the Stocks ;
 Whose Guards are certain Files of lusty Billmen,
 Such as with great Dexterity will hawl
 Your tatter'd, louzy —

Wellborn. Rascal ! Slave !

Froth. No Rage, Sir.

Tapwell. At his own Peril ! Do not put yourself
 In too much Heat, there being no Water near
 To quench your Thirst ; and sure for other Liquor,
 As mighty Ale, or Beer, they are Things, I take it,
 You must no more remember ; not in a Dream, Sir.

Wellborn. Why, thou unthankful Villain, dar'st thou
 talk thus ?

Is not thy House, and all thou hast, my Gift ?

Tapwell. I find it not in Chalk ; and *Timothy Tapwell*
 Does keep no other Register.

Wellborn. Am not I He
 Whose Riots fed and cloath'd thee ? Wert thou not
 Born on my Father's Land, and proud to be
 A Drudge in his House ?

Tapwell. What I was, Sir, it skills not :
 What you are, is apparent. Now for a Farewell :
 Since you talk of Father, in my Hope it will torment
 you,

I'll briefly tell your Story. Your dead Father,
 My *quondam* Master, was a Man of Worship ;
 Old Sir *John Wellborn*, Justice of Peace and *Quorum* ;
 And stood fair to be *Custos Rotulorum* ;
 Bore the whole Sway of the Shire, kept a great House,
 Reliev'd the Poor, and so forth : but he dying,
 And the Twelve Hundred a Year coming to you,
 Late Master *Francis*, but now forlorn *Wellborn* —

Wellborn. Slave, stop ! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly ;

You cannot be out of your Way.

Tapwell. But to my Story.

You were then a Lord of Acres, the prime Gallant,
 And I your under Butler : Note the Change now :
 You had a merry Time of't ; Hawks and Hounds,

With

With Choice of Running Horses; Mistresses
Of all Sorts and all Sizes, yet so hot
As their Embraces made your Lordship melt;
Which your Uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose a Drop of 'em,—
On foolish Mortgages, Statutes, and Bonds,
For a while supply'd your Looseness, and then left you.

Wellborn. Some Curate hath penn'd this invective,
Mongrel,

And you have study'd it.

Tapwell. I have not done yet:
Your Land gone, and your Credit not worth a Token,
You grew the common Borrower, no Man 'scap'd
Your Paper-pellets, from the Gentleman
To the Beggars on Highways, that sold you Switches
In your Gallantry.

Wellborn. I shall switch your Brains out.

Tapwell. When poor *Tim Tapwell*, with a little Stock,
Some Forty Pounds or so, bought a small Cottage;
Humbled myself to Marriage with my *Froth* here,
Gave Entertainment—

Wellborn. Yes, to Whores, and Canters,
Clubbers by Night.

Tapwell. True, but they brought in Profit,
And had a Gift to pay for what they call'd for;
And stuck not like your Mastership. The poor Income
I glean'd from them, hath made me in my Parish
Thought worthy to Scavenger; and in Time
May rise to be Overseer of the Poor;
Which if I do, on your Petition, *Wellborn*,
I may allow you Thirteen-pence a Quarter;
And you shall thank my Worship.

Wellborn. Thus, you Dog-bolt—
And thus—

[Beats and kicks him.]

Tapwell. Cry out for Help!

Wellborn. Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent Prince the Constable shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful Hell-Hound! did not I
Make Purfes for you? Then you lick'd my Boots,

And thought your Holiday Cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear, if ever
Thou could'st arrive at Forty Pounds, thou would'st
Live like an Emperor; 'twas I that gave it
In ready Gold. Deny this, Wretch!

Tapwell. I must, Sir.

For from the Tavern to the Taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their Licences, stand bound,
Never to remember who their best Guests were,
If they grew poor like you.

Wellborn. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such Cuckolds rich.
Thou Viper, thankless Viper! impudent Bawd!
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your Memory, and tread thee into Mortar;
Not leave one Bone unbroken.

Tapwell. Oh!

Froth. Ask Mercy.

Enter Allworth.

Wellborn. 'Twill not be granted.

Allworth. Hold for my Sake, hold!

Deny me, *Frank*? They are not worth your Anger.

Wellborn. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this
Scepter.

But let 'em vanish, creeping on their Knees;
And, if they grumble, I revoke my Pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating Husband; you
presum'd
On your ambling Wit, and must use your glib Tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.

* *On Forfeiture of their Licences stand bound
Never to remember, &c.*

I have printed this after the old Copies. *Mr. Doddsley* in his Collection reads,

On Forfeiture of their Licence stand bound
Never to remember who the best Guests were, &c.

Tapwell.

Tapwell. Patience, *Froth!*
There's Law to cure our Bruises.

[*They go off on their Hands and Knees!*]

Wellborn. Sent for to your Mother?

Allworth. My Lady, *Frank*, my Patroness! my all!
She's such a Mourner for my Father's Death,
And in her Love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much Observance to her:
There are few such Step-dames.

Wellborn. 'Tis a noble Widow,
And keeps her Reputation pure, and clear
From the least Taint of Infamy: Her Life
With the Splendor of her Actions leaves no Tongue
To Envy, or Detraction. Pry'thee tell me;
Has she no Suitors?

Allworth. Even the best of the Shire, *Frank*,
My Lord excepted: Such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again; but to no Purpose.
Their frequent Visits have not gain'd her Presence;
Yet she's so far from Sullenness and Pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal Entertainment. I can give you
A Catalogue of her Suitors Names.

Wellborn. Forbear it,
While I give you good Counsel. I am bound to it;
Thy Father was my Friend; and that Affection
I bore to him, in Right descends to thee.
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful Youth,
Nor will I have the least Affront stick on thee,
If I with any Danger can prevent it.

Allworth. I thank your noble Care; but, pray you, in
what
Do I run the Hazard?

Wellborn. Art thou not in Love?
Put it not off with Wonder.

Allworth. In Love, at my Years?

Wellborn.

Wellborn. You think you walk in Clouds, but are transparent,²

I have heard all, and the Choice that you have made;
And, with my Finger, can point out the North Star,
By which the Loadstone of your Folly's guided:
And to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair *Margaret*, the only Child, and Heir
Of *Cormorant Overreach*? Do'st blush and start,
To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want
Of Wit and Reason.

Allworth. You are too bitter, Sir.

Wellborn. Wounds of this Nature are not to be cur'd
With Balms, but Corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumiz'd from the Porter's Lodge,
And yet sworn Servant to the Pantophle,
And dar'st thou dream of Marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, nor ere shall be hereafter,
A handsome Page, or Player's Boy of fourteen,
But either loves a Wench, or Drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.

Allworth. This is Madness.
How ere you have discover'd my Intents,
You know my Aims are lawful; and if ever
The Queen of Flowers, the Glory of the Spring,
The sweetest Comfort to our Smell, the Rose
Sprung from an envious Briar, I may infer,
There's such Desparity in their Conditions,
Between the Goddess of my Soul, the Daughter,
And the base Churl her Father.—

Wellborn. Grant this true,
As I believe it; canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet Bed with her, whose Father
Ruin'd thy State?

² *You think you walk in Clouds, but are transparent.*

The old Reading was,

You think you walk in Clouds, but are transient,
Which was certainly an Error of the Press.

Allworth.

Allworth. And your's too.

Wellborn. I confess it true.

I must tell you as a Friend, and freely,
That, where Impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis Indiscretion to nourish Hopes.

Canst thou imagine, (let not Self-love blind thee)
That Sir *Giles Overreach*, who to make her great
In swelling Titles, without touch of Conscience,
Will cut his Neighbour's Throat (and I hope his own too)
Will ere consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some Course suitable to thy Rank,
And prosper in it.

Allworth. You have well advis'd me.

But, in the mean Time, you that are so studious
Of my Affairs, wholly neglect your own:
Remember yourself, and in what Plight you are.

Wellborn. No matter, no matter.

Allworth. Yes, 'tis much material:

You know my Fortune, and my Means; yet something
I can spare from myself, to help your Wants.

Wellborn. How's this?

Allworth. Nay, be not angry. There's eight Pieces
To put you in better Fashion.

Wellborn. Money from thee?

From a Boy? A Stipendary? One that lives
At the Devotion of a Stepmother,
And the uncertain Favour of a Lord?

I'll eat my Arms first. Howfoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her Malice on me;
Though I am vomited out of an Alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this Canopy;
Although I thank thee, I despise thy Offer.
And as I, in my Madness, broke my State,
Without th' Assistance of another's Brain,
In my right Wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.

Allworth. A strange Humour!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall.

Order. Set all Things right, or as my Name is *Order*,
And by this Staff of Office that commands you——
This Chain and double Ruff, Symbols of Power!
Whoever misses in his Function,
For one whole Week makes Forfeiture of his Breakfast,
And Privilege in the Wine-cellar.

Amble. You are merry
Good Master Steward.

Furnace. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amble. Why, Fellow *Furnace*, 'tis not Twelve o'Clock
yet,

Nor Dinner taking up; then 'tis allow'd
Cooks, by their Places, may be Cholerick.

Furnace. You think you have spoke wisely, Goodman

Amble,

My Lady's Go-before!

Order. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furnace. 'Twit me with the Authority of the Kitchen?
At all Hours, and all Places, I'll be angry;
And thus provok'd, when I am at my Prayers
I will be angry.

Amble. There was no Hurt meant.

Furnace. I am Friends with thee, and yet I will be an-
gry.

Order. With whom?

Furnace. No Matter whom: Yet, now I think on't,
I am angry with my Lady.

Watchall. Heaven forbid, Man.

Order. What Cause has she given thee?

Furnace. Cause enough, Master Steward:
I was entertain'd by her to please her Palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now since our Master, noble *Allworth*, died,
Tho' I crack my Brains to find out tempting Sauces,

And

And raise Fortifications in the Pastry,
Such as might serve for Models in the Low-Countries;
(Which, if they had been practis'd at *Breda*,
Spinola might have thrown his Cap at it, and ne'er took
it)——

Amble. But you had wanted Matter there to work on.
Furnace. Matter! with six Eggs, and a Strike of Rye
Meal,

I had kept the Town till Doomsday; perhaps longer.

Order. But what's this to your Pet against my Lady?

Furnace. What's this? Marry this, when I am three
Parts roasted,

And the fourth Part parboil'd to prepare her Viands;

She keeps her Chamber, dines with a Panada,

Or Water-gruel, my Sweat never thought on.

Order. But your Art is seen in the Dining-room.

Furnace. By whom?

By such as pretend love her; but come

To feed upon her. Yet, of all the Harpies

That do devour her, I am out of Charity

With none so much, as the thin gutted Squire

That's stol'n into Commiffion.

Order. Justice Greedy?

Furnace. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon
him;

It never thrives. He holds this Paradox,

Who eats not well, can ne'er do Justice well.

His Stomach's as insatiate as the Grave,

Or Strumpets ravenous Appetites.

Watchall. One knocks. [*Allworth* knocks, and enters.

Order. Our late young Master.

Amble. Welcome, Sir.

Furnace. Your Hand:

If you have a Stomach, a cold Bake-meat's ready.

Order. His Father's Picture in little.

Furnace. We are all your Servants.

Amble. In you he lives.

Allworth. At once, my Thanks to all;

This is yet some Comfort. Is my Lady stirring?

Enter

Enter the Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Order. Her Presence answers for us.

Lady. Sort those Silks Well.

I'll take the Air alone.

[Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.]

Furnace. You air and air;

But will you never taste but Spoon-meat more?

To what use serve I?

Lady. Prythee, be not angry;

I shall er'e long; in the mean Time, there's Gold

To buy thee Aprons, and a Summer Suit. *[Cool.]*

Furnace. I am appeas'd,³ and *Furnace* now grows

Lady. And, as I gave Directions, if this Morning

I am visited by any, entertain 'em

As heretofore: But say in my Excuse

I am indisposed.

Order. I shall, Madam.

Lady. Do, and leave me.

Nay, stay you *Allworth*.

[Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchball.]

Allworth. I shall gladly grow here,

To wait on your Commands.

Lady. So soon turn'd Courtier.

[is Duty,

Allworth. Stile not that Courtship, Madam, which
Purchas'd on your Part.

Lady. Well, you shall ov'rcome;

I'll not contend in Words. How is it with
Your noble Master?

Allworth. Ever like himself;

No Scruple lessen'd in the full Weight of Honour;

He did Command me; (pardon my Presumption)

³ *I am appeas'd, and Furnace now grows Cooke.*

Thus it stands in the Old Editions. Mr. *Dodley* reads,

I am appeas'd, and Furnace now grows Cold.

But I think from the Sense and Similitude it should be *Cool*.

As his unworthy Deputy, to kiss
Your Ladyship's fair Hands.

Lady. I am honour'd in
His Favour to me. Does he hold his Purpose
For the Low-Countries?

Allworth. Constantly, good Madam :
But he will in Person, first present his Service. [yet

Lady. And how approve you of his Course? you are
Like virgin Parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vitious or honorable.
I will not force your Will, but leave you free
To your own Election.

Allworth. Any Form you please,
I will put on ; but, might I make my Choice,
With humble Emulation I would follow
The Path my Lord marks to me,

Lady. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your Spirit : You had a Father,
(Bless'd be his Memory) that some few Hours
Before the Will of Heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest Ties
Of perfect Love between us, to my Charge :
And therefore what I speak, you are bound to hear
With such Respect, as if he liv'd in me.
He was my Husband, and how 'ere you are not
Son of my Womb, you may be of my Love,
Provided you deserve it.

Allworth. I have found you,
(Most honour'd Madam) the best Mother to me ;
And with my utmost Strength of Care and Service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your Bounties show'r'd upon me.

Lady. I much hope it.
These were your Father's Words. If ere my Son
Follow the War, tell him it is a School
Where all the Principles tending to Honour
Are taught, if truly followed : But for such
As repair thither, as a Place in which
They do presume they may with Licence practise
Their

Their Lusts and Riots; they shall never merit
 The noble Name of Soldiers. To dare boldly
 In a fair Cause, and for their Countries Safety
 To run upon the Cannon's Mouth undaunted;
 To obey their Leaders, and shun Mut'nies;
 To bear with Patience the Winter's Cold,
 And Summer's scorching Heat; and not to faint,
 When Plenty of Provision fails, with Hunger;
 Are the essential Parts make up a Soldier,
 Not Swearing, Dice or Drinking.

Allworth. There's no Syllable
 You speak, but is to me an Oracle,
 Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady. To conclude,
 Beware ill Company; for often Men
 Are like to those with whom they do converse:
 And, from one Man I warn'd you, and that's *Wellborn*:
 Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your Pity;
 But that he's in his Manners so debauch'd,
 And hath to vicious Courses sold himself.
 'Tis true your Father lov'd him, while he was
 Worthy the loving; but if he had liv'd
 To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
 As you must do.

Allworth. I shall obey in all Things.

Lady. Follow me to my Chamber, you shall have Gold
 To furnish you like my Son, and still supply'd,
 As I hear from you.

Allworth. I am still your Creature.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall.
 Marrall.

Greedy. Not to be seen?

Overreach. Still cloistered up? Her Reason,
 I hope, assures her, though she make herself
 Close Prisoner ever for her Husband's Loss,

'Twill

'Twill not recover him.

Order. Sir, it is her Will;
Which we that are her Servants ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly Welcome;
And if you please to stay, that you may think so;
There came not six Days since from *Hull*, a Pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my Lady's Honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right Race?

Order. Yes, Master *Greedy*

Amble. How his Mouth runs o'er! [Worship.

Furnace. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good

Greedy. Honest Master Cook, thy Hand, again! How
I love thee.

Are the good Dishes still in being? Speak Boy.

Furnace. If you have a Mind to feed, there is a Chine
Of Beef well seasoned.

Greedy. Good!

Furnace. A Pheasant larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Furnace. Other *Kickshaws*.⁴

Besides there came last Night from the Forest of *Sherwood*,
The fattest Stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A Stag, Man?

Furnace. A Stag, Sir, Part of it prepar'd for Dinner,
And bak'd in Puff-paste

Greedy. Puff-paste too, Sir, *Giles*!
A ponderous Chine of Beef! A Pheasant larded!
And red Deer too Sir *Giles*, and bak'd in Puff-paste!
All Business set aside; let us give thanks here.

Furnace. How the lean Skeleton's rap'd!

Over. You know we cannot.

Mar. Your Worships are to sit on a Commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the Cause. [Dinner,

Greedy. Cause me no Causes: I'll prove't, for such a
We may put off a Commission: You shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.

⁴ Other *Kickshaws*.

This is the Original, but Mr. *Dodley* has other *quelques choses*. I
would preserve the *English Kickshaws*.

Over. Fie, Master *Greedy*,
Will you lose me a thousand Pounds for a Dinner?
No more for Shame! We must forget the Belly,
When we think of Profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'errule me,
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, Master Cook?
Send but a Corner of that immortal Pastie;
And I, in Thankfulness, will by your Boy
Send you—a Brace of Three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so Prodigal?

Enter Wellborn.

Over. Remember me to your Lady.—Who have we
[here?

Wellborn. Don't you know me:

Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no Blood of mine. Avant, thou Beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd.

Greedy. I'll grant the Warrant.
Think of *Pye-corner*, *Furnace*!

[*Exeunt Over. Greedy, Mar.*

Watch. Will you out, Sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.

Order. This is Rudeness
And saucy Impudence.

Amble. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd among your Fellows from the Basket,
But you must press into the Hall?

Furnace. Pry'thee vanish
Into some Outhouse, though it be the Pigsty;
My Skullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth.

Wellborn. This is rare:
Oh! here's *Tom Allworth*, *Tom*!

Allworth. We must be Strangers;

Nor

Nor would I have you seen here for a Million.

[Exit Allworth.

Wellborn. Better and better. He contemns me too?

Enter Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. Foh, what a Smell's here! What Thing's this?

Chamb. A Creature

Made out of the Privy. Let us hence for Love's Sake,
Or I shall swoon.

Woman. I begin to faint already.

[Exeunt Woman and Chambermaid.

Watchball. Will you know your Way?

Amble. Or shall we teach it you,

By the Head and Shoulders?

Wellborn. No, I will not stir:

Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the Wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you Slaves,
Created only to make Legs and Cringe;
To carry in a Dish, and shift a Trencher;
That have not Souls only to hope a Blessing
Beyond black Jacks or Flagons; you that were born
Only to consume Meat and Drink, and batten
Upon Reversions: Who advances? Who
Shews me the Way?

Order. My Lady.

Enter Lady, Woman and Chambermaid.

Chamb. Here's the Monster.

Woman. Sweet Madam, keep your Glove to your Nose.

Chamb. Or let me

Fetch some Perfumes may be Predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Wellborn. Madam, my Designs

Bear me to you.

Lady. To me?

Wellborn. And though I have met with
But ragged Entertainment from your Grooms here;

I hope from you to receive that noble Usage,
As may become the true Friend of your Husband;
And then I shall forget these.—

Lady. I am amaz'd,
To see, and hear this Rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find Belief,
That I, who to the best Men of this Country
Deny'd my Presence since my Husband's Death,
Can fall so low, as to change Words with thee?
Thou Son of Infamy, forbear my House!
And know, and keep the Distance that's between us:
Or, though it be against my gentler Temper,
I shall take Order, you no more shall be
An Eye-fore to me.

Wellborn. Scorn me not, good Lady;
But as in Form you are Angelical,
Imitate the heavenly Natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The Blood that runs in this Arm, is as noble
As that which fills your Veins; those costly Jewels,
And those Rich Clothes you wear, your Men's Observance,
And Women's Flattery, are in you no Virtues;
Nor these Rags, with my Poverty, in me Vices.
You have a fair Fame, and I know deserve it;
Yet, Lady, I must say, in nothing more,
Than in the pious Sorrow you have show'n
For your late noble Husband.

Order. How she starts!

Furnace. And hardly can keep finger from the Eye
To hear him nam'd.

Lady. Have you ought else to say? [Fortune

Wellborn. That Husband, Madam, was once in his
Almost as low as I. Want, Debts and Quarrels
Lay heavy on him: Let it not be thought
A Boast in me, though I say, I reliev'd him.
'Twas I that gave him Fashion; mine the Sword
That did on all Occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with Honour, *Lady*:
And when in all Men's Judgments he was sunk,

And

And in his own Hopes not to be buoy'd up;
I step'd unto him, took him by the Hand,
And set him upright.

Furnace. Are not we base Rogues
That could forget this?

Wellborn. I confess you made him
Master of your Estate; nor could your Friends
Though he brought no Wealth with him, blame you for't;
For he had a Shape, and to that Shape a Mind
Made up of all Parts, either Great or Noble;
So winning a Behaviour, not to be
Resisted, Madam.

Lady. 'Tis most true, he had.

Wellborn. For his Sake then, in that I was his Friend,
Do not condemn me.

Lad. For what's past, excuse me,
I will redeem it. *Order,* give the Gentleman
A hundred Pounds.

Wellborn. No, Madam, on no Terms:
I will not beg nor borrow Six-pence of you;
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one Suit I make, which you deny not
To Strangers: And 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*

Lady. Fie, nothing else?

[*Servants,*

Wellborn. Nothing, unless you please to charge your
To throw away a little Respect upon me.

Lady. What you Demand is yours.

Wellborn. I thank you, *Lady.*
Now what can be wrought out of such a Suit,
Is yet in Supposition; I have said all,
When you please you may Retire.—Nay, all's forgotten,
And for a lucky Omen to my Project,
Shake Hands, and end all Quarrels in the Cellar.

Order. Agreed, Agreed.

Furnace. Still Merry-master *Wellborn.*

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Overreach, Marrall.

Over. **H**E's gone, I warrant thee; this *Commission* crush'd him.

Mar. Your Worship has the Way on't, and ne'er miss To squeeze these Unthrifths into Air: And yet The chap-fal'n *Justice* did his Part, returning For your Advantage the *Certificate*, Against his Conscience and his Knowledge too; (With your good Favour) to the utter Ruin Of the poor Farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good Ends I made him a *Justice*. He that bribes his Belly, Is certain to command his Soul.

Mar. I wonder (Still with your Licence) why, your Worship having The Power to put this thin-gut in Commission, You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a Fool: In being out of Office, I am out of Danger; Where, if I were a *Justice*, besides the Trouble, I might, or out of Wilfulness or Error, Run myself finely into a *Premunire*; And so become a Prey to the Informer. No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep *Greedy* at my Devotion; so he serve My Purposes, let him Hang, or Damn, I care not. Friendship is but a Word.

Mar. You are all Wisdom.

Over. I would be Wordly Wise; for the other Wisdom, That does prescribe us a well-govern'd Life, And to do Right to others, as ourselves,

I value not an Atom,

Mar. What Course take you,
With your good Patience, to hedge in the Manor
Of your Neighbour Master *Frugall*? As 'tis said,
He will not Sell, nor Borrow, nor Exchange;
And his Land lying in the midst of your many Lord-
Is a foul Blemish. [ships,

Over. I have thought on't, *Marrall*;
And it shall take. I must have all Men Sellers,
And I the only Purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, Sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some Cottage near his Ma-
nor;

Which done, I'll make my Men break ope his Fences;
Ride o'er his standing Corn, and in the Night
Set Fire on his Barns, or break his Cattles Legs.
These Trespasses draw on Suits; and Suits, Expences:
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus Two or Three Years,
Tho' he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his Thrift and Care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the Favour of my Man of Law,
I will pretend some Title: Want will force him
To put it to Arbitrement: Then if he sell
For Half the Value, he shall have Ready Money,
And I possess his Land.

Mar. 'Tis above Wonder!

Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine Arts, Sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.

This Varlet, *Wellborn*, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close Cheat put upon him. Will not Cold
Nor Hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.

I have us'd all Means; and the last Night I caus'd
His Host the Tapster to turn him out of Doors;
And have been since with all your Friends and Tenants,
And on the Forfeit of your Favour charg'd them,

Though a Crust of mouldy Bread would keep him from
starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, Sir.

Over. That was something, *Marrall*, but thou must
go farther;

And suddenly, *Marrall*.

Mar. Where, and when you please, Sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out: and, if thou
Persuade him that 'tis better steal, than beg. [canst,

Then if I prove he has but robb'd a Henroost,
Not all the World shall save him from the Gallows.

Do any thing to work him to Despair,

And 'tis thy Masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my Best, Sir.

Over. I am now on my main Work, with the Lord
Lovell,

The Gallant-minded, Popular Lord *Lovell*;

The Minion of the People's Love. I hear

He's come into the Country; and my Aims are

To insinuate myself into his Knowledge,

And then invite him to my House.

Mar. I have you.

This points at my young Mistress.

Over. She must part with

That humble Title, and write Honourable,

Right Honourable, *Marrall*! My Right Honourable
Daughter!

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.

I will have her well attended; there are Ladies

Of Errant Knights decay'd, and brought so low,

That for cast Cloaths and Meat will gladly serve her.

And 'tis my Glory, though I come from the City

To have their Issue whom I have undone,

To kneel to mine, as Bond-Slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit State, Sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a Chambermaid

That ties her Shoes, or any meaner Office,

But such whose Fathers were Right Worshipful.

'Tis a rich Man's Pride! there having ever been

More

More than a Fewd, a strange Antipathy,
Between us and true Gentry.

Enter Wellborn.

Mar. See! who's here, Sir?

Over. Hence, Monster Prodigy!

Wellborn. Sir, your Wife's Nephew;
She and my Father tumbled in one Belly.

Over. Avoid my Sight! thy Breath's infectious,
Rogue!

I shun thee as a Leprosy, or the Plague.

Come hither, *Marrall*, this is the Time to work him.

[*Exit Overreach.*]

Mar. I warrant you, Sir.

Wellborn. By this Light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you took Compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Wellborn. You have took a Course,
Between you and my venerable Uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more dull spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply —

Wellborn. By what?

Mar. By my Religion.

Wellborn. Thy Religion!

The Devil's Creed! — But what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one Tree in all the Shire,
Nor any Hope to compass a penny Halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my Fortunes,
A With had serv'd my Turn to hang myself;
And presently, as you love your Credit.

Wellborn. I thank you.

See! who's here, Sir?

I cannot help thinking but something is lost here. *Marrall* says,
See! who's here, Sir? *Over.* Hence, Monster, Prodigy! *Wellborn*
answers as if the other had said, *Who, or what art thou?* —
Sir, your Wife's Nephew, She, and my Father, &c.

Mar.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a Ditch, or Lice devour you?

Or if you dare not do the Feat yourself,
But that you'll put the State to Charge and Trouble,
Is there no Purse to be cut? House to be broken?
Or Market-Women with Eggs that you may murder,
And so dispatch the Business?

Wellborn. Here's Variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle Offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you Hope ever to eat again?
Or drink? or be the Master of Three Farthings?
If you like not Hanging, Drown yourself: Take some
Course

For your Reputation.

Wellborn. 'Twill not do, dear Tempter:
With all the Rhetorick the Fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from Despair,
Nay, I have Confidence, which is more than Hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these Castles you build in the Air
Will not persuade me, or to give, or lend
A Token to you.

Wellborn. I'll be more kind to thee.
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you?

Wellborn. Nay more, dine *gratis*.

Mar. Under what Hedge, I pray you? Or at whose
Cost? Are they Padders, or Abram-men, that are your
Consorts?

Wellborn. Thou art incredulous, but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her House, but with a gallant Lady;
With me, and with a Lady,

Mar. Lady! what Lady?
With the Lady of the Lake, or Queen of Fairies?
For I know, it must be an enchanted Dinner.

Wellborn. With the Lady *Albworth*, Knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's Hope
Thy Brain is crack'd.

Wellborn.

Wellborn. Mark there, with what Respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With Choice no doubt of Dog-whips.
Why dost thou ever hope to pass her Porter?

Wellborn. 'Tis not far off, go with me: Trust thine
own Eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my Hope, or my Assurance, rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a Dog in a Blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her Threshold,
I will endure thy Company.

Wellborn. Come along then. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Allworth, Waiting-woman, Chambermaid, Order, Am-
ble, Furnace, Watchall.

Woman. Could you not command your Leisure one
Hour longer?

Chamb. Or half an Hour?

Allworth. I have told you what my Haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My Duty suffers, if to please myself
I should neglect my Lord.

Woman. Pray you do me the Favour
To put these few Quince-Cakes into your Pocket,
They are of mine own preserving.

Chamb. And this Marmulade;
'Tis comfortable for your Stomach.

Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a Farewell from you.

Chamb. You are still before me. I move the same
Suit, Sir. [Kisses 'em severally.

Furnace. How greedy these Chamberers are of a
beardless Chin!

I think the Titts will ravish him.

Allworth. My Service
To both.

Woman.

Woman. Ours wait on you.]

Chamb. And shall do ever.

Order. You are my Lady's Charge, be therefore
That you sustain your Parts. [careful]

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

Exeunt Woman and Chambermaid.

Furnace. Here, drink it off; the Ingredients are
And this the true Elixir; it hath boil'd [Cordial,
Since Midnight for you. 'Tis the Quintessence
Of five Cocks of the Game, ten Dozen of Sparrows,
Knuckles of Veal, Potatœ-roots, and Marrow;
Coral, and Ambergrise: Were you two Years older,
And I had a Wife, or gamesome Mistrefs,
I durst trust you with neither: You need not bait
After this, I warrant you; though your Journey's long,
You may ride on the Strength of this till To-morrow
Morning.

Allworth. Your Courtesies overwhelm me: I much
grieve

To part from such true Friends, and yet I find Comfort;
My Attendance on my Honourable Lord,
(Whose Resolution holds to visit my Lady)
Will speedily bring me back.

[Knocking at the Gate; Marrall and Wellborn
within.

Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?

Wellborn. Yes, yes, and knock again.

Order. 'Tis he; disperse.

Amble. Perform it bravely.

Furnace. I know my Cue; ne'er doubt me.

[They go off several Ways.

Watchall. Beast that I was to make you stay: Most
You were long since expected. [welcome;

Wellborn. Say so much

To my Friend, I pray you.

Watchall. For your Sake, I will, Sir.

Mar. For his Sake!

Wellborn.

Wellborn. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believ'd, though I had found it in my
Primer.

Allworth. When I have given you Reasons for my
late Harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me: For, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my Service
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a Vengeance!

Wellborn. I am satisfied: Farewell *Tom.*

Allworth. All Joy stay with you. [Exit *Allworth.*

Enter Amble.

Amble. You are happily encounter'd: I never yet
Presented one so welcome, as I know
You will be to my Lady.

Mar. This is some Vision;
Or sure these Men are mad, to worship a Dunghill;
It cannot be a Truth.

Wellborn. Be still a Pagan,
An unbelieving Infidel; be so, Miscreant!
And meditate on Blankets, and on Dog-Whips.

Enter Furnace.

Furnace. I am glad you are come; untill I know your
Pleasure
I know not how to serve up my Lady's Dinner.

Mar. His Pleasure! is it possible?

Wellborn. What's thy Will?

Furnace. Marry, Sir, I have some Growse, and *Turkey*
Chicken,
Some Rails, and Quails, and my Lady will'd me t' ask
What kind of Sauces best affect your Palate, [you
That I may use my utmost Skill to please it.

Mar.

Mar. The Devil's enter'd this Cook; Sauce for his
Palate
That on my Knowledge, for almost this Twelvemonth,
Durst wish but Cheeseparings and brown Bread on Sun-
days.

Wellborn. That Way I like 'em best.——

Furnace. It shall be done, Sir. [*Exit Furnace.*]

Wellborn. What think you of the Hedge we shall dine
under?

Shall we feed *gratis*?

Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Enter Order.

Order. This Place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, Sir, to the Dining Room.

Wellborn. I am well here,
'Till her Ladyship quits her Chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare Change! but Yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a Barn, wrapp'd up in Pease-straw.

Enter Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. O! Sir, you are wish'd for.

Chambermaid. My Lady dream't, Sir, of you.

Woman. And the first Command she gave, after she
rose,

Was (her Devotions done) to give her Notice
When you approach'd here.

Chambermaid. Which is done, on my Virtue.

Mar. I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new Belief, which Saints, nor Angels,
Could have won me to have Faith in.

Woman. Sir, my Lady——

Enter

Enter Lady.

Lady. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you.

This first Kiss is for me; I allow a second
To such a Friend.

Mar. To such a Friend! Heav'n bless me!

Wellborn. I am wholly yours; yet Madam, if you please

To grace this Gentleman with a Salute.

Mar. Salute me at his Bidding!

Wellborn. I shall receive it

As a most high Favour.

Lady. Sir, you may command me.

Wellborn. Run backward from a Lady! and such a Lady!

Mar. To kiss her Foot is, to poor me, a Favour
I am unworthy of—— *[Offers to kiss her Foot.]*

Lady. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to Day, at mine own Table.

Mar. Your Ladyship's Table! I am not good enough
To sit at your Steward's Board.

Lady. You are too modest:
I will not be deny'd.

Enter Furnace.

Furnace. Will you still be babling,
Till your Meat freeze on the Table? The old Trick still:
My Art ne'er thought on!

Lady. Your Arm, Master *Wellborn*:
Nay, keep us Company.

Mar. I was never so grac'd.

[Exeunt Wellborn, Lady, Amble, Marall, Woman.]

Order. So, we have play'd our Parts, and are come
off well.

But

But if I know the Mystery, why my Lady
Consented to it, or why Master *Wellborn*
Desir'd it, may I perish.

Furnace. Would I had
The roasting of his Heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor Gentleman to these Shifts.
By Fire! (for Cooks are *Persians*, and swear by it)
Of all the griping, and extorting Tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A Match to Sir *Giles Overreach*.

Watchball. What will you take
To tell him so, Fellow *Furnace*?

Furnace. Just as much
As my Throat is worth, for that would be the Price on't.
To have a Usurer that starves himself,
And wears a Cloak of one and twenty Years,
Or a Suit of fourteen Groats, bought of the Hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir *Giles* feeds high, keeps many Servants,
Who must at his Command do any Outrage;
Rich in his Habit, vast in his Expences,
Yet he to Admiration still increases
In Wealth, and Lordships.

Order. He frights Men out of their Estates,
And breaks through all Law-nets, made to curb ill Men,
As they were Cobwebs. No Man dares reprove him.
Such a Spirit to dare, and Power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter Amble.

Amble. Ha, ha! I shall burst.

Order. Contain thyself Man.

Furnace. Or make us Partakers
Of your sudden Mirth.

Amble. Ha, ha! my Lady has got
Such a Guest at her Table—this Term-driver *Marall*—
This Snip of an Attorney.

Furnace. What of him, Man?

Amble.

PAY OLD DEBTS. 33

Amble. The Knave thinks still he's at the Cook's Shop
in *Ram alley*,

Where the Clerks divide, and the Elder is to choose—
And feeds so slovenly!

Furnace. Is this all?

Amble. My Lady

Drank to him for fashion Sake, or to please Master
As I live, he rises, and takes up a Dish, [*Wellborn.*
In which there were some Remnants of a boil'd Capon,
And Pledges her in Whitebroth.

Furnace. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his Tribe.

Amble. And when I brought him Wine,
He leaves his Stool, and after a Leg or two
Most humbly thanks my Worship.

Order. Risen already.

Amble. I shall be chid.

Enter Lady, Wellborn, Marall.

Furnace. My Lady frowns.

Lady. You wait well——

Let me have no more of this, I observ'd your Jeering;
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my Table, be he ne'er so mean;
When I am present, is not your Companion.

Order. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her. [*Aside.*

Furnace. This refreshing,
Follows your Flux of Laughter,

Lady. You are Master [*To Wellborn.*
Of your own Will. I know so much of Manners,
As not to enquire your Purposes; in a Word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a House
That is your own.

Wellborn. Mark that.

Mar. With Reverence, Sir,
And it like your Worship.

Wellborn. Trouble yourself no farther,

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C

Dear

Dear Madam ; my Heart's full of Zeal, and Service,
However in my Language I am sparing.
Come, Master *Marrall*.

Mar. I attend your Worship.

[*Exeunt* Wellborn, *Mar.*

Lady. I see in your Looks you are sorry, and you
know me

An easy Mistress : Be merry ; I have forgot all.

Order and *Furnace* come with me. I must give you
Further Directions.

Order. What you please.

Furnace. We are ready.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Wellborn, Marrall.

Wellborn. I think I am in a good Way.

Mar. Good Sir ! the best Way ;
The certain best Way.

Wellborn. There are Casualties
That Men are subject too.

Mar. You are above 'em,
And as you are already Worshipful,
I hope e'er long you will increase in Worship,
And be Right Worshipful.

Wellborn. Pry'thee do not flout me.
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your Ease,
You keep your Hat off ?

Mar. Ease, and it like your Worship ?
I hope *Jack Marrall* shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly Beast,
Though it hail Hazel Nuts, as to be cover'd
When your Worship's present.

Wellborn. Is not this a true Rogue ?
That out of meer Hope of a future Cos'nage
Can turn thus suddenly : 'Tis rank already.

[*Afide.*

Mar. I know your Worship's wife, and needs no
[*Counsel :*

Yet

Yet if in my Desire to do you Service,
I humbly offer my Advice, (but still
Under Correction) I hope I shall not
Incur your high Displeasure.

Wellborn. No ; speak freely.

[ment,

Mar. Then in my Judgment, Sir, my simple Judg-
(Still with your Worship's Favour) I could wish you
A better Habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble Lady
(I say no more) that loves you : For this Morning,
To me (and I am but a Swine to her)
Before th' Assurance of her Wealth perfum'd you,
You favour'd not of Amber.

Wellborn. I do now then ? ⁶

Mar. This your Battoon hath got a Touch of it.

[Kisses the End of his Cudgel.

Yet if you please, for Change, I have Twenty Pounds
Which, out of my true Love, I presently
Lay down at your Worship's Feet : 'Twill serve to buy
A Riding Suit.

Wellborn. But where's the Horse ?

Mar. My Gelding

Is at your Service : Nay, you shall ride me,
Before your Worship shall be put to the Trouble
To walk a Foot. Alas ! when you are Lord
Of this Lady's Manor (as I know you will be) ^{[acre,}
You may with the Lease of Glebe Land, call'd *Knaves-*
(A Place I would manure) requite your Vassal.

Wellborn. I thank thy Love : But must make no use
What's Twenty Pounds ? ^{[of it.}

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, Sir.

Wellborn. Dost thou think, though I want Clothes, I
could not have 'em,

⁶ I do now then ?

Mr. Dodley reads, *Do I now then ?*—The old Reading is right, for
Marral says, *This Morning before the Assurance of her Wealth had per-*
fum'd you—you favour'd not of Amber. *Wellborn* replies, *I do now then,*
giving him at the same Time his Cudgel to smell to.

For one Word to my Lady?

Mar. As I know not that——

[*thee.*

Wellborn. Come, I'll tell thee a Secret, and so leave
I'll not give her the Advantage, though she be
A gallant minded Lady, after we are married
(There being no Woman, but is sometimes froward)
To hit me in the Teeth, and say she was forc'd
To buy my Wedding Clothes, and took me on,
With a plain Riding-suit, and an ambling Nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself.
And so farewell; for thy Suit touching Knaves-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [Exit *Wellborn.*

Mar. I thank your Worship.

How was I cozen'd in the Calculation
Of this Man's Fortune! My Master cozen'd too,
Whose Pupil I am in the Art of undoing Men;
For that is our Profession. Well, well, Master *Wellborn*,
You are of a sweet Nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the Land and Lady, you *sans Question* shall be.
I'll presently think of the Means. [Walks by, musing.

Enter Overreach speaking to a Servant.

Over. Sirrah! take my Horse.

I'll walk to get me an Appetite. 'Tis but a Mile;
And Exercise will keep me from being pursey.

Ha! *Marral*! is he conjuring? Perhaps
The Knave has wrought the Prodigal to do
Some Outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his Conscience for't: No matter
So it be done. *Marrall*!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our Plot on *Wellborn*?

Mar. Never better, Sir.

Over. Has he hang'd, or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, Sir, he lives;

Lives

Lives once more to be made a Prey to you :

A greater Prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy Wits?

If thou art, reveal this Miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A Lady, Sir, is fal'n in Love with him,

Over. With him! what Lady?

Mar. The rich Lady *Allworth*.

Over. Thou Dolt; how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak Truth;

And I do so but once a Year; unless

It be to you, Sir. We din'd with her Ladyship :

I thank his Worship.

Over. His Worship!

Mar. As I live, Sir;

I din'd with him, at the great Lady's Table,

Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him;

And would at his Request, have kiss'd me too;

But I was not so audacious, and some Youths are,⁷

And dare do any Thing be it ne'er so absurd,

And sad after Performance.

Over. Why, thou Rascall,

To tell me these Impossibilities :

Dine at her Table! and kiss him! or thee!

Impudent Varlet. Have not I myself,

To whom great *Countesses* Doors have oft flew open;

Ten Times attempted, since her Husband's Death,

In vain to see her, though I came a Suitor :

And yet your good Solicitor-ship, and Rogue *Wellborn*,

Were brought into her Presence, feasted with her.—

But that I know thee a Dog that cannot blush,

This most incredible Lye would call up one

On thy Buttermilk Cheeks.

⁷ *But I was not so audacious, &c.*

Mr. Dodsey has this Passage,

But I was not so audacious as some Youths are,

And dare do any Thing, &c.

I think the old Reading right—if not, it ought to read,

Who dare, &c.

Mar. Shall I not trust my Eyes, Sir?
Or taste? I feel her good Cheer in my Belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over Sirrah;
Recover your Brains again; and be no more gull'd
With a Beggar's Plot, assisted by the Aids
Of serving Men and Chambermaids; for, beyond these,
Thou never saw'st a Woman; or I'll quit you
From my Employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet.
On my Confidence of their Marriage, I offer'd *Wellborn*
(I would give a Crown now, I durst say his Worship)
[*Aside.*

My Nag, and twenty Pounds.

Over. Did you so Idiot? ⁸ [Strikes him down.
Was this the Way to work him to Despair
Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your Worship kill me?

Over. No, no; but drive the lying Spirit out of you,

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then: Now forgetting
Your late imaginary Feast and Lady,
Know my Lord *Lovell* dines with me To-morrow:
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my Daughter's Women trim her up
Though they paint her, so she catch the Lord; I'll thank
'em,

There's a Piece for my late Blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer:

But there may be a Time.

[*Aside.*

Over. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ *Did you so I doe.'*

Thus it stood in the Original. Mr. *Dodley* reads,

Did you so?

Which Reading makes the Verse bad; I fancy it should be—

Did you so Idiot? Or else, Did you so Dog?

Which reads still better, and is not improbable.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lovell, Allworth, *Servants*.

Lovell. WALK the Horses down the Hill:
something in private

I must impart to *Allworth*.

[*Exeunt Servant.*]

Allworth. O my Lord!

What Sacrifice of Reverence, Duty, Watching;
Altho' I could put off the Use of Sleep,
And ever wait on your Commands to serve 'em;
What Dangers, though in ne'er so horrid Shapes,
Nay Death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful Willingness, suffer;
But still the Retribution will fall short
Of your Bounties shower'd upon me.

Lovell. Loving Youth;
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'er-prize it; since you have trusted me
With your Soul's nearest, nay, her dearest Secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a Cabinet lock'd,
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your Face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your Modesty with a Blush for't)
More zealous in your Love, and Service to me,
Than I have been in my Rewards.

Allworth. Still great ones,
Above my Merit.

Lovell. Such your Gratitude calls 'em:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugg'd Temper
As some Great Men are tax'd with, who imagine
They part from the Respect due to their Honours,
If they use not all such as follow 'em,
Without Distinction of their Births, like Slaves.
I am not so condition'd: I can make
A fitting Difference between my Foot-boy,

And a Gentleman by Want compell'd to serve me.

Allworth. 'Tis thankfully acknowledg'd; you have
More like a Father to me than a Master. [been
Pray you, pardon the Comparison.

Lovell. I allow it;

And to give you Assurance I am pleas'd in't,
My Carriage and Demeanour to your Mistress,
Fair *Margaret*, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my Passions.

Allworth. 'Tis a Conquest
Few Lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lovell. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of
By that fair Name; I in the Wars have purchas'd, [me?
And all my Actions, hitherto untainted!
I will not be more true to mine own Honour,
Than to my *Allworth*.

Allworth. As you are the brave Lord *Lovell*,
Your bare Word only given, is an Assurance
Of more Validity and Weight to me,
Than all the Oaths bound up with Imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most Courtiers practice;
Yet being a Man (for sure to stile you more
Would relish of gross Flattery) I am forc'd,
Against my Confidence of your Worth and Virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lovell. So young, and jealous?

Allworth. Were you to encounter with a single Foe,
The Victory were certain: But to stand
The Charge of two such potent Enemies,
At once assailing you, as Wealth and Beauty,
And those too seconded with Power, is Odds
Too great for *Hercules*.

Lovell. Speak your Doubts and Fears,
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer Language,
That I may understand 'em.

Allworth. What's your Will,
Though I lend Arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you) must be obey'd.

My

My much lov'd Lord, were *Margaret* only fair,
The Cannon of her more than earthly Form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with Bullets of her sparkling Eyes,
Of all the Bulwarks that defend your Senses
Could batter more, but that which guards your Sight.
But when the well-tun'd Accents of her Tongue
Make Musick to you, and with numerous Sounds
Assault your Hearing, such as if *Ulysses*
Now liv'd again (howe'er he stood the Syrens)
Could not resist; the Combat must grow doubtful
Between your Reason and rebellious Passions.
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western Wind, when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating Gums and Spices;
And in the Van, the Nectar of her Lips
Which you must taste, bring the Battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly liv'd with her Discourse,
And knowing Manners, to give Entertainment;
Hyppolitus himself would leave *Diana*,
To follow such a *Venus*.

Lovell. Love hath made you
Poetical, *Allworth*.

Allworth. Grant all these beat off,
(Which if it be in Man to do, you'll do it)
Mammon, in *Sir Giles Overreach*, steps in
With Heaps of ill got Gold, and so much Land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A Falcon's Wings in one Day to fly over.
O my good Lord! these powerful Aids, which would
Make a mishapen *Negro* beautiful,
(Yet are but Ornaments to give her Lustre,
That in herself is all Perfection) must
Prevail for her. I here release your Trust;
'Tis Happiness, enough, for me to serve you;
And sometimes, with chaste Eyes, to look upon her.

Lovell. Why, shall I swear?

Allworth. O, by no means, my Lord!
And wrong not so your Judgment to the World,

As

As from your fond Indulgence to a Boy,
Your Page, your Servant, to refuse a Blessing
Divers great Men are Rivals for.

Lovell. Suspend
Your Judgment 'till the Trial. How far is it
T' *Overreach's* House?

Allworth. At the most some half Hour's Riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lovell. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous Fears.

Allworth. O that I durst but hope it! [Exeunt,

S C E N E H.

Overreach, Greedy, Marrall.

Over. Spare for no Cost; let my Dressers crack with
Of curious Viands. [the Weight

Greedy. Store indeed's no Sore, Sir

Over. That Proverb fits your Stomach, Master *Greedy*.
And let no Plate be seen but what's pure Gold,
Or such whose Workmanship exceeds the Matter
That it is made of: Lay my choicest Linnen,
Perfume the Room, and when we wash, the Water
With precious Powders mix, to please my Lord,
That he may with Envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Over. Avaunt, you Drudge:
Now all my labour'd Ends are at the Stake,
Is't a Time to think of Thrift? Call in my Daughter.
And, Master Justice, since you love choice Dishes,
And Plenty of 'em —

Greedy. As I do, indeed, Sir,
Almost as much as to give Thanks for 'em.

Over. I do confer that Province, with my Power
Of absolute Command to have Abundance,
To your best Care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,

And

And give the best Directions.—Now am I
In mine own Conceit a Monarch, at the least,
Arch-president of the Boil'd, the Roast, the Bak'd;
For which I will eat often, and give Thanks,
When my Belly's brac'd up like a Drum; and that's
pure Justice.

Over. It must be so.—Should the foolish Girl prove
modest, [Exit Greedy.

She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her Mother: I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her

Enter Margaret.

Alone — and let your Women wait without.

Marg. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Over. Ha! this is a neat Dressing!

These orient Pearls, and Diamonds well plac'd too!
The Gown affects me not; it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with Flowers of Gold;
But these rich Jewels and quaint Fashion help it.
And, how below? since oft the wanton Eye,
The Face observ'd, descends unto the Foot;
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect White and Red,
Though without Art. How like you your new Woman,
The Lady *Downfaln*?

Marg. Well, for a Companion;
Not as a Servant.

Over. Is she humble, *Meg*;
And careful too; her Ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her Fortune.

Over. Pity her. Trample on her.
I took her up in an old tatter'd Gown,
(Even starv'd for want of Two-penny Chops) to serve
thee:

And if I understand, she but repines
To do thee any Duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her Knight, where I have lodg'd him,
In

In the Counter, and there let 'em howl together.

Marg. You know your own Ways; but for me, I
[blush,

When I command her, that was once attended
With Persons, not inferior to myself
In Birth.

Over. In Birth. Why art thou not my Daughter?
The blest Child of my Industry and Wealth?
Why, foolish Girl; wa'st not to make thee great,
That I have ran, and still pursue those Ways
That hale down Curses on me, which I mind not?
Part with these humble Thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble State I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my Hopes to see thee Honourable,
I will adopt a Stranger to my Heir,
And throw thee from my Care; do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, Sir; mould me which way you
please.

Over. How, interrupted?

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. 'Tis matter of Importance.
The Cook, Sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my Experience. There's a Fawn brought in, Sir,
And, for my Life, I cannot make him roast it,
With a *Norfolk* Dumpling in the Belly of it;
And, Sir, we wise Men know, without the Dumpling
'Tis not worth Three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy Belly,
To stuff it out; Cook it any way, prythee, leave me.

Greedy. Without Order for the Dumpling?

Over. Let it be dumpl'd
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scall'd him
In his own Caldron.

Greedy. I had lost my Stomach
Had I lost my Mistress's Dumpling, I'll give thanks for't.

[Exit Greedy.
Over.

Over. But to our Business *Meg*. You have heard who
[dines here?

Marg. I have, Sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable Man.

A Lord, *Meg*, and commands a Regiment
Of Soldiers; and what's rare is one himself;
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A Lord, and a good Leader in one Volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
The Kingdom's Glory.

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. I'll resign my Office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Over. Slight, art thou frantick?

Greedy. Frantick, 'twould make me frantick, and
stark Mad,

Were I not a *Justice of Peace* and *Quorum* too,
Which this rebellious Cook cares not a Straw for.
There are a Dozen of Woodcocks——

Over. Make thyself

Thirteen: The Baker's Dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,

So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found out
A new Device for Sauce, and will not dish 'em
With Toasts and Butter. My Father was a Taylor;
And my Name, though a Justice, *Greedy Woodcock*;
And, e'er I'll see my Lineage so abused,
I'll give up my Commission.

Over. Cook!—Rogue, obey him.

I have given the Word, pray you now remove yourself,
To a Coller of Brawn, trouble me no farther.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to Eat at Dinner.
[Exit Greedy.]

Over. And as I said, *Meg*, when this Gull disturb'd us;
This Honourable Lord, this Colonel,
I would have thy Husband.

Marg. There's too much Disparity

Between

Between his Quality and mine to hope it.

Over. I more then hope, and doubt not to effect it;
Be thou no Enemy to thyself; my Wealth
Shall weigh his Titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the Means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a Courtier, and a Soldier,
And not to be trifled with, and therefore when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.
This mincing Modesty hath spoil'd many a Match
By a first Refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

Marg. You'll have me, Sir, preserve the Distance that
Confines a Virgin?

Over. Virgin me no Virgins.
I must have you lose that Name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say private;
If thou art my true Daughter, not a Bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one Man, though he came
Like *Jupiter* to *Semele*, and come off too:
And therefore when he kisses you, kiss close.

Marg. I have heard this is the Strumpets Fashion, Sir,
Which I must never learn.

Over. Learn any thing,
And from any Creature that may make thee Great;
From the Devil himself.

Marg. This is but Devellish Doctrine! [*Aside*]

Over. Or if his Blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this; do not you stay 'till it cool,
But meet his Ardor? if a Couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.

Marg. In your House,
Your own House, Sir? for Heav'ns Sake! what are
[you then?

Or what shall I be, Sir?

Over. Stand not on Form;
Words are no Substances.

Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own Honour; cast aside Religion
The Hopes of Heaven or fear of Hell—excuse me
In worldly policy; this is not the Way

To make me his Wife, his Whore : I grant it may.
My maiden Honour so soon yielded up,
Nay prostituted, cannot but assure him,
I that am Light to him will not hold Weight
When tempted by others : So in Judgment,
When to his Lust I have given up my Honour,
He must, and will forsake me.

Over. How ! forsake thee ?

Do I wear a Sword for Fashion ? or is this Arm
Shrunk up or wither'd ? Does there live a Man
Of that large Lift I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave Inch of Ground,
Nor purchas'd with his Blood that did oppose me ?
Forsake thee when the Thing is done ? He dares not.
Give me but Proof, he has enjoy'd thy Person,
Though all his Captains (Eccho's to his Will,)
Stood arm'd by his Side to justify the Wrong,
And he himself in the Head of his bold Troop,
Spite of his Lordship, and his Colonelship,
Or the Judge's Favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict Accompt, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded Honour;
I have said it.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the Man of Honour's come,
Newly alighted.

Over. In, without reply ;
And do as I Command, or thou art lost. [*Exit Marg.*
Is the loud Musick I gave order for,
Ready to receive him ?

Mar. 'Tis, Sir.

Over. Let 'em sound
As princely welcome. Roughness a while leave me ;
For fawning now, a Stranger to my Nature,
Must make Way for me. [*Loud Musick.*

Enter

Enter Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, Marrall.

Lovell. Sir, you meet your Trouble.

Over. What you are pleas'd to stile so, is an Honour Above my Worth and Fortunes.

Allworth. Strange! so humble.

Over. A Justice of Peace, my Lord.

[Presents Greedy to him.]

Lovell. Your Hand, good Sir.

Greedy. This is a Lord; and some think this a Favour; But I had rather have my Hand in my Dumpling.

[Aside.]

Over. Room for my Lord.

Lovell. I miss, Sir, your fair Daughter To crown my Welcome.

Over. May it please my Lord To taste a Glas of Greek Wine first, and suddenly She shall attend, my Lord.

Lovell. You'll be obey'd, Sir.

[Exeunt all but Overreach.]

Over. 'Tis to my Wish! as soon as come, ask for her!

Enter Margaret.

Why, *Meg*? *Meg Overreach* — How! Tears in your Ha! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out. *[Eyes!]*
Is this a Time to whimper? Meet that Greatness That flies into thy Bosom; think what 'tis For me to say, *My Honourable Daughter*:
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, put on;
Or, Father you forget yourself. No more,
But be instructed, or expect — He comes.

Enter Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, Marrall. They salute.

A black-brow'd Girl, my Lord.

Lovell. As I live, a rare one.

Allworth. He's took already: I am lost.

Over.

Over. That Kifs
Came twanging off, I like it ; quit the Room.—

[The rest go off.]

A little bashful, my good Lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her Boldness.

Lovell. I am happy
In such a Scholar : But —

Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves : Remember.

To his Daughter.

[Exit Overreach.]

Lovell. You see, fair Lady, your Father is sollicitous
To have you change the barren Name of Virgin
Into a hopeful Wife.

Marg. His Haste, my Lord,
Holds no Power o'er my Will.

Lovell. But o'er your Duty —

Marg. Which forc'd too much, may break.

Lovell. Bend rather, Sweetest :
Think of your Years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours :
And choicest Fruits too soon plucked, rot, and wither.

Lovell. Do you think I am old ?

Marg. I am sure, I am too young.

Lovell. I can advance you —

Marg. To a Hill of Sorrow ;
Where every Hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm Footing. You are noble ;
I of a low Descent, however rich ;
And Tissues match'd with Scarlet suit but ill.
O my good Lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these Walls.

Lovell. Pray you trust my Ear then.

Enter Overreach, listning.

Over. Close at it ! whispering ! this is excellent !
And by their Postures, a Consent on both Parts.

VOL. III.

D

Enter

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

Over. The great Fiend stop that Clapper! [Noon.

Greedy. It must ring out, Sir, when my Belly rings
The bak'd Meats are run out, the roast turn'd Powder.

Over. I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to Dust, I care not;
In such a Cause as this, I'll die a Martyr. [bles.

Over. Marry, and shall, you Barathrum of the Sham-
[Strikes him.

Greedy. How! strike a Justice of Peace? 'tis petty
Treason,

Edwardi quinto! But that you are my Friend,
I could commit you without Bail or Mainprize. [you

Over. Leave your Bawling, Sir, or I shall commit
Where you shall not dine To-day: Disturb my Lord,
When he is in Discourse?

Greedy. Is't a Time to talk
When we should be munching?

Lovell. Ha! I heard some Noise.

Over. Mum, Villain; vanish: Shall we break a
Bargain

Almost made up? [Thrusts Greedy off.

Lovell. Lady, I understand you;
And rest most happy in your Choice. Believe it,
I'll be a careful Pilot to direct

Your yet uncertain Bark to a Port of Safety.

Marg. So shall your Honour save two Lives, and
Your Slaves for ever. [bind us

Lovell. I am in the Act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er you must put on
An am'rous Carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle Father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Lovell. Now break we off our Conference.—Sir Giles.
Where is Sir Giles?

Enter

Enter Overreach, and the rest.

Over. My noble Lord ; and how
Does your Lordship find her ?

Lovell. Apt, Sir *Giles*, and coming,
And I like her the better.

Over. So do I too.

Lovell. Yet should we take Forts at the first Assault,
'Twere poor in the Defendant. I must confirm her
With a Love-Letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my Page, and you give Way to't,

Over. With all my Soul — a towardly Gentleman !
Your Hand, good Master *Allworth* ; know my House
Is ever open to you.

Allworth. 'Twas shut 'till now. [*Aside.*

Over. Well done, well done, my Honourable Daugh-
Thou'rt so already : Know this gentle Youth, [*ter :*
And cherish him, my Honourable Daughter.

Margaret. I shall, with my best Care.

[*Noise within as of a Coach.*

Over. A Coach !

Greedy. More Stops
Before we go to Dinner ! O my Guts !

Enter Lady, and Wellborn.

Lady. If I find Welcome,
You share in it : If not, I'll back again,
Now I know your Ends ; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.

Lovell. How ! the Lady *Allworth* !

Over. And thus attended !

Marg. No, I am a Dolt ; [*Lovell salutes*
the Lady, the Lady salutes Margaret.

The Spirit of Lies hath enter'd me.

Over. Peace, Patch,
'Tis more than Wonder ! an Astonishment
That does possess me wholly !

Lovell. Noble Lady,
This is a Favour to prevent my Visit;
The Service of my Life can never equal.

Lady. My Lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd
You would have made my poor House your first Inn:
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample Cause,
In this unequal'd Beauty, for your Stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the Relation of my Service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long Restraint,
And took the Air in Person to invite you.

Lovell. Your Bounties are so great, they rob me, Ma-
Of Words to give you Thanks. [dam,

Lady. Good Sir *Giles Overreach*. [Salutes him.
How dost thou, *Marrall*? lik'd you my Meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will when you please,
And it like your Ladyship.

Lady. When you please, Master *Greedy*;
If Meat can do it, you shall be satisfy'd.
And now, my Lord, pray take into your Knowledge
This Gentleman; howe'er his Outside's coarse,
[Presents *Wellborn*.

His inward Linings are as fine and fair,
As any Man's: Wonder not, I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his Humour carries him
To be thus accoutred; or what Taint soever
For his wild Life hath stuck upon his Fame;
He may ere long, with Boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemn'd him. *Sir Giles Over-*
If I am welcome, bid him so. [reach,

Over. My Nephew!
He has been too long a Stranger: Faith you have:
Pray let it be mended.

[*Lovell conferring with Wellborn.*
Mar. Why, Sir, what do you mean?
This is Rogue *Wellborn*, Monster, Prodigy,

That

That should hang or drown himself, no Man of Worth
Much less your Nephew. [Ship,

Over. Well, Sirrah! we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my Jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't [Aside.

Wellborn. Let my Silence plead
In my Excuse, my Lord, 'till better Leisure
Offer itself to hear a full Relation
Of my poor Fortunes.

Lovell. I would hear, and help 'em.

Over. Your Dinner waits you.

Lovell. Pray you lead, we follow.

Lady. Nay, you are my Guest; come, dear Master

Wellborn. [Exeunt. *Manet Greedy.*

Greedy. Dear Master *Wellborn*! So she said; Heav'n!
Heav'n!

If my Belly would give me Leave, I could ruminate
All Day on this: I have granted twenty Warrants,
To have him committed, from all Prisons in the Shire,
To *Nottingham* Jail! and now, dear Master *Wellborn*!
And my good Nephew!—But I play the Fool
To stand here prating. and forget my Dinner.

Enter Marrall.

Are they set, *Marrall*?

Mar. Long since: Pray you a Word, Sir,

Greedy. No Wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must; my Master
Knowing you are his good Friend, makes bold with you,
And does intreat you, more Guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his Nephew,
The Table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold Meat.

Greedy. How! no Dinner
After all my Care?

Mar. 'Tis but a Penance for
A Meal; besides, you broke your Fast.

Greedy. That was
But a Bit to stay my Stomach: A Man in Commission
Give Place to a Tatterdemallion!

Mar. No bug Words, Sir;
Should his Worship hear you —

Greedy. Lose my Dumpling too?
And butter'd Toasts, and Woodcocks?

Mar. Come, have Patience.
If you will dispense a little with your Worship,
And sit with the Waiting Women, you'll have Dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd Toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the Way, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Overreach as from Dinner.

Over. She's caught! O Woman! she neglects my
Lord,

And all her Compliments applied to *Wellborn*!
(The Garments of her Widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the Spring)
Her Eyes fix'd on him; in the Wine she drinks,
He being her Pledge, she sends him burning Kisses,
And sits on Thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my Meat to feed upon his Looks;
And if in our Discourse he be but nam'd,
From her a deep Sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the whole Board is troubled at your rising.
Over. No Matter, I'll excuse it. Pr'ythee, *Marrall*,
Watch an Occasion to invite my Nephew
To speak with me in Private.

Mar.

Mar. Who? the Rogue
The Lady scorn'd to look on?

Over. You are a Wag.

'Enter Lady and Wellborn.

Mar. See, Sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.

Lady. With your Favour, Sir, after a plenteous Dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a Turn or two
In your rare Garden.

Over. There's an Arbour too,
If your Ladyship please to use it.

Lady. Come, Master Wellborn.

[Exeunt Lady and Wellborn.]

Over. Groffer and Groffer! now I believe the Poet
Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphae was enamour'd of a Bull:

This Lady's Lust's more monstrous. My good Lord,

Enter Lovell, Margaret, and the rest.

Excuse my Manners.

Lovell. There needs none, Sir *Giles*:
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases
My dearest Mistress to give Warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my Lord, and make me
happy.

Enter Wellborn and the Lady.

Marg. My Lady is return'd.

Lady. Provide my Coach,
I'll instantly away: My Thanks, Sir *Giles*,
For my Entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your Nobleness
To think it such.

Lady. I must do you a farther Wrong,
In taking away your honourable Guest.

Lovell. I wait on you, Madam, farewell good Sir *Giles*.

Lady. Good Mistress *Margaret*! nay, come Master *Wellborn*,

I must not leave you behind, in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, Madam, of all Joys at once.

Let my Nephew stay behind: He shall have my Coach,
And, after some small Conference between us
Soon overtake your Ladyship.

Lady. Stay not long, Sir.

Lovell. This parting Kifs: You shall every Day hear
By my faithful Page. [from me

Allworth. 'Tis a Service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt Lovell, Lady, Allworth, Margaret, Marrall.*

Over. Daughter, to your Chamber. You may won-
After so long an Enmity between us, [der, Nephew,
I should desire your Friendship?

Wellborn. So I do, Sir.

'Tis strange to me.

Over. But I'll make it no Wonder,

And what is more, unfold my Nature to you.
We worldly Men, when we see Friends and Kinsmen,
Past Hope, sunk in their Fortunes, lend no Hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our Feet
Upon their Heads, to press 'em to the Bottom;
As I must yield, with you I practise'd it:
But now I see you in a Way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich Lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;
'Tis too apparent, Nephew.

Wellborn. No such Thing:
Compassion rather, Sir.

Over. Well, in a Word,
Because your Stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base Shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a Beggar, or in Debt.

Wellborn. He'll run into the Noose, and save my La-
bour. [Aside.

Over. You have a Trunk of rich Clothes, not far hence
In

In pawn; I will redeem 'em: and, that no Clamour
May taint your Credit; for your petty Debts,
You shall have a thousand Pounds to cut 'em off,
And go a Freeman to the wealthy Lady.

Wellborn. This done, Sir, out of Love, and no Ends
Over. As it is, Nephew. [else—

Wellborn. Binds me still your Servant. [supp'd

Over. No Compliments; you are stay'd for: e'er y've
You shall hear from me. My Coach, Knaves, for my
To-morrow I will visit you. [Nephew:

Wellborn. Here's an Uncle
In a Man's Extremes! how much they do bely you
That say you are hard-hearted!

Over. My Deeds, Nephew,
Shall speak my Love; what Men report, I weigh not,
[Exeunt.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lovell, Allworth.

Lovell. 'TIS well. Give me my Cloak: I now dis-
charge you

From further Service. Mind your own Affairs;
I hope they will prove successful.

Allworth. What is blest
With your good Wish, my Lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your Honour,
How much I stand engag'd; for I want Language
To speak my Debt: yet if a Tear or two
Of joy, for your much Goodness, can supply
My Tongues Defects, I could—

Lovell. Nay, do not melt:

This

This ceremonial Thanks to me's superfluous.⁹

Over. within. Is my Lord stirring?

Lovell. 'Tis he! oh, here's your Letter! let him in.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, Marrall.

Over. A good Day to my Lord.

Lovell. You are an early Riser,

Sir Giles.

Over. And Reason, to attend your Lordship.

Lovell. And you too, Master *Greedy*, up so soon?

Greedy. In troth, my Lord, after the Sun is up
I cannot sleep; for I have a foolish Stomach
That croaks for Breakfast. With your Lordship's Favour,
I have a serious Question to demand
Of my worthy Friend *Sir Giles*.

Lovell. Pray you use your Pleasure.

Greedy. How far, *Sir Giles*, and pray you answer me
Upon your Credit, hold you it to be
From your Manor House, to this of my Lady *Allworth's*?

Over. Why, some four Miles

Greedy. How! four Miles good *Sir Giles*
Upon your Reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest Wrong
That can be in the World: for four Miles riding
Could not have rais'd so huge an Appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go a foot, you are that Way still provided,
And it please your Worship.

Over. How now, *Sirrah*? Prating

⁹ *This ceremonial Thanks to me's superfluous.*

This is the old Reading which I have followed. *Mr. Doddsley* reads,

This ceremonial of Thanks, &c.

We might alter it yet, and read,

These ceremonial, &c.

This ceremonious Thanks to me's superfluous.

Before

Before my Lord? No Difference? Go to my Nephew,
See all his Debts discharg'd, and help his Worship
To fit on his rich Suit.

Mar. I may fit you too;
Toss'd like a Dog still. [Exit Marfall.

Lovell. I have writ this Morning
A few Lines to my Mistress, your fair Daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's already:
Sweet Master *Allworth*, take my Ring; 'twill carry you
To her Presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good Lord, if you shall find Occasion.
That done, pray ride to *Nottingham*; get a Licence,
Still by this Token. I'll have it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my Lord; that I may say
My Honourable, nay, Right Honourable Daughter.

Greedy. Take my Advice young Gentleman; get your
Breakfast.

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you;
And eat to purpose.

Over. Some Furies in that Gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour this Morning,
A Shield of Brawn, and a Barrel of *Colchester* Oysters?

Greedy. Why that was, Sir, only to scour my Stomach,
A kind of a Preparative. Come, Gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the Hangman of *Flushing*
Alone, while I am here.

Lovell. Haste your Return.

Allworth. I will not fail, my Lord.

Greedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas Coffers. [Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.

¹⁰ A kind of a Preparative. Come Gentleman,
I will not have, &c.

Mr. Dodgley alters this, and reads

A kind of Preparative. Come Gentlemen,
I will, &c.

But to me 'tis very plain that *Greedy* by his former Advice to *Allworth*, now directs himself to him only; and not to the whole Company; nor could they be said to eat alone, if he had not kept them Company.

Over.

Over. To my Wish, we are private.
 I come not to make Offer with my Daughter
 A certain Portion ; that were poor and trivial :
 In one Word, I pronounce all that is mine,
 In Lands, or Leases, ready Coin, or Goods,
 With her, my Lord, comes to you ; nor shall you have
 One Motive to induce you to believe,
 I live too long, since every Year I'll add
 Something unto the Heap, which shall be your's too.

Lovell. You are a right kind Father.

Over. You shall have Reason
 To think me such. How do you like this Seat ?
 It is well wooded, and well water'd, the Acres
 Fertile and rich ; would it not serve for change
 To entertain your Friends in a Summer Progress ?
 What thinks my noble Lord ?

Lovell. 'Tis a wholsom Air,
 And well built Pile ; and she that's Mistress of it
 Worthy the large Revenue.

Over. She the Mistress ?
 It may be so for a Time : But let my Lord,
 Say only, that he likes it, and would have it,
 I say, e'er long 'tis his.

Lovell. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me ;
 Nor the Engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
 The Lady *Allworth's* Lands ; for those once *Wellborn's*,
 (As by her Dotage on him, I know they will be,)
 Shall soon be mine, but point out any Man's
 In all the Shire, and say they lie convenient,
 And useful for your Lordship, and once more,
 I say aloud, they are your's.

Lovell. I dare not own
 What's by unjust and cruel Means extorted :
 My Fame and Credit are more dear to me,
 Than so to expose 'em to be censur'd by
 The publick Voice.

Over. You run, my Lord, no Hazard.
 Your Reputation shall stand as fair

In all good Men's Opinions as now :
 Nor can my Actions, though condemn'd for ill,
 Cast any foul Asperſion upon your's.
 For, though I do contemn Report myſelf,
 As a meer Sound ; I ſtill will be ſo tender
 Of what concerns you, in all Points of Honour,
 That the immaculate Whitenefs of your Fame,
 Nor your unqueſtion'd Integrity,
 Shall e'er be ſullied with one Taint or Spot,
 That may take from your Innocence and Candor.
 All my Ambition is to have my Daughter
 Right Honourable ; which my Lord can make her :
 And might I live to dance upon my Knee
 A young Lord *Lovell*, born by her unto you,
 I write *nil ultra* to my proudeſt Hopes.
 As for Poſſeſſions, and annual Rents,
 Equivalent to maintain you in the Port,
 Your noble Birth and preſent State require,
 I do remove that Burthen from your Shoulders,
 And take it on mine own : For though I ruin
 The Country to ſupply your Riotous Waſte,
 The Scourge of Prodigals, Want, ſhall never find you.

Lovell. Are you not frighted with the Imprecations
 And Curſes of whole Families, made wretched
 By your ſiniſter Practiſes ?

Over. Yes, as Rocks are,
 When foamy Billows ſplit themſelves againſt
 Their flinty Ribs ; or as the Moon is mov'd,
 When Wolves, with Hunger pin'd, howl at her Bright-
 I am of a ſolid Temper, and like theſe, [nefs.
 Steer on a conſtant Courſe. With mine own Sword
 If call'd into the Field, I can make that right,
 Which fearful Enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
 Now, for thoſe other pidling Complaints
 Breath'd out in Bitterneſs ; as when they call me
 Extortioner, Tyrant, Cormorant, or Intruder
 On my poor Neighbours Right ; or grand Incloſer
 Of what was common, to my private Uſe ;
 Nay, when my Ears are pierc'd with Widows cries,

And

And undone Orphans wash with Tears my Threshold;
 I only think what 'tis to have my Daughter
 Right Honourable; and, 'tis a powerful Charm:
 Makes me insensible of Remorse or Pity,
 Or the least Sting of Conscience.

Lovell. I admire
 The Toughness of your Nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
 My Lord, and for my Daughter, I am Marble;
 Nay more, if you will have my Character
 In little, I enjoy more true Delight
 In my Arrival to my Wealth, these dark
 And crooked Ways, than you shall e'er take Pleasure
 In spending what my Industry hath compass'd.
 My Haste commands me hence: In one Word therefore,
 Is it a Match?

Lovell. I hope, that is past Doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the Hate of all Mankind
 Nor Fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
 Shall make me study ought, but your Advancement
 One Story higher. An Earl! if Gold can do it.
 Dispute not my Religion, nor my Faith,
 Though I am borne thus headlong by my Will;
 You may make Choice of what Belief you please,
 To me they are equal; so, my Lord, good-morrow.

[Exit.

Lovell. He's gone—I wonder how the Earth can bear
 Such a Portent! I, that have liv'd a Soldier,
 And stood the Enemies violent Charge undaunted,
 To hear this Blasphemous Beast, am bath'd all over
 In a cold Sweat: Yet like a Mountain he
 (Confirm'd in Atheistical Assertions)

*He's gone, I wonder how the Earth can bear
 Such a Portent, &c.*

All the Characters of this Piece are finely drawn, but that of *Overreach* is inimitable; nothing could give us such an Idea of a designing cruel Extortioner, as the foregoing Scene, it is a Master-piece in its kind, and worthy of Observation.—Lord *Lovell* is a beautiful Contrast, and the Reflections he makes on *Overreach* is equally worth our Attention.

Is no more shaken, than *Olimpus* is
When angry *Boreas* loads his double Head
With sudden Drifts of Snow.

Enter Lady, Woman, Amble.

Lady. Save you, my Lord.
Disturb I not your Privacy?

Lovell. No, good Madam;
For your own Sake I am glad you came no sooner.
Since this Bold, Bad Man, Sir *Giles Overreach*,
Made such a plain Discovery of himself,
And read this Morning such a devillish Matins,
That I should think it a Sin next to his;
But to repeat it.

Lady. I ne'er press'd, my Lord,
On others Privacies; yet, against my Will,
Walking, for Health Sake, in the Gallery
Adjoining to your Lodgings, I was made
(So vehement, and loud he was) Partaker
Of his tempting Offers.

Lovell. Please you to command
Your Servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser Counsel.

Lady. 'Tis, my Lord a Woman's,
But True and Hearty;—wait in the next Room,
But be within call: Yet not so near to force me
To whisper my Intents.

Amble. We are taught better
By you good Madam.

Woman. And well know our Distance.

Lady. Do so, and talk not, 'twill become your Breed-
ing.

[*Exeunt Amble and Woman.*]

Now, my good Lord; if I may use my Freedom,
As to an honour'd Friend?

Lovell. You lessen else
Your Favour to me.

Lady. I dare then say thus;
As you are Noble (howe'er common Men

Make

Make fordid Wealth the Object, and sole End
 Of their industrious Aims) 'twill not agree
 With those of eminent Blood (who are engag'd
 More to prefer their Honours, than to increase
 The State left to 'em by their Ancestors)
 To study large Additions to their Fortunes,
 And quite neglect their Births : Though I must grant,
 Riches well got, to be a useful Servant,
 But a bad Master.

Lovell. Madam, 'tis confessed ;
 But what infer you from it ?

Lady. This, my Lord ;
 That as all Wrongs, though thrust into one Scale,
 Slide of themselves off, when Right fills the other,
 And cannot 'bide the Trial : So all Wealth
 (I mean if Ill acquir'd) cemented to Honour
 By virtuous Ways atchiev'd and bravely purchas'd,
 Is but as Rubbish pour'd into a River,
 (Howe'er intended to make good the Bank)
 Rend'ring the Water that was pure before,
 Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
 'The Heir of Sir *Giles Overreach*, *Margaret*,
 A Maid well qualified, and the Richest Match
 Our North Part can make boast of, yet she cannot
 With all that she brings with her, fill their Mouths,
 That never will forget who was her Father ;
 Or that my Husband *Allworth's* Lands, and *Wellborn's*
 (How wrung from both needs now no Repetition)
 Were real Motives, that more work'd your Lordship
 To join your Families, than her Form and Virtues.
 You may conceive the rest.

Lovell. I do sweet Madam ;
 And long since have considered it. I know,
 The Sum of all that makes a Just Man Happy,
 Consists in the well choosing of his Wife !
 And there, well to discharge it, does require
 Equality of Years, of Birth, of Fortune :
 For Beauty being poor, and not cried up
 By Birth or Wealth, can truly mix with neither.

And

And Wealth, where there's such Difference in Years,
And fair Descent, must make the Yoke uneasy :
But I come nearer.

Lady. Pray you do, my Lord. [Daughter

Lovell. Were *Overreach's* 'States thrice centupl'd ; his
Millions of Degrees, much Fairer than she is,
(Howe'er I might urge Presidents to excuse me)
I would not so adulterate my Blood
By marrying *Margaret* ; and so leave my Issue
Made up of several Pieces, one part Scarlet
And the other *London Blue*. In my own Tomb
I will inter my Name first.

Lady. I am glad to hear this : [Aside

Why then, my Lord, pretend your Marriage to her ?
Dissimulation but ties false Knots
On that strait Line, by which you hitherto
Have measur'd all your Actions ?

Lovell. I make answer,
And aptly, with a Question. Wherefore have you,
That since your Husband's Death, have liv'd a strict
And chaste *Nun's* Life, on the Sudden given yourself
To Visits and Entertainments ? Think you, Madam,
'Tis not grown publick Conference ? Or the Favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on *Wellborn*
Being too Reserv'd before, incur not Censure ?

Lady. I am Innocent here, and on my Life I swear
My Ends are good.

Lovell. On my Soul so are mine
To *Margaret* ; but leave both to the Event :
And since this friendly Privacy does serve
But as an offer'd Means unto ourselves
To search each other farther ; you having shewn
Your Care of me, I, my Respect to you ;
Deny me not, but still in Chaste Words, Madam,
An Afternoon's Discourse.

Lady. So I shall hear you. [Exeunt.

E SCENE

SCENE II.

Tapwell, Froth.

Tapwell. Undone, undone! This was your Counsell,
[*Froth.*

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: Did not Master *Marrall*
(He has marr'd all I am sure) strictly command us
(On Pain of Sir *Giles Overreach*'s Displeasure)
To turn the Gentleman out of Doors?

Tapwell. 'Tis true;
But now he's his Uncle's Darling, and has got
Master *Justice Greedy* (since he fill'd his Belly)
At his Commandment, to do any thing;
Woe, woe to us.

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tapwell. Troth, we do not deserve it at his Hands.
Though he knew all the Passages of our House;
As the receiving of stolen Goods, and Bawdry, [him
When he was Rogue *Wellborn* no Man would believe
And then his Information could not hurt us:
But now he is Right Worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his Testimony? Me thinks
I see thee, *Froth*, already in a Cart
For a close Bawd; thine Eyes even pelted out
With Dirt and rotten Eggs; and my Hand hissing
(If I scape the Halter) with the Letter *R*.
Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine Days wonder: As for Credit
We have none to lose; but we shall lose the Money
He owes us, and his Custom; there's the Hell on't.

Tapwell. He has summon'd all his Creditors by the
[Drum,

And they swarm about him like so many Soldiers
On the Pay Day; and has found out such a New Way
To Pay his Old Debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be Chronicl'd for it.

Froth.

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten Pageants. But are you sure his Worship
Comes this way to my Lady's ?

[*A cry within, brave Master Wellborn.*]

Tapwell. Yes, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your Petition, and present it
To his good Grace.

Enter Wellborn in a Rich Habit, Greedy, Order, Furnace, three Creditors: Tapwell kneeling, delivers his Bill of Debt.

Wellborn. How's this ! Petition'd too ?
But note what Miracles the Payment of
A little Trash, and a Rich Suit of Clothes
Can work upon these Rascals. I shall be,
I think, Prince *Wellborn*.

Mar. When your Worship's married
You may be—I know what I hope to see you.

Wellborn. Then look thou for Advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your Worship's Bailiff is the Mark I shoot at.

Wellborn. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, Sir, dispatch
These needy Followers, and for my Admittance
(Provided you'll defend me from Sir *Giles*.)

[*This Interim, Tapwell and Froth, flattering and bribing Justice Greedy.*]

Whose Service I am weary of) I'll say something
You shall give me thanks for.

Wellborn. Fear not Sir *Giles* [me

Greedy. Who ? *Tapwell* ? I remember thy Wife brought
Last New Year's Tide, a Couple of fat Turkeys. [ship

Tapwell. And shall do every Christmas, let your Wor-
But stand my Friend now.

Greedy. How ?—With Master *Wellborn* ?
I can do any thing with him on such Terms ;—

See you this honest Couple? They are good Souls
As ever drew out Foffet, have they not
A Pair of honest Faces?

Wellborn. I o're heard you,
And the Bribe he promis'd; you are coufen'd in 'em;
For of all the Scum that grew Rich by my Riots,
This for a most unthankful Knave, and this
For a base Bawd and Whore, have worst deserv'd,
And therefore speak not for 'em. By your Place
You are rather to do me Justice; lend me your Ear—
Forget his Turkies, and call in his Licence,
And at the next Fair, I'll give you a Yoke of Oxen
Worth all his Poultry.—

Greedy. I am chang'd on the sudden
In my Opinion! Come near; nearer, Rascal.
And now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an Arch-knave? His very Countenance,
Should an understanding Judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were Innocent.

Tapwell and Froth. Worshipful Sir. [Turkies,

Greedy. No, though the great Turk came instead of
To beg any Favour, I am inexorable:
Thou hast an ill Name: Besides thy musty Ale
That hath destroy'd many of the King's leige People,
Thou never hadst in thy House to stay Mens Stomachs
A Piece of *Suffolk* Cheese, or Gammon of Bacon,
Or any Esculent, as the Learned call it,
For their Emolument; but sheer drink only.
For which gross Fault, I here do damn thy Licence,
Forbidding thee ever to Tap or Draw.
For instantly, I will in mine own Person
Command the Constable to pull down thy Sign;
And do it before I Eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Greedy. Vanish.

If I shew any, may my promis'd Oxen gore me.

Tapwell. Unthankful Knaves are ever so Rewarded

[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, Froth.*

Wellborn.

Wellborn. Speak; what are you?

1. *Cred.* A decay'd Vintner, Sir, [me
That might have thrived, but that your Wiorship broke
With trusting you with Muscadine and Eggs,
And Five Pound Suppers, with your after Drinkings,
When you lodged upon the *Bankside*.

Wellborn. I Remember. [you.

1. *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest
And therefore, Sir—

Wellborn. Thou art an Honest Fellow:
I'll set thee up again; see his Bill paid.
What are you?

2. *Cred.* A Taylor once, but now meer Botcher.
I gave you Credit for a Suit of Clothes,
Which was all my Stock, but you failing in Payment,
I was remov'd from the Shop-board, and confin'd
Under a Stall.

Wellborn. See him paid; and botch no more.

2. *Cred.* I ask no Interest, Sir.

Wellborn. Such Taylors need not;
If their Bills are paid in one and twenty Years
They are seldom Losers.—O, I know thy Face,
Thou wert my Surgeon: You must tell no Tales,
Those Days are done. I will pay you in Private.

Ord. A Royal Gentleman!

Furnace. Royal as an Emperor!
He'll prove a brave Master: my good *Lady* knew
To choose a Man.

Wellborn. See all Men else discharg'd;
And since *Old Debts* are clear'd by a *New Way*,
A little Bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest Cook, for thy good Breakfasts,
And this for your Respect; take't, 'tis good Gold,
And I able to spare it.

Ord. You are too Munificent.

Furnace. He was ever so.

Wellborn. Pray you on before.

3. *Cred.* Heaven bless you. [me

Mar. At Four o'Clock the Rest know where to meet

[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, Creditor.*

Wellboon. Now, Master *Marrall*, what's the weighty
You promis'd to impart? [Secret

Mar. Sir, Time nor Place

Allow me to relate each Circumstance;

This only in a Word: I know Sir *Giles*

Will come upon you for Security

For his Thousand Pounds; which you must not consent to,

As he grows in Heat (as I am sure he will)

Be you but Rough, and say he's in your Debt

Ten Times the Sum, upon Sale of your Land;

I had a Hand in't (I speak it to my Shame)

When you were defeated of it,

Wellborn. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve it then. Then urge him to produce

The Deed in which you pass'd it over to him,

Which I know he'll have about him to deliver

To the Lord *Lovell*, with many other Writings,

And present Money's. I'll instruct you further,

As I wait on your Worship: If I play not my Part

To your full Content, and your Uncle's much Vexation,

Hang up *Jack Marrall*.

Wellborn. I rely upon thee.

Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Allworth, Margaret.

Allworth. Whether to yield the first Praise to my
Lord's

Unequal'd Temperance, or your constant Sweetness,

That I yet live, (my weak Hands fasten'd on

Hope's Anchor, spite of all Storms of Despair)

I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to Lord *Lovell*.

For

For what in him was Bounty, in me's Duty.
I make but Payment of a Debt, to which
My Vows, in that high Office register'd,
Are faithful Witnesses.

Allworth. 'Tis true, my dearest; ¹²

Yet, when I call to Mind how many Fair Ones
Make wilful Shipwreck of their Faiths and Oaths
To God and Man, to fill the Arms of Greatness;
And you rise no less than a glorious Star
To the Amazement of the World, that hold out
Against the stern Authority of a Father;
And spurn at Honour when it comes to court you,
I am so tender of your Good, that faintly
With your Wrong, I can wish myself that Right
You yet are pleas'd to do me.

Margaret. Yet, and ever

To me what's Title, when Content is wanting?
Or Wealth, rak'd up together with much Care,
And to be kept with more, when the Heart pines,
In being dispossest'd of what it longs for
Beyond the *Indian* Mines; or the smooth Brow
Of a pleas'd Sire, that slaves me to his Will?
And so his ravenous Humour may be feasted
By my Obedience, and he see me Great,
Leaves to my Soul, nor Faculties, nor Power
To make her own Election.

¹² 'Tis true, my dearest;

*Yet, when I call to Mind, how many Fair Ones
Make wilful Shipwreck of their Faiths and Oaths
To God and Man, to fill the Arms of Greatness;
And you rise no less than a glorious Star.*

In the old Copies the last line is,

And you, rise up less than a glorious Star.

This I think is false; therefore I ventured to alter it. —

Mr. *Dodsley* reads,

And you, rise up no less than, &c.

Which makes the Line too long, and consequently harsh to the
Ear.

Allworth. But the Dangers
That follow the Repulse,

Margaret. To me they are nothing :
Let *Allworth* love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that in his Rage he kill me,
A Tear or two, by you dropt on my Hearse
In Sorrow for my Fate, will call back Life
So far as but to say, that I die your's,
I then shall rest in Peace ; or should he prove
So cruel, as one Death would not suffice
His Thirst of Vengeance ; but with ling'ring Torments,
In Mind and Body, I must waste to Air,
In Poverty join'd with Banishment ; so you share
In my Afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo 'em
With such a Patience as should look down
With Scorn on his worst Malice.

Allworth. Heaven avert
Such Trials of your true Affection to me,
Nor will it unto you, that are all Mercy,
Shew so much Rigor. But since we must run
Such desperate Hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.

Margaret. Your Lord's ours, and sure ;
And though but a young Actor, second me,
In doing to the Life what he has plotted,

Enter Overreach.

The End may yet prove happy : Now my *Allworth*.

Allworth. To your Letter, and put on a seeming
Anger.

Margaret. I'll pay my Lord all Debts due to his Title.
And when with Terms, not taking from his Honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him :
But, in this peremptory, nay, commanding Way,
T'appoint a Meeting, and without my Knowledge ;
A Priest to tie the Knot can ne'er be undone
Till Death unloose it, is a Confidence

In

In his Lordship will deceive him;

Allworth. I hope better,
Good Lady.

Margaret. Hope, Sir, what you please : For me
I must take a safe and secure Course ; I have
A Father, and without his full Consent,
Though all Lords of the Land kneel'd for my Favour,
I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this Obedience.

But whatsoever my Lord writes, must, and shall be
Accepted and embrac'd. Sweet Master *Allworth*,
You shew yourself a true and faithful Servant
To your good Lord ; he has a Jewel of you.

How ! frowning, *Meg* ? Are these Looks to receive
A Messenger from my Lord ? What's this ? give me it.

Margaret. A Piece of arrogant Paper, like th' In-
scriptions. [*Overreach reads the Letter.*]

Over. " Fair Mistress, from your Servant learn, all
Joys

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove Toys ;
Therefore this Instant, and in private meet
A Husband, that will gladly at your Feet
Lay down his Honours, tend'ring them to you
With all Content, the Church being paid her due."

—Is this the arrogant Piece of Paper ? Fool !
Will you still be one ? In the Name of Madness, what
Could his good Honour write more to content you ?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,
That are already offer'd ? Marriage first,
And lawful Pleasure after ; what would you more ?

Margaret. Why, Sir, I would be married like your
Daughter ;

Not hurried away i' th' Night I know not whither,
Without all Ceremony : No Friends invited
To honour the Solemnity.

Allworth. An't please your Honour,
(For so before To-morrow I must stile you)
My Lord desires this Privacy in respect
His Honourable Kinsmen are far off,

And

And his Desires to have it done, brook not
 So long Delay as to expect their coming;
 And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due Pomp:
 As running at the Ring, Plays, Masques, and Tilting,
 To have his Marriage at Court celebrated
 When he has brought your Honour up to *London*.

Over. He tells you true; 'tis the Fashion, on my
 Knowledge:

Yet the good Lord, to please your Peevishness,
 Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a Night,
 In which perhaps he might get two Boys on thee.
 Tempt me no farther, if you do, this Goad
 Shall prick you to him.

Margaret. I could be contented,
 Were you but by to do a Father's Part,
 And give me in the Church.

Over. So my Lord have you,
 What do I care who gives you? since my Lord
 Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
 I know not, Master *Allworth*, how my Lord
 May be provided, and therefore there's a Purse
 Of Gold: 'twill serve this Night's Expence; To-morrow
 I'll furnish him with any Sums. In the mean Time,
 Use my Ring to my Chaplain: he is benefic'd
 At my Manor of *Gotam*, and call'd Parson *Will-do*:
 'Tis no Matter for a Licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Margaret. With your Favour, Sir, what Warrant is
 He may suppose I got that twenty Ways, [your Ring?
 Without your Knowledge; and then to be refus'd,
 Were such a Stain upon me — If you please, Sir,
 Your Presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse?
 I say again, I will not cross my Lord,
 Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and Ink, there!

Allworth. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then.

[Writes on his Book.

Allworth. You may, if you please, put out the Name
 of my Lord,

In

PAY OLD DEBTS.

75

In Respect he comes disguis'd, and only write,
Marry her to this Gentleman.

Over. Well advis'd. [Margaret kneels,

'Tis done : away.—My Blessing, Girl? Thou hast it.

Nay, no Reply.—Be gone, good Master *Allworth*,

This shall be the best Night's Work you ever made.

Allworth. I hope so, Sir.

[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*

Over. Farewell.—Now all's cock-sure :

Methinks I hear already Knights and Ladies

Say, Sir *Giles Overreach*, how is it with

Your Honourable Daughter? Has her Honour

Slept well To-night? or, Will her Honour please

To accept this Monkey, Dog, or Paroquet?

(This is State in Ladies) or my eldest Son

To be her Page, and wait upon her Trencher?—

My Ends, my Ends are compass'd!—Then for *Wellborn*

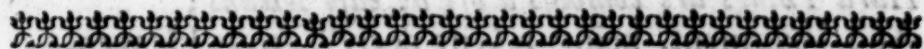
And the Lands; were he once married to the Widow—

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,

I am so full of Joy; nay, Joy all over.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Lovell, Lady, Amble.

Lady. **B**Y this you know, how strong the Motives
were

That did, my Lord, induce me to dispense

A little with my Gravity, to advance

(In personating some few Favours to him)

The Plots and Projects of the down-trod *Wellborn*.

Nor shall I e'er repent (although I suffer

In some few Men's Opinions for't) the Action.

For he that ventur'd all for my dear Husband,

Might

Might justly claim an Obligation from me,
To pay him such a Courtesy ; which had I
Coyly, or over-curiously deny'd,
It might have argu'd me of little Love
To the deceas'd.

Lovell. What you intended, Madam,
For the poor Gentleman, hath found good Success :
For, as I understand, his Debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair Employment :
But all the Arts that I have u'd to raise
The Fortunes of your Joy and mine, young *Allworth*,
Stand yet in Supposition, though I hope, well.
For the young Lovers are in Wit more pregnant,
Than their Years can promise ; and for their Desires,
On my Knowledge, they are equal.

Lady. Though my Wishes
Are with yours, my Lord : yet give me Leave to fear
The Building, though well-grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles (that's both a Lyon and a Fox
In his Proceedings) were a Work beyond
The strongest Undertakers ; not the Trial
Of two weak Innocents.

Lovell. Despair not, Madam :
Hard Things are compass'd oft by easy Means ;
And Judgment, being a Gift deriv'd from Heaven,
Though sometimes lodg'd i' th' Hearts of worldly Men,
(That ne'er consider from whom they receive it)
Forfakes such as abuse the Giver of it.
Which is the Reason, that the politick
And cunning Statesman, that believes he fathoms
The Counsels of all Kingdoms on the Earth,
Is by Simplicity oft over-reach'd.

Lady. May he be so. — Yet, in his Name to express it,
Is a good Omen.

Lovell. May it to myself
Prove so, good Lady, in my Suit to you :
What think you of the Motion ?

Lady. Troth, my Lord,
My own Unworthiness may answer for me ;

For

For had you, when that I was in my Prime,
My Virgin Flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great Favour, looking on my Lowness
Not in a Glas of Self-love, but of Truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a Blessing
Far, far beyond my Merit.

Lovell. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My Title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a *Spaniard*, to marry
A Widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born *Englishman*, I cannot find
How it can taint my Honour; nay, what's more,
That which you think a Blemish, is to me
The fairest Lustre. You already, Madam,
Have given sure Proofs how dearly you can cherish
A Husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That if I am not wanting in my Care
To do you Service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your *Allworth*. In a Word,
Our Years, our States, our Births are not unequal;
You being descended nobly, and ally'd so,
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your Lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn Contract.

Lady. I were blind to my own Good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my Lord, receive me
As such a one, the Study of whose whole Life
Shall know no other Object but to please you.

Lovell. If I return not, with all Tenderness,
Equal Respect to you, may I die wretched.

Lady. There needs no Protestation, my Lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—You are welcome, Sir.

Enter Wellborn.

Now you look like yourself.

Wellborn. And will continue
Such in my free Acknowledgment, that I am

Your

Your Creature, Madam, and will never hold
My Life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lovell. It is a Thankfulness that well becomes you;
You could not make Choice of a better Shape,
To dress your Mind in.

Lady. For me, I am happy
That my Endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your Uncle?

Wellborn. I heard of him, Madam, [sions
By his Minister, *Marrall*; he's grown into strange Passions
About his Daughter: This last Night he look'd for
Your Lordship at his House; but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wife Head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lovell. It may be,
Sweetheart, my Project took.

*Enter Overreach with distracted Looks, driving in Marrall
before him.*

Lady. I strongly hope.

Over. Ha! find her, Booby, thou huge Lump of
I'll bore thine Eyes out else. [Nothing,

Wellborn. May it please your Lordship,
For some Ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of Sight, though not of Hearing,
You may perhaps have Sport.

Lovell. You shall direct me. [Steps aside.

Over. I shall sol fa you Rogue.

Mar. Sir, for what Cause
Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, Slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a Subject only fit for beating;
And so to cool my Choler. Look to the Writing;
Let but the Seal be broke upon the Box,
That has slept in my Cabinet these three Years.
I'll rack thy Soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry 'Quittance;
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

[Aside.
Over.

Over. Lady, by your Leave, did you see my Daughter Lady?

And the Lord her Husband? Are they in your House? If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em Joy; And as an Entrance to her Place of Honour, See your Ladyship on her left Hand, and make Court When she nods on you; which you must receive As a special Favour.

Lady. When I know, Sir Giles, Her State requires such Ceremony, I shall pay it; But in the mean Time, as I am myself, I give you to understand, I neither know Nor care where her Honour is.

Over. When you once see her Supported, and led by the Lord her Husband, You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

Wellborn. Sir.

Over. No more!

Wellborn. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeem'd Rags Made you thus insolent!

Wellborn. Insolent to you? [*In Scorn.* Why, what are you, Sir, unless in your Years, At the best, more than myself?

Over. His Fortune swells him: 'Tis Rank, he's married.

Lady. This is excellent!

Over. Sir, in calm Language, (tho' I seldom use it) I am familiar with the Cause, that makes you Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain Buz [riage: Of a stol'n Marriage; Do you hear? Of a stol'n Marriage: In which 'tis said there's some body hath been couzen'd. I name no Parties.

Wellborn. Well, Sir, and what follows? [ber,

Over. Marry this! Since you are peremptory, remember Upon mere Hope of your great Match, I lent you A Thousand Pounds: Put me in good Security, And suddenly, by Mortgage, or by Statute Of some of your new Possessions, or I'll have you Drag'd

o A NEW WAY TO

Drag'd in you Lavender Robes to the Gaol; you know
And therefore do not trifle. [me,

Wellborn. Can you be
So cruel to your Nephew, now he's in
The Way to rise? Was this the Courtesy
You did me in pure Love, and no Ends else?

Over. End me no Ends; engage the whole Estate,
And force your Spouse to sign it; you shall have
Three or four Thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in bawdy Taverns.

Wellborn. And beg after;
Mean you not so?

Over. My Thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have Security?

Wellborn. No, indeed you shall not;
Nor Bond, nor Bill, nor bare Acknowledgment;
Your great Looks fright not me.

Over. But my Deeds shall.—
Out-braved? [They both draw, the Servants Enter.

Lady. Help, Murder! Murder!

Wellborn. Let him come on,
With all his Wrongs and Injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throat Practises to guard him;
The Right that I bring with me, will defend me,
And punish his Extortion.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the Field!

Lady. You may; but make not
My House your quarrelling Scene.

Over. Were't in a Church,
By Heaven and Hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the Deed.

Wellborn. This rage is vain, Sir;
For Fighting fear not, you shall have your Hands full
Upon the least Incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a Debt of a Thousand Pounds;
If there be Law, (howe'er you have no Conscience)
Either restore my Land, or I'll recover.

A Debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten Times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy Debt! O Impudence! did I not pur-
[chase

The Land left by thy Father? That rich Land,
That had continued in *Wellborn's* Name
Twenty Descents; which, like a Riotous Fool
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here inclos'd
The Deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now:

Wellborn. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd o'er
Any such Land; I grant, for a Year or two,
You had it in Trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the Possession, you shall ease
Yourself, and me, of chargeable Suits in Law;
Which, if you prove not Honest (as I doubt it)
Must of necessity follow.

Lady. In my Judgment
He does advise you well.

Over. Good! Good! conspire
With your new Husband, Lady; second him
In his dishonest Practises; but when
This Manor is extended to my Use,
You'll speak in an humbler Key, and sue for Favour.

Lady. Never: do not hope it.

Wellborn. Let Despair first sieze me.

Over. Yet to shut up thy Mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the Lie, the lowd Lie: I draw out
The precious Evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy Hand and Seal, and make a Forfeit of [*Opens the Box.*
Thy Ears to the Pillory: See, here's that will make
My Interest clear—Ha!

Lady. A fair Skin of Parchment!

Wellborn. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither Wax nor Words. How! Thunder-struck?
Not a Syllable to insult with? My wise Uncle,
Is this your precious Evidence? Is this that makes
Your Interest clear?

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F

Over.

Over. I am o'erwhelm'd with Wonder !
 What Prodigy is this ? What subtle Devil
 Hath raz'd out the Inscription ? The Wax
 Turn'd into Dust—The Rest of my Deeds whole,
 As when they were deliver'd ; and this only
 Made nothing ! do you deal with Witches Rascall ?
 There is a Statute for you, which will bring
 Your Neck in a hempen Circle ; yes, there is.
 And now 'tis better thought ; for, Cheater know
 This juggling shall not save you.

Wellborn. To save thee
 Would begger the Stock of Mercy.

Over. Marrall.

Mar. Sir.

Over. Though the Witneses are Dead, your Testi-
 mony [Flattering him.
 Help with an Oath or two ; and for thy Master,
 Thy liberal Master, my good Honest Servant,
 I know, you will swear any thing to dash
 This cunning Sleight : Besides, I know thou art
 A publick Notary, and such stand in Law
 For a dozen Witneses ; the Deed being drawn too
 By thee, my careful *Marrall*, and deliver'd
 When thou wert present, will make good my Title ;
 Wilt thou not swear this ?

Mar. I ? No, I assure you.
 I have a Conscience, not fear'd up like yours ;
 I know no Deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me ?

Mar. Keep him
 From using of his Hands, I'll use my Tongue
 To his no little Torment.

Over. Mine own Varlet
 Rebel against me ?

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
 The Idiot ; the Patch ; the Slave ; the Booby ;
 The Property fit only to be beaten
 For your Morning Exercise ; your Foot-ball, or

The unprofitable Lump of Flesh; your Drudge;
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black Plots, and level with the Earth
Your Hill of Pride; and with these Gabions guarded,
Unload my great Artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize the Walls you think defend you.

Lady. How he foams at the Mouth with Rage!

Wellborn. To him again.

Over. O that I had thee in my Gripe, I would tear
Joint after Joint! [thee

Mar. I know you are a Tearer.

But I'll have first your Fangs par'd off; and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the Judge, what Ways
And devillish Practices you us'd too coozen
An Army of whole Families, who yet live;
And but enrol'd for Soldiers, were able
To take *Dunkirk*.

Wellborn. All will come out.

Lady. The better.

Over. But that I will live, Rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die,
These Swords that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my Body but one Wound,
But I would reach thee.

Lovell. Heav'ns Hand is in this,
One Ban-dog worry the other.

[*Aside.*

Over. I play the Fool,
And make my Anger but ridiculous.
There will be a Time and Place, there will be Cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Wellborn. I think so:
You dare do any Ill, yet want true Valour
To be Honest and Repent.

Over. They are Words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience the Beggars Virtue,

Enter Greedy and Parson Well-do.

Shall find no Harbour here—after these Storms
At length a Calm appears. Welcome, most welcome.
There's Comfort in thy looks; is the Deed done?
Is my Daughter Married? Say but so, my Chaplain,
And I am tame.

Well-do. Married? Yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad Thoughts; there's more
[Gold for thee]

My Doubts and Fears are in the Titles drown'd,
Of my Honorable, my Right Honorable Daughter.

Greedy. Here will be Feasting; at least for a Month
I am provided: Empty Guts, croke no more,
You shall be stuffed like Bagpipes, not with Wind,
But bearing Dishes.

Over. —Instantly be here? [*Whispering to Well-do*]
To my Wish. Now you that Plot against me,
And hop'd to trip my Heels up; that contemn me;

[*Loud Musick*]
Think on't and Tremble. They come, I hear the Musick
A Lane there for my Lord.

Wellborn. This sudden Heat
May yet be cool'd, Sir.

Over. Make Way there for my Lord.

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

Marg. Sir, first your Pardon, then your Blessing, with
Your full Allowance of the Choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your Reason, [*Kneeling*]
Grow not in Passion; since you may as well
Call back the Day that's past, as untie the Knot
Which is too strongly Fasten'd. Not to dwell
Too long on Words, this is my Husband.

Over. How!

Allworth. So I assure you; all the Rites of Marriage
With every Circumstance are past. Alas! Sir,

Altho' I am no Lord, but a Lord's Page,
Your Daughter and my lov'd Wife mourns not for it.
And for Right Honourable Son in Law! you may say
Your dutiful Daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married? [joy.

Well-do. Do a Father's Part, and say, Heaven give 'em

Over. Confusion and Ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Well-do. They are married.

Over. Thou had'st better
Have made a Contract with the King of Fiends
Than these.—My Brain turns!

Well-do. Why this Rage to me?
Is not this your Letter, Sir? And these the Words?
Marry her to this Gentleman.

Over. It cannot:
Nor will I e'er believe it: 'Sdeath I will not.
That I, that in all Passages I touch'd
At worldly Profit, have not left a Print
Where I have trod for the most curious Search
To trace my Footsteps, should be gull'd by Children!
Baff'd and fool'd, and all my Hopes and Labours
Defeated, and made void.

Wellborn. As it appears,
You are so, my grave Uncle

Over. Village Nurses
Revenge their Wrongs with Curses; I'll not waste
A Syllable, but thus I take the Life
Which Wretch! I gave to thee. [*Offers to kill Margaret.*

Lovell. Hold, for your own Sake!
Though Charity to your Daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an Act, though in your Hopes lost here,
Can leave no Hope for Peace, or Rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you're but a Man,
And cannot so create your Aims, but that
They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy Counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a Soldier, if thy Valour

Dares shew itself, where Multitude and Example
Lead not the Way, let's quit the House, and change
Six Words in private.

Lovell. I am ready.

Lady. Stay, Sir,
Contest with one distracted?

Wellborn. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain Challenge.

Over. Are you pale?

Borrow his Help, though *Hercules* call it odds,
I'll stand against both, as I am hem'd in thus.
Since, like a *Libyan* Lion in the Toil,
My Fury cannot reach the Coward Hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the Place;
Alone I can do nothing: but I have Servants
And Friends to second me; and if I make not
This House a Heap of Ashes (by my Wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good) or leave
One Throat uncut, if it be possible,
Hell add to my Afflictions!

[*Exit Overreach.*

Mar. Is't not brave Sport?

Greedy. Brave Sport? I am sure it has ta'en away my
I do not like the Sauce.

[*Stomach;*

Allworth. Nay, weep not, dearest:
Though it express your Pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

Lady. His Threats move me
No Scruple, Madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare Trick,
(And it please your Worship) to make the Deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please—
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a Sollicitor, and Steward for you,
As never Worshipful had.

Wellborn. I do believe thee.
But first discover the quaint Means you us'd
To raze out the Conveyance?

Mar. They are Mysteries
Not to be spoke in publick: Certain Minerals

Incorporated in the Ink and Wax.

Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With Hopes and Blows; and that was the Inducement
To this Conundrum. If it please your Worship
To call to Memory, this mad Beast once caus'd me
To urge you, or to drown, or hang yourself,
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Wellborn. You are a Rascall; he that dares be false
To a Master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other: Look not for Reward,
Or Favour from me; I will shun thy Sight
As I would do a Basilisk's. Thank my Pity,
If thou keep thy Ears; howe'er I will take Order
Your Practice shall be silenc'd.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, Sir?

Wellborn. That were to little Purpose;
His Conscience be his Prison; not a Word,
But instantly be gone.

Order. Take this Kick with you.

Amble. And this.

Furnace. If that I had my Cleaver here,
I would divide your Knave's Head.

Mar. This is the Haven,
False Servants still arrive at.

[Exit Marrall.

Enter Overreach.

Lady. Come again.

Lovell. Fear not, I am your Guard.

Wellborn. His Looks are ghastly. [Favours,

Well-do. Some little Time I have spent, under your
In Physical Studies, and, if my Judgment err not
He's mad beyond Recovery: But observe him,
And look to yourselves.

Over. Why is not the whole World
Included in myself? To what Use then
Are Friends, and Servants? Say there were a Squadron
Of Pikes, lined through with Shot, when I am mounted
Upon

Upon my Injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?

No: I'll through the Battalia, and that routed,

[Flourishing his Sword in the Sheath.

I'll fall to Execution.—Ha! I am feeble:

Some undone Widow sits upon mine Arm,

And takes away the Use of't; and my Sword

Glew'd to my Scabbard with wrong'd Orphans Tears

Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? Sure Hangmen,

That come to bind my Hands, and then to drag me

Before the Judgment Seat.—Now they are new Shapes

And do appear like Furies, with steel Whips

To scourge my ulcerous Soul: Shall I then fall

Ingloriously, and yield? No; Spite of Fate

I will be forc'd to Hell like to myself;

Though you were Legions of accursed Spirits,

Thus would I fly among you,—

Wellborn. There's no Help ;

Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a *Mittimus*

And carry him to *Bedlam*.

Lovell. How he foams!

Wellborn. And bites the Earth.

Well-do. Carry him to some dark Room,

There try what Art can do for his Recovery.

Marg. O my dear Father! [*They force Overreach off.*]

Allworth. You must be patient, Mistress.

Lovell. Here is a President to teach wicked Men,
That when they leave Religion, and turn Atheists,
Their own Abilities leave 'em. Pray you take Comfort
I will endeavour you shall be his Guardian

In his Distractions : and for your Land, Master *Wellborn*,
Be it good, or ill in Law, I'll be an Umpire

Between you, and this, th' undoubted Heir

Of Sir *Giles Overreach*, for me, here's the Anchor

That I must fix on.

Allworth. What you shall determine,

My Lord, I will allow of.

Wellborn. 'Tis the Language

That I speak too ; but there is something else

Befide

Beside the Repossession of my Land,
 And Payment of my Debts, that I must practise,
 I had a Reputation, but 'twas lost
 In my loose Course; and 'till I redeem it
 Some noble Way, I am but half made up.
 It is a Time of Action; if your Lordship
 Will please to confer a Company upon me
 In your Command, I doubt not in my Service
 To my King, and Country, but I shall do something
 That may make me right again.

Lovell. Your Suit is granted,
 And you lov'd for the Motion.

Wellborn. Nothing wants then
 But your Allowance. *[Addressing himself to the Pit,*

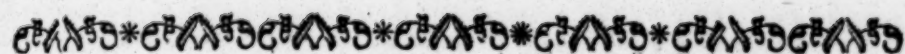
F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

BUT your Allowance — and in that, our All
 Is comprehended ; it being known, nor we,
 Nor he that wrote the Comedy, can be free
 Without your *Mannumission* ; which if you
 Grant willingly, as a fair Favour due
 To the Poet's, and our Labours, (as you may)
 For we despair not, Gentlemen, of the Play:
 We jointly shall profess your Grace hath Might
 To teach us Action, and him how to write.

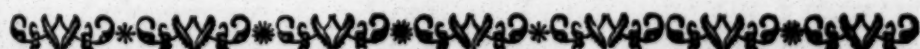




THE
G R E A T D U K E
O F
F L O R E N C E.
A COMICAL HISTORY.

As it hath been often presented, with good Allowance, by her Majesty's Servants, at the *Phoenix* in *Drury-Lane*. 1636.

W R I T T E N
By P H I L I P M A S S I N G E R.

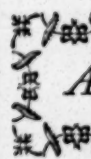




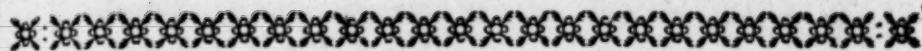
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T O

The Truly Honoured, and my Noble Favourer,
 Sir ROBERT WISEMAN, Knt.
 Of Thorrells-Hall, in ESSEX.

S I R,

S I dare not be ungrateful for the many Benefits
A you have heretofore confer'd upon me, so I have
 just Reason to fear that my attempting this way
 to make Satisfaction (in some Measure) for so
 due a Debt, will further ingage me. However Examples
 encourage me. The most able in my poor Quality have made
 use of Dedications in this Nature, to make the World take
 Notice (as far as in them lay) who, and what they were
 that gave Supportment, and Protection to their Studies, be-
 ing more willing to publish the Doer, then receive a Benefit
 in a Corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous
 Thankfulness acknowledge, that for many Years I had but
 faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your Bounty.
 But it is above my Strength and Faculties, to celebrate to
 the Desert, your noble Inclination, (and that made actual)
 to raise up, or to speak more properly, to rebuild the Ruins
 of demolish'd Poesie. But that is a Work reserved, and will
 be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to
 the Life express it. Accept, I beseech you, the Tender of
 my Service, and in the List of those you have obliged to
 you, contemn not the Name of

Your true and faithful Honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

A 2

Dramatis,

Dramatis Personæ.

COZIMA, Duke of *Florence*.

GIOVANNI, Nephew to the Duke.

LODOVICO SANAZARRO, the Duke's Favourite.

CAROLO CHAROMONTE, *Giovanni's* Tutor.

CONTARINO, Secretary to the Duke.

ALPHONSO,

HIPPOLITO, } Counsellors of State.

HIERONIMO, }

CALANDRINO, a merry Fellow, Servant to *Giovanni*.

BERNARDO,

CAUPONI, } Servants to *Carolo Charomonte*.

PETRUCHIO, }

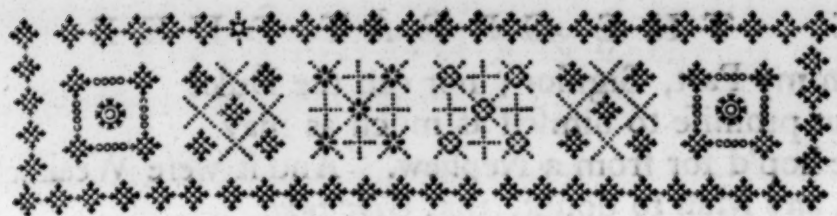
FIORINDA, Dutcheſs of *Urbini*.

LYDIA, Daughter to *Carolo Charomonte*.

CALAMINTA, Servant to *Fiorinda*.

PETRONELLA, Servant to *Lydia*.

T H E



THE
G R E A T D U K E
O F
F L O R E N C E.¹
A C O M I C A L H I S T O R Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Carolo Charomonte, Contarino.

Carolo.

Y O U bring your Welcome with you.

Y *Contar.* Sir, I find it.

In every Circumstance.

Carolo. Again most welcome.

Yet, give me leave to wish (and pray you excuse me,
For I must use the Freedom I was born with)
The Great Duke's Pleasure had commanded you
To my poor House upon some other Service;
Not this you are design'd to : But his Will
Must be obey'd, howe'er it ravish from me
The happy Conversation of one
As dear to me as the Old *Romans* held
Their Household *Lars*, whom, they believ'd, had Power
To bless and guard their Families.

Contar. 'Tis received so

¹ The Plot of this Play is taken from *Speed*, *Stow*, and other
our *English* Chronicles, in the Reign of King *Edgar*.

On

On my Part, Signior ; nor can the Duke
 But promise to himself as much as may
 Be hop'd for from a Nephew. And it were Weakness
 In any Man to doubt, that *Giovanni*,
 Train'd up by your Experience and Care
 In all those Arts peculiar, and proper
 To future Greatness of Necessity
 Must in his Actions, being grown a Man,
 Make good the Princely Education
 Which he deriv'd from you.

Carolo. I have discharged,
 To the utmost of my Power, the Trust the Duke
 Committed to me, and with Joy perceive
 The Seed of my Endeavours was not sown
 Upon the barren Sands, but fruitful Glebe,
 Which yields a large Increase ; my noble Charge,
 By his sharp Wit, and pregnant Apprehension
 Instructing those that teach him ; making use,
 Not in a vulgar and pedantick Form
 Of what's read to him, but 'tis streight digested
 And truly made his own. His grave Discourse,
 In one no more indebted unto Years,
 Amazes such as hear him. Horsemanship
 And Skill to use his Weapon are by Practice
 Familiar to him : As for Knowledge in
 Musick, He needs it not, it being born with him ;
 All that he speaks being with such Grace deliver'd
 That it makes perfect Harmony.

Contar. You describe
 A Wonder to me.

Carolo. Sir, he is no less ;
 And, that there may be nothing wanting that
 May render him compleat, the Sweetness of
 His Disposition so wins on all
 Appointed to attend him, that they are
 Rivals ev'n in the coarsest Office, who
 Shall get Precedency to do him Service ;
 Which they esteem a greater Happiness
 Then if they had been fashion'd, and built up

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VOL.

To hold Command ov'r others.

Contar. And what Place
Does he now bless with his Presence ?

Carolo. He is now
Running at the Ring, at which he's excellent.
He does allot for every Exercise
A several Hour ; for Sloth, the Nurse of Vices
And Rust of Action, is a Stranger to him.
But I fear I am tedious, let us pass,
If you please, to some other Subject, though I cannot
Deliver him as he deserves.

Contar. You have given him
A noble Character.²

Carolo. And how, I pray you,
(For we that never look beyond our Villa's
Must be inquisitive) are State Affairs
Carried in Court ?

Contar. There's little Alteration :
Some rise, and others fall ; as it stands with
The Pleasure of the Duke, their great Disposer.

Carolo. Does *Lodovico Sanazarro* hold
Weight, and Grace with him ?

Contar. Every day new Honours
Are showr'd upon him, and without the Envy
Of such as are good Men ; Since all confess
The Service done our Master, in his Wars
Against *Pisa* and *Sienna*, may with Justice
Claim what's confer'd upon him.

Carolo. 'Tis said Nobly :
For Princes never more make known their Wisdom
Then whey they cherish Goodness, where they find it,
They being Men, and not Gods, *Contarino* ;
They can give Wealth and Titles, but no Virtues ;
That is without their Power. When they advance
(Not out of Judgment, but deceiving Fancy)
An undeserving Man, howe'er set off

² *Massinger* in this, and in many other of his Pieces, seems to have copied *Shakspear* in the Manner of delineating his Characters. See the 1st Part of *Henry IV.* A& I.

With all the Trim of Greatness, State and Power,
 And of a Creature ev'n grown terrible
 To him from whom he took his Giant Form,
 This thing is still a Comet, no true Star;
 And when the Bounties feeding his false Fire
 Begin to fail, will of itself go out,
 And what was dreadful, proves ridiculous.
 But in our *Sanazarro* 'tis not so:
 He, being pure and try'd Gold, and any Stamp
 Of Grace to make him current to the World
 The Duke is pleas'd to give him, will add Honour
 To th' great Bestower; for he, though allow'd
 Companion to his Master, still preserves
 His Majesty in full Lustre.

Contar. He, indeed,
 At no part does take from it, but becomes
 A Partner of his Cares, and eases him,
 With willing Shoulders of a Burthen, which
 He should alone sustain.

Carolo. Is he yet married?

Contar. No, Signior; still a Batchelor; howe'er
 It is apparent, that the choicest Virgin
 For Beauty, Bravery, and Wealth in *Florence*,
 Would with her Parents glad Consent, be won
 (Were his Affection and Intent but known)
 To be at his Devotion.

Carolo. So I think too.

Enter Giovanni and Calandrino.

But break we off. Here comes my Princely Charge.
 Make your Approaches boldly; you will find
 A courteous Entertainment.

Giov. Pray you, forbear
 My Hand, good Signior; 'Tis a Ceremony
 Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace
 With mutual Arms.

Contar. It is a Favour, Sir,
 I grieve to be deny'd.

Giov.

Giov. You shall overcome :

But 'tis your Pleasure, not my Pride, that grants it.
Nay, pray you, Guardian, and good Sir, put on :
How ill it shews to have that Reverend Head
Be uncover'd to a Boy ?

Carolo. Your Excellence
Must give me Liberty to observe the Distance
And Duty that I owe you.

Giov. Owe me Duty ?
I do profess (and when I do deny it
Good Fortune leave me.) You have been to me
A second Father, and may justly challenge,
For training up my Youth in Arts and Arms,
As much Respect and Service, as was due
To him that gave me Life. And did you know, Sir,
Or will believe from me, how many Sleeps
Good *Charomonte* hath broken, in his Care
To build me up a Man, you must confess
Chiron, the Tutor to the great *Achilles*,
Compar'd with him, deserves not to be nam'd.
And if my gracious Uncle, the great Duke,
Still holds me worthy his Consideration,
Or finds in me ought worthy to be lov'd,
That little Rivolet flow'd from this Spring ;
And so from me to report him.

Contar. Fame already
Hath fill'd his Highness's Ears with the true Story
Of what you are, and how much better'd by him.
And 'tis his Purpose to reward the Travail
Of this grave Sir, with a magnificent Hand.
For, though his Tendernefs hardly could consent
To have you one Hour absent from his Sight,
For full three Years he did deny himself
The Pleasure he took in you, that you, here
From this great Master might arrive unto
The Theory of those high Mysteries
Which you by Action must make plain in Court.
'Tis, therefore, his Request (and that, from him,
Your Excellence must grant a strict Command)

100 THE GREAT DUKE

That instantly (it being not five Hours riding)
You should take Horse, and visit him. These his Letters
Will yield you further Reasons.

Caland. To the Court?

Farewel the Flower, then, of the Country's Garland!
This is our Sun, and, when He's set, we must not
Expect or Spring, or Summer; but resolve
For a perpetual Winter.

Carolo. Pray you, observe [*Giovanni reading the Letter.*]
The frequent Changes in his Face.

Contar. As if

His much Unwillingness to leave your House
Contended with his Duty.

Carolo. Now he appears
Collected and resolv'd.

Giov. It is the Duke!

The Duke, upon whose Favour all my Hopes
And Fortunes do depend. Nor must I check
At his Commands for any private Motives
That do invite my Stay here, though they are
Almost not to be master'd. My Obedience
In my departing suddenly shall confirm
I am his Highness's Creature. Yet, I hope
A little Stay to take a solemn Farewell
For all those ravishing Pleasures I have tasted
In this my sweet Retirement, from my Guardian,
And his incomparable Daughter, cannot meet
An ill Construction

Contar. I will answer that;
Use your own Will.

Giov. I would speak to you, Sir,
In such a Phrase as might express the Thanks
My Heart would gladly pay; But——

Carolo. I conceive you:

And something I would say; but I must do it
In that dumb Rhetorick which you make use of;
For I do wish you all.——I know not how,
My Toughness Melts, and, spite of my Discretion,
I must turn Woman.

Contar.

Contar. What a Sympathy
There is between 'em.

Caland. Were I on the Rack,
I could not shed a Tear.—But I am mad,
And ten to one shall hang myself for Sorrow
Before I shift my Shirt. But hear, you Sir,
I'll separate you : When you are gone, what will
Become of me ?

Giov. Why thou shalt to Court with me.

Caland. To see you worried ?

Contar. Worried, *Calandrino* ? [Court,

Caland. Yes, Sir. For, bring this sweet Face to the
There will be such a Longing 'mong the Madams,
Who shall ingross it first, nay, fight and scratch for't,
That, if they be not stop'd, for Entertainment
They'll kiss his Lips off. Nay, if you'll scape so,
And not be tempted to a farther Danger,
These *Succubæ* are so sharp set, that you must
Give out you are an Eunuch.

Contar. Have a better
Opinion of Court-Ladies, and take Care
Of your own Stake.

Caland. For my Stake, 'tis past caring ;
I would not have a Bird of unclean Feathers
Handsel his Lime-twigg,—and so much for him :
There's something else that troubles me.

Contar. What's that ? [tightly.

Caland. Why, how to behave myself in Court, and
I have been told the very Place transforms Men,
And that not one of a thousand, that before
Liv'd honestly in the Country, on plain Sallads
But bring him thither, mark me that, and feed him
But a Month or two with Custards and Court Cake-bread,
And he turns Knave immediately.—I would be honest ;
But I must follow the Fashion, or die a Beggar.

Giov. And, if I ever reach my Hopes, believe it
We will share Fortunes.

Carolo. This Acknowledgement

Enter Lydia.

Binds me your Debtor ever.—Here comes one
In whose sad Looks you easily may read
What her Heart suffers, in that she is forc'd
To take her last Leave of you.

Contar. As I live,
A Beauty without Parallel.

Lydia. Must you go, then,
So suddenly?

Giov. There's no Evasion, *Lydia*,
To gain the last Delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private Men
Esteem'd a Blessing, is to me a Curse;
And we, whom, for our high Births, they conclude
The only Freemen, are the only Slaves.
Happy the golden Mean! had I been born³
In a poor sordid Cottage, not nurs'd up
With Expectation to command a Court,
I might, like such of your Condition, sweetest,
Have took a safe and middle Course, and not,
As I am now against my Choice compel'd
Or to lie grov'ling on the Earth, or rais'd
So high upon the Pinnacles of State,
That I must either keep my Height with Danger,
Or fall with certain Ruin.

Lydia. Your own Goodness
Will be your faithful Guard.

Giov. O *Lydia*!

Contar. So passionate?

³ *Happy the golden Mean! had I been born
In a poor sordid Cottage, &c.*

Thus *Shakespear* in *Henry VIII*th.

——— 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble Livers in Content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring Grief,
And wear a golden Sorrow.

Act 2. Scene 5.

Giov.

Giov. For, had I been your Equal
 I might have seen and lik'd with mine own Eyes,
 And not, as now, with other's ; I might still,
 And without Observation, or Envy,
 As I have done, continued my Delights
 With you, that are alone, in my Esteem,
 The Abstract of Society : We might walk
 In solitary Groves, or in choice Gardens ;
 From the Variety of curious Flowers
 Contemplate Nature's Workmanship, and Wonders :
 And then, for Change, near to the Murmur of
 Some bubbling Fountain, I might hear you sing,
 And from the well-tun'd Accents of your Tongue
 In my Imagination conceive
 With what melodious Harmony a Quire
 Of Angels sing above, their Maker's Praises.
 And then with chaste Discourse, as we return'd,
 Imp Feathers to the broken Wings of Time.
 —And all this I must part from.

Contar. You forget
 The Haste impos'd upon us.

Giov. One Word more,
 And then I come. And after this, when with
 Continued Innocence of Love, and Service,
 I had grown ripe for Hymeneal Joys,
 Embracing you, but with a lawful Flame,
 I might have been your Husband.

Lydia. Sir, I was,
 And ever am, your Servant ; but it was,
 And 'tis far from me, in a Thought to cherish
 Such saucy Hopes. If I had been the Heir
 Of all the Globes and Scepters Mankind bows to,
 At my best you had deserv'd me ; as I am,
 Howe'er unworthy, in my Virgin Zeal
 I wish you, as a Partner of your Bed,
 A Princess equal to you ; such a one
 That may make it the Study of her Life,
 With all th' Obedience of a Wife to please you.
 May you have happy Issue, and I live

To be their humblest Handmaid.

Giov. I am dumb,
And can make no Reply.

Contar. Your Excellence
Will be benighted.

Giov. This Kiss bath'd in Tears
May learn you what I should say.

Lydia. Give me Leave
To wait on you to your Horse.

Carolo. And me to bring you
To the one half of your Journey.

Giov. Your Love puts
Your Age to too much Trouble.

Carolo. I grow young,
When most I serve you.

Contar. Sir, the Duke shall thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Alphonso, Hippolito, Hieronimo, *with a Petition.*

Alph. His Highness cannot take it ill.

Hippol. However,
We with our Duties shall express our Care
For the Safety of his Dukedom.

Hieron. And our Loves

Enter Cozimo, the Duke.

To his person.—Here he comes: Present it boldly.

Coz. What needs this Form? We are not grown so
As to disdain familiar Conference [*proud*]
With such as are to counsel, and direct us.
This kind of Adoration shew'd not well
In the old *Roman* Emperors, who, forgetting
That they were Flesh and Blood, would be stil'd Gods:
In us, to suffer it were worse. Pray you, rise.
Still the old Suit? With too much Curiousness [*Reads.*]
You have too often search'd this Wound, which yields

Security

Security and Rest, not Trouble to me.
 For here you grieve, that my firm Resolution
 Continues me a Widower; and that
 My Want of Issue to succeed me in
 My Government, when I am dead, may breed
 Distraction in the State, and make the Name
 And Family of the *Medicis*, now admir'd,
 Contemptible.

Hippol. And with strong Reasons, Sir.

Alph. For, were you old, and past Hope to beget
 The Model of yourself, we should be silent.

Hieron. But, being in your Height and Pride of Years,
 As you are now, great Sir, and having too
 In your Possession the Daughter of
 The deceas'd Duke of *Urbino*, and his Heir,
 Whose Guardian you are made, were you but pleas'd
 To think her worthy of you, besides Children,
 The Dukedom she brings with her for a Dower,
 Will yield a large Increase of Strength and Power
 To those fair Territories, which already
 Acknowledge you their absolute Lord.

Cox. You press us
 With solid Arguments, we grant; and, though
 We stand not bound to yield Account to any
 Why we do this or that (the full Consent
 Of our Subjects being included in our Will)
 We, out of our free Bounties, will deliver
 The Motives that divert us. You well know
 That three Years since, to our much Grief, we lost
 Our Dutchess; such a Dutchess, that the World
 In her whole Course of Life, yields not a Lady
 That can with Imitation deserve
 To be her second: In her Grave we buried
 All Thoughts of Women: Let this satisfy
 For any second Marriage. Now, whereas
 You name the Heir of *Urbino*, as a Princess
 Of great Revenues, 'tis confess'd she is so:
 But for some Causes, private to ourself,
 We have dispos'd her otherwise. Yet despair not;
 For

106 THE GREAT DUKE

For you, ere long, with Joy shall understand,
That in our Princely Care we have provided
One worthy to succeed us.

Hippol. We submit,
And hold the Counsels of great *Cozimo*
Oraculous.

Enter Lodovico, Sanazarro.

Coz. My *Sanazarro* — Nay,
Forbear all Ceremony. You look sprightly, Friend,
And promise in your clear Aspect some Novel
That may delight us.

Sanaz. O Sir, I would not be
The Harbinger of aught that might distaste you.
And therefore know (for 'twere a Sin to torture
Your Highness' Expectation) your Vice-Admiral,
By my Directions, hath surpriz'd the Gallies
Appointed to transport the *Asian* Tribute
Of the *Great Turk*; a richer Prize was never
Brought into *Florence*.

Coz. Still my Nightingale,
That with sweet Accents do'st assure me, that
My Spring of Happiness comes fast upon me.
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that Wretch
An Enemy to brave and thriving Action,
That dares believe, but in a Thought, we are
Too prodigal in our Favours to this Man,
Whose Merits, though with him we should divide
Our Dukedom, still continue us his Debtor.

Hippol. 'Tis far from me.

Alph. We all applaud it.

Coz. Nay, blush not, *Sanazarro*; we are proud
Of what we build up in thee; nor can our
Election be disparag'd, since we have not
Receiv'd into our Bosom and our Grace
A glorious lazy Drone, grown fat with feeding
On others Toil, but an industrious Bee
That crops the sweet Flowers of our Enemies,
And ev'ry happy Evening returns

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Cont.
And be
Noble
Coz.
Depart

Loaden with Wax and Honey to our Hive.

Sanaz. My best Endeavours never can discharge
The Service I should pay.

Coz. Thou art too modest;
But we will study how to give, and when,

Enter Giovanni and Contarino.

Before it be demanded.—*Giovanni!*

My Nephew! Let me eye thee better, Boy.

In thee, methinks, my Sister lives again:

For her Love I will be a Father to thee,

For thou'rt my adopted Son.

Giov. Your Servant,
And humblest Subject.

Coz. Thy hard Travel, Nephew,
Requires soft Rest, and therefore we forbear,
For the present, an Account how thou hast spent
Thy absent Hours. See, Signiors, see, our Care,
Without a second Bed, provides you of
A hopeful Prince. Carry him to his Lodgings,
And, for his farther Honour, *Sanazarro*,
With the rest, do you attend him.

Giov. All true Pleasures
Circle your Highness.

Sanaz. As the rising Sun,
We do receive you.

Giov. May this never set,
But shine upon you ever.

[*Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro, Hieronimo.*
Alphonso, Lodovico.

Coz. Contarino!

Contar. My gracious Lord.

Coz. What Entertainment found you
From *Carolo de Charomonte*?

Contar. Free
And bountiful. He's ever like himself,
Noble and hospitable.

Coz. But did my Nephew
Depart thence willingly?

Contar.

Contar. He obey'd your Summons
As did become him. Yet it was apparent,
But that he durst not cross your Will, he would
Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding
Variety of sweetest Entertainment.
But there was something else ; nor can I blame
His Youth, though with some Trouble he took Leave
Of such a sweet Companion.

Coz. Who was it ?

Contar. The Daughter, Sir, of Signior *Carolo*,
Fair *Lydia*, a Virgin, at all Parts,
But in her Birth and Fortunes, equal to him.
The rarest Beauties *Italy* can make Boast of
Are but mere Shadows to her, she the Substance
Of all Perfection. And, what encreases
The Wonder, Sir, her Body's matchless Form
Is better'd by the Pureness of her Soul.
Such sweet Discourse, such ravishing Behaviour,
Such charming Language, such enchanting Manners,
With a Simplicity that shames all Courtship,
Flow hourly from her, that I do believe
Had *Circe*, or *Calypso* her sweet Graces,
Wand'ring *Ulysses* never had remember'd
Penelope or *Ithaca*.

Coz. Be not rap'd so.

Contar. Your Excellence would be so, had you seen [her.

Coz. Take up. Take up.—But did your Observation
Note any Passage of Affection
Between her and my Nephew ?

Contar. How it should
Be otherwise between 'em, is beyond
My best Imagination. *Cupid's* Arrows
Were useless there ; for, of Necessity,
Their Years and Dispositions do accord so,
They must wound one another.

Coz. Hum ! Thou art
My Secretary, *Contarino*, and more skill'd
In politick Designs of State, than in
Thy Judgment of a Beauty ; give me Leave

In this to doubt it.—Here. Go to my Cabinet,
You shall find there Letters newly receiv'd,
Touching the State of *Urbino*. Pray you, with Care
Peruse them ; leave the Search of this to us.

Contar. I do obey in all Things. [*Exit Contarino.*]

Coz. *Lydia* ! a Diamond so long conceal'd,
And never worn in Court ? of such sweet Feature ?
And he on whom I fix my Dukedom's Hopes,
Made Captive to it ! Hum !—'Tis somewhat strange !
Our Eyes are every where, and we will make
A strict Enquiry. *Sanazarro* !

Enter Sanazarro.

Sanaz. Sir.

Coz. Is my Nephew at his Rest ?

Sanaz. I saw him in Bed, Sir.

Coz. 'Tis well ; and does the Princess *Fiorinda*
(Nay, do not blush, she is rich *Urbino's* Heir)
Continue constant in her Favours to you ?

Sanaz. Dread Sir, she may dispense them as she pleases ;
But I look up to her as on a Princess
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope
Her prodigal Graces shall not render me
Offended to your Highness.

Coz. Not a Scruple.
He whom I favour, as I do my Friend,
May take all lawful Graces that become him.
But touching this hereafter ; I have now
(And though perhaps it may appear a Trifle)
Serious Employment for thee.

Sanaz. I stand ready
For any Act you please.

Coz. I know it, Friend.
Have you ne'er heard of *Lydia*, the Daughter
Of *Carolo Charomonte* ?

Sanaz. Him I know, Sir,
For a noble Gentleman, and my worthy Friend ;
But never heard of her.

Coz.

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Coz. She is deliver'd,
And feelingly, to us by *Contarino*
For a Master-Piece in Nature, I would have you
Ride suddenly thither to behold this Wonder :
But not as sent by us, that's our first Caution.
The second is, and carefully observe it,
That, though you are a Bachelor, and endow'd with
All those Perfections that may take a Virgin,
On Forfeit of our Favour do not tempt her.
It may be her fair Graces do concern us.
Pretend what Business you think fit, to gain
Access into her Father's House, and there
Make full Discovery of her, and return me
A true Relation.—I have some Ends in it
With which we will acquaint you.

Sanaz. This is, Sir,
An easy Task.

Coz. Yet, one that must exact
Your Secrecy, and Diligence. Let not
Your Stay be long.

Sanaz. It shall not, Sir.

Coz. Farewell,
And be, as you would keep our Favour, careful.

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Fiorinda, Calaminta.

Fiorin. **H**OW does this Dressing shew ?
Calam. 'Tis of itself

Curious and rare ; but, borrowing Ornament,
As it does from your Grace that deigns to wear it,
Incomparable.

Fiorin. Thou flatter'st me.

Calam.

Calam.
Your F
Fiorin.
Yet, t
We of
By our
To mo
Count
For his
Calam.
I dare
More
Than
Wilful
Of wh
Fiorin.
He's b
Of any
Calam.
That h
Feeds
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Fiorin.
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But I v
Fiorin.

We wo
Calam.
Fiorin.
Connin

Calam. I cannot,
Your Excellence is above it.

Fiorin. Were we less perfect,
Yet, being as we are an absolute Princess,
We of Necessity must be chaste, wise, fair,
By our Prerogative.—Yet all these fail
To move where I would have them. How receiv'd
Count *Sanazarro* the rich Scarf I sent him
For his last Visit?

Calam. With much Reverence;
I dare not say Affection. He express'd
More Ceremony in his humble Thanks
Than Feeling of the Favour; and appear'd
Wilfully ignorant, in my Opinion,
Of what it did invite him to.

Fiorin. No Matter;
He's blind with too much Light. Have you not heard
Of any private Mistress he's engag'd to?

Calam. Not any; and this does amaze me, Madam,
That he, a Soldier, one that drinks rich Wines,
Feeds high, and promises as much as *Venus*
Could wish to find from *Mars*, should in his Manners
Be so averse to Women.

Fiorin. 'Troth, I know not;
He's Man enough, and, if he has a Haunt,
He preys far off, like a subtle Fox.

Calam. And that Way
I do suspect him. For I learnt last Night
(When the Great Duke went to Rest) attended by
One private Follower, he took Horse; but whither
He's rid, or to what End, I cannot guess at,
But I will find it out.

Fiorin. Do, faithful Servant:

Enter Calandrino.

We would not be abus'd. Who have we here?

Calam. How the Fool stares!

Fiorin. And looks as if he were
Conning his Neck-verse.

Caland.

Caland. If I now prove perfect
In my A. B. C. of Courtship, *Calandrino*
Is made for ever. I am sent — let me see,
On a How d'ye, as they call't.

Calam. What would'st thou say ?

Caland. Let me see my Notes. These are her Lodgings. — Well.

Calam. Art thou an Afs ?

Caland. Peace ! thou art a Court-Wagtail

[*Calandrino still looking on his Instructions.*
To interrupt me.

Fiorin. He has giv'n it you.

Caland. And then say to th' illustrious *Fi-o-rin-da*.
— I have it. Which is she ?

Calam. Why this, Fop-doodle.

[me out,

Caland. Leave chattering, Bullfinch ; you would put
But 'twill not do. — Then, after you have made
Your three Obeysances to her, kneel and kiss
The Skirt of Gown. — I am glad it is no worse.

Calam. And why so, Sir ?

Caland. Because I was afraid
That, after the *Italian* Garb, I should
Have kiss'd her backward.

Calam. This is Sport unlook'd for.

Caland. Are you the Princess ?

Fiorin. Yes, Sir.

Caland. Then stand fair
(For I am cholerick) and do not nip
A hopeful Blossom. — Out again. — Three low [Reads.
Obeysances —

Fiorin. I am ready.

Caland. I come on, then.

Calam. With much Formality.

Caland. Hum. One, two, three.

[*Makes antick Curtesies.*

Thus far I am right. Now for the last. — O rare !
She is perfum'd all over ! Sure great Women,
Instead of little Dogs, are privileg'd
To carry Musk-Cats.

Fiorin.

Fiorin. Now the Ceremony
Is pass'd, what is the Substance?

Caland. I'll peruse
My Instructions, and then tell you.—Her Skirt kiss'd,
Inform her Highness, that your Lord ——

Calam. Who's that?

Caland. Prince *Giovanni*, who entreats your Grace,
That he with your good Favour may have Leave
To present his Service to you. I think I have nick'd it
For a Courtier of the first Form.

Fiorin. To my Wonder.

Enter Giovanni and a Gentleman.

Return unto the Prince.—But he prevents
My Answer. *Calaminta*, take him off;
And for the neat Delivery of his Message
Give him ten Ducats; such rare Parts as yours
Are to be cherish'd.

Caland. We will share: I know
It is the Custom of the Court, when ten
Are promis'd, five is fair. Fie! fie! the Princess
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,
And bid me not come To-morrow.

Calam. Very good, Sir.

[Exeunt Calandrino and Calaminta.]

Giov. Pray you, Friend,
Inform the Duke I am putting into Act
What he commanded.

Gent. I am proud to be employ'd, Sir.

[Exit Gentleman.]

Giov. Madam, that without Warrant I presume
To 'trench upon your Privacies, may argue
Rudeness of Manners: But the free Access
Your Princely Courtesy vouchsafes to all
That come to pay their Services, gives me Hope
To find a gracious Pardon.

Fiorin. If you please, not
To make that an Offence in your Construction,

VOL. III.

H

Which

Which I receive as a large Favour from you,
There needs not this Apology.

Giov. You continue,
As you were ever, the greatest Mistress of
Fair Entertainment.

Fiorin. You are, Sir, the Master,
And in the Country have learnt to out-do
All that in Court is practis'd. But why should we
Talk at such Distance? You are welcome, Sir.,
We have been more familiar; and since
You will impose the Province, you should govern,
Of Boldness on me, give me Leave to say
You are too punctual. Sit, Sir, and discourse
As we were us'd.

Giov. Your Excellence knows so well
How to command, that I can never err
When I obey you.

Fiorin. Nay, no more of this.
You shall o'ercome; no more, I pray you, Sir.
And what Delights, pray you be liberal
In your Relation, hath the Country Life
Afforded you?

Giov. All Pleasures, gracious Madam,
But the Happiness to converse with your sweet Virtues.
I had a grave Instructor, and my Hours
Design'd to serious Studies, yielded me
Pleasure with Profit in the Knowledge of
What before I was ignorant in; the Signior
Carolo de Charomont being skilful
To guide me through the Labyrinth of wild Passions,
That labour'd to imprison my free Soul
A Slave to vicious Sloth.

Fiorin. You speak him well.

Giov. But short of his Deserts. Then for the Time
Of Recreation I was allow'd
(Against the Form follow'd by jealous Parents
In *Italy*) full Liberty to partake
His Daughter's sweet Society. She's a Virgin
Happy in all Endowments which a Poet

Could

Could fancy in his Mistress; being herself
 A School of Goodness, where chaste Maids may learn
 (Without the Aids of foreign Principles)
 By the Example of her Life and Pureness,
 To be as she is, excellent. I but give you
 A brief Epitome of her Virtues, which,
 Dilated on at large, and to their Merit,
 Would make an ample Story.

Fiorin. Your whole Age,
 So spent with such a Father, and a Daughter,
 Could not be tedious to you.

Giov. True, great Princess:
 And now, since you have pleas'd to grant the Hearing
 Of my Time's Expençe in the Country, give me Leave
 To entreat the Favour, to be made acquainted
 What Service, or what Objects in the Court
 Have, in your Excellence Acceptance, prov'd
 Most gracious to you?

Fiorin. I'll meet your Demand,
 And make a plain Discovery. The Duke's Care
 For my Estate and Person holds the first
 And choicest Place: Then, the Respect the Courtiers
 Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd.
 But that which rais'd in me the most Delight
 (For I'm a Friend to Valour) was to hear
 The noble Actions truly reported
 Of the brave Count *Sanazarro*. I profess,
 When it hath been, and fervently, deliver'd,
 How boldly in the Horror of a Fight,
 Cover'd with Fire and Smoak, and, as if Nature
 Had lent him Wings, like Lightning he hath fall'n
 Upon the *Turkish* Gallies, I have heard it
 With a Kind of Pleasure, which hath whisper'd to me
 This Worthy must be cherish'd.

Giov. 'Twas a Bounty.
 You never can repent.

Fiorin. I glory in it.
 And when he did return (but still with Conquest)
 His Armour off, not young *Antinous*

Appear'd more courtly; all the Graces that
Render a Man's Society dear to Ladies,
Like Pages waiting on him, and it does
Work strangely on me.

Giov. To divert your Thoughts,
Though they are fix'd upon a noble Subject,
I am a Suitor to you.

Fiorin. You will ask,
I do presume, what I may grant, and then
It must not be deny'd.

Giov. It is a Favour
For which I hope your Excellence will thank me.

Fiorin. Nay, without Circumstance.

Giov. That you would please
To take Occasion to move the Duke,
That you, with his Allowance, may command
This matchless Virgin *Lydia* (of whom
I cannot speak too much) to wait upon you.
She's such a one, upon the Forfeit of
Your good Opinion of me, that will not
Be a Blemish to your Train.

Fiorin. 'Tis rank! he loves her:
But I will fit him with a Suit. [*Aside.*] I pause not,
As if it bred or Doubt or Scruple in me
To do what you desire; for I'll effect it,
And make use of a fair and fit Occasion.
Yet, in Return, I ask a Boon of you,
And hope to find you, in your Grant to me,
As I have been to you.

Giov. Command me, Madam.

Fiorin. 'Tis near ally'd to yours. That you would be
A Suitor to the Duke, not to expose
(After so many Trials of his Faith)
The noble *Sanazarro* to all Dangers,
As if he were a Wall, to stand the Fury
Of a perpetual Battery: But now
To grant him, after his long Labours, Rest
And Liberty to live in Court; his Arms

And

OF FLORENCE.

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And his victorious Sword and Shield hung up
For Monuments. *

Giov. Hum. I'll embrace, fair Princess,

Enter Cozimo.

The soonest Opportunity. The Duke!

Coz. Nay, blush not; we smile on your Privacy,
And come not to disturb you. You are Equals,
And, without Prejudice to either's Honours,
May make a mutual Change of Love and Courtship,
'Till you are made one, and with Holy Rites;
And we give Suffrage to it.

Giov. You are gracious.

Coz. To ourself in this. But now break off: Too
Taken at once of the most curious Viands [much
Dulls the sharp Edge of Appetite. We are now
For other Sports, in which our Pleasure is
That you shall keep us Company.

Fiorin. We attend you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Bernardo, Cauponi, Petruchio,

Bern. Is my Lord stirring?

Caup. No; he's fast.

Petru. Let us take, then,

Our Morning Draught. Such as eat Store of Beef,
Mutton, and Capons, may preserve their Healths
With that thin Composition call'd Small Beer,
As 'tis said they do in *England*. But *Italians*,
That think when they have supp'd upon an Olive,

* *And his victorious Sword and Shield hung up
For Monuments.*

So in *Shakespear*,

Our bruised Arms hung up for Monuments.

Richard III. Act 1. Scene 1.

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A Root, or bunch of Raisins, 'tis a Feast,
Must kill those Crudities, rising from cold Herbs,
With hot and lusty Wines.

Caup. A Happiness
Those Tramontanes ne'er tasted.

Bern. Have they not
Store of Wine there?

Caup. Yes, and drink more in two Hours.
Then the *Dutchmen* or the *Dane* in four and twenty.

Petru. But what is't? *French* Trash, made of rotten
[Grapes,
And Dregs and Lees of *Spain*, with *Welch* Metheglin,
A Drench to kill a Horse, but this pure Nectar
Being proper to our Climate, is too fine
To brook the Roughness of the Sea. The Spirit
Of this begets in us quick Apprehensions
And active Executions, whereas their
Gross Feeding makes their Understanding like it.
They can fight, and that's their all.^s [They drink.

Enter Sanazarro, a Servant.

Sanaz. Security
Dwells about this House, I think; the Gate's wide open,
And not a Servant stirring. See the Horses
Set up, and cloth'd.

Serv. I shall, Sir.

Sanaz. I'll make bold
To press a little further.

Bern. Who is this,
Count *Sanazarro*!

Petru. Yes, I know him. Quickly
Remove the Flaggon.

Sanaz. A good Day to you, Friends!
Nay, do not conceal your Physick; I approve it,
And, if you please, will be a Patient with you.

^s They can fight, and that's there all.

This tho' a Truth is very concise.

Petru.

Petru. My noble Lord.—

[*Drinks.*

Sanaz. A Health to yours. Well done!

I see you love yourselves. And I commend you,
'Tis the best Wisdom.

Petru. May it please your Honour
To walk a Turn in the Gallery, I'll acquaint
My Lord with your being here. [*Exit Petruchio.*

Sanaz. Tell him I come
For a Visit only. 'Tis a handsome Pile this.

[*Exit Sanazarro.*

Caup. Why here is a brave Fellow, and a right one;
Nor Wealth nor Greatness makes him proud.

Bern. There are
Too few of them, for most of our new Courtiers
(Whose Fathers were familiar with the Prices
Of Oil and Corn, with when, and to where to vent 'em,
And left their Heirs rich from their Knowledge that Way)
Like Gourds shot up in a Night, disdain to speak
But to Cloth of Tissue.

Enter Carolo Charomonte in a Night Gown, Petruchio following.

Carolo. Stand you prating Knaves,
When such a Guest is under my Roof? See all
The Rooms perfum'd. This is the Man that carries
The Sway and Swinge of the Court; and I had rather
Preserve him mine with honest Offices, then.—
But I'll make no Comparisons. Bid my Daughter
Trim herself up to the Height, I know this Courtier
Must have a Smack at her; and, perhaps, by his Place
Expects to wriggle further. If he does,
I shall deceive his Hopes; for I'll not taint
My Honour for the Dukedom. Which way went he?

Caponi. To the Round Gallery.

Carolo. I will entertain him
As fits his Worth and Quality, but no farther. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Sanazarro alone.

Sanaz. I cannot apprehend, yet I have argu'd
 All Ways I can imagine, for what Reasons
 The Great Duke does employ me hither; and,
 What does encrease the Miracle, I must render
 A strict and true Account, at my Return,
 Of *Lydia* this Lord's Daughter, and describe
 In what she's excellent, and where defective.
 'Tis a hard Task; he that will undergo
 To make a Judgment of a Woman's Beauty,
 And see through all her Plaisterings and Paintings,
 Had need of *Lynceus's* Eyes, and with more Ease
 May look like him through nine Mud-walls, then make
 A true Discovery of her. But th' Intents
 And Secrets of my Princes Heart must be
 Serv'd and not search'd into.

Enter Carolo Charomonte.

Carolo. Most noble Sir,
 Excuse my Age, subject to ease and sloth,
 That with no greater Speed I have presented
 My Service with your welcome.

Sanaz. 'Tis more fit
 That I should ask your Pardon, for disturbing
 Your Rest at this unseasonable Hour.
 But my Occasions carrying me so near
 Your Hospitable House, my Stay being short too;
 Your Goodness, and the Name of Friend, which you
 Are pleas'd to grace me with, gave me Assurance
 A Visit would not offend.

Carolo. Offend, my Lord?
 I feel myself much younger for the Favour.
 How is it with our gracious Master?

Sanaz. He, Sir,

Holds

Holds still his wonted Greatness, and confesses
Himself your Debtor, for your Love and Care
To the Prince *Giovanni*, and had sent
Particular Thanks by me, had his Grace known
The quick Dispatch of what I was design'd to
Would have licenc'd me to see you.

Carolo. I am rich
In his Acknowledgment.

Sanaz. Sir, I have heard
Your Happiness in a Daughter.

Carolo. Sits the Wind there?

[*Aside*.

Sanaz. Fame gives her out for a rare Master-piece.

Carolo. 'Tis a plain Village Girl, Sir, but obedient;
That's her best Beauty, Sir.

Sanaz. Let my Desire
To see her, find a fair Construction from you:
I bring no loose Thought with me.

Carolo. You are that Way,
My Lord, free from Suspicion. Her own Manners
(Without an Imposition from me)

Enter Lydia and Petronella.

I hope, will prompt her to it. As she is,
She come's to make a Tender of that Service
Which she stands bound to pay.

Sanaz. With your fair Leave,
I make bold to salute you.

Lydia. Sir, you have it.

Petro. I am her Gentlewoman, will not he kiss me too?
This is coarse, 'faith.

[*Aside*.

Carolo. How he falls off!

Lydia. My Lord, though Silence best becomes a Maid,
And to be curious to know but what
Concerns myself, and with becoming Distance,
May argue me of Boldness, I must borrow
So much Modesty as to enquire
Prince *Giovanni's* Health.

Sanaz. He cannot want,

What

What you are pleas'd to wish him.

Lydia. Would 'twere so!

And then there is no Blessing that can make
A hopeful and a noble Prince compleat,
But should fall on him. O! he was our North-star,
The Light and Pleasure of our Eyes.

Sanaz. Where am I?

I feel myself another Thing: Can Charms
Be writ on such pure Rubies? Her Lips melt
As soon as touch'd! not those smooth Gales that glide
O'er happy *Arabia*, or rich *Sabæa*,
Creating in their Passage Gums and Spices,
Can serve for a weak Simile to express
The Sweetness of her Breath. Such a brave Stature
Homer bestowed on *Pallas*, every Limb
Proportion'd to it.

Carolo. This is strange, my Lord!

Sanaz. I crave your Pardon, and yours, matchless Maid,
For such I must report you.

Petron. There's no Notice
Taken all this while of me.

[*Aside.*

Sanaz. And I must add
If your Discourse and Reason parallel
The Rareness of your more than human Form,
You are a Wonder.

Carolo. Pray you, my Lord, make Trial:
She can speak, I can assure you; and, that my Presence
May not take from her Freedom, I will leave you:
For know, my Lord, my Confidence dares trust her
Where, and with whom, she pleases. If he be
Taken the right Way with her, I cannot fancy
A better Match; and for false Play I know
The Tricks, and can discern them. *Petronella!*

Petron. Yes, my good Lord.

⁶ — Not those smooth Gales that glide
Over happy *Arabia*, &c.

In the *New Way to pay Old Debts*, *Massinger* has this beautiful
Simile again. See Act III. Scene I.

Carolo. I have Employment for you.

[*Exeunt Carolo and Petronella.*]

Lydia. What's your Will, Sir?

Sanaz. Madam, you are so large a Theme to treat of,
And every Grace about you offers to me
Such Copiousness of Language, that I stand
Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,
As in my Choice I may, let me entreat you,
Before I do offend, to sign my Pardon,
Let this, the Emblem of your Innocence
Give me Assurance.

Lydia. My Hand joined to yours,
Without this Superstition, confirms it.
Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me,
The Barrenness of the Subject yielding nothing
That Rhetorick with all her Tropes and Figures
Can amplify. Yet, since you are resolved
To prove yourself a Courtier in my Praise,
As I'm a Woman (and you Men affirm
Our Sex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it. [*Carolo above.*]
Now when you please begin.

Sanaz. Such *Leda's* Paps were, [*Turns from her.*]
Down Pillows styl'd by *Jove*: And their pure Whiteness
Shames the Swan's Down, or Snow. No Heat of Lust
Swells up her Azure Veins. And yet I feel
That this chaste Ice, but touch'd, fans Fire in me.

Lydia. You need not, noble Sir, be thus transported,
Or trouble your Invention to express
Your Thought of me: The plainest Phrase and Language
That you can use, will be too high a strain
For such an humble Theme.

Sanaz. If the great Duke
Made this his End to try my constant Temper,
Though I am vanquish'd, 'tis his Fault, not mine.
For I am Flesh and Blood, and have Affections
Like other Men. Who can behold the Temples,
Or Holy Altars, but the Objects work
Devotion in him? And I may as well
Walk over burning Iron with bare Feet
And be unscorch'd, as look upon this Beauty

Without

Without Desire, and that Desire pursu'd too,
'Till it be quench'd with the enjoying those
Delights, which to atchieve, Danger is nothing,
And Loyalty but a Word.

[Aside]

Lydia. I ne'er was proud;
Nor can find I'm guilty of a Thought
Deserving this Neglect and Strangeness from you.
Nor am I amorous.

Sanaz. Suppose his Greatness
Loves her himself, why makes he Choice of me
To be his Agent? It is Tyranny
To call one, pinch'd with Hunger, to a Feast,
And at that Instant cruelly deny him
To taste of what he sees. Allegiance
Tempted too far, is like the Trial of
A good Sword on an Anvil; as that often
Flies in Pieces without Service to the Owner;
So Trust enforc'd too far proves Treachery,
And is too late repented.

[Aside]

Lydia. Pray you, Sir,
Or license me to leave you, or deliver
The Reasons which invite you to command
My tedious waiting on you.

Carolo. As I live,
I know not what to think on't. Is't his Pride,
Or his Simplicity?

Sanaz. Whither have my Thoughts
Carried me from myself? In this my Dulness,
I've lost an Opportunity.

[He turns to her]

Lydia. 'Tis true.

[She falls off.]

I was not bred in Court, nor live a Star there;
Nor shine in rich Embroideries and Pearl,
As they, that are the Mistresses of great Fortunes,
Are every Day adorn'd with.

Sanaz. Will you vouchsafe
Your Ear, sweet Lady?

Lydia. Yet I may be bold
For my Integrity and Fame, to rank
With such as are more glorious. Though I never

Did

and Injury, yet I am sensible
When I'm contemn'd, and scorn'd.

Sanaz. Will you please to hear me?

[*Aside.* *Lydia.* O the Difference of Natures! *Giovanni*,
Prince in Expectation, when he liv'd here,
sole Courtesy from Heav'n, and would not to
the meanest Servant in my Father's House
have kept such Distance.

Sanaz. Pray you, do not think me
unworthy of your Ear: It was your Beauty
that turn'd me Statue.—I can speak, fair Lady.

Lydia. And I can hear. The Harshness of your Court-
cannot corrupt my Courtesy [ship

Sanaz. Will you hear me,
I speak of Love?

Lydia. Provided you be modest;
were uncivil, else.

Carolo. They are come to parley:
must observe this nearer.

[*Carolo descends.*

Sanaz. You're a rare one,
and such (but that my Haste commands me hence)
could converse with ever. Will you grace me
With Leave to visit you again?

Lydia. So you,
at your Return to Court, do me the Favour
to make a Tender of my humble Service
to the Prince *Giovanni*.

Sanaz. Ever touching
upon that String? And will you give me Hope
of future Happiness?

Lydia. That, as I shall find you.
The Fort that's yielded at the first Assault,
hardly worth the taking.

Enter Carolo.

Carolo. O, they are at it.

Sanaz. She is a Magazine of all Perfection,
and 'tis Death to part from her, yet I must —
parting Kifs, fair Maid.

[*Aside.*
Lydia.

Lydia. That Custom grants you.

Carolo. A homely Breakfast does attend your Lord:
Such as the Place affords. [Ship.]

Sanaz. No ; I have feasted
Already here. My Thanks, and so I leave you :
I will see you again. 'Till this unhappy Hour
I ne'er was lost ; and what to do, or say,
I have not yet determin'd. [Exit Sanazarro.]

Carolo. Gone ; so abruptly ?
'Tis very strange !

Lydia. Under your Favour, Sir,
His coming hither was to little Purpose
For any Thing I heard from him.

Carolo. Take heed, *Lydia* !
I do advise you with a Father's Love,
And Tenderness of your Honour ; as I would not
Have you coarse and harsh in giving Entertainment,
So by no Means be credulous. For great Men,
'Till they have gain'd their Ends, are Giants in
Their Promises ; but, those obtain'd, weak Pigmies
In their Performance. And it is a Maxim
Allow'd among them, so they may deceive,
They may swear any Thing ; for the Queen of Love
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smile at Lovers' Perjuries.—Yet be wise too,
And when you are sued to in a noble Way,
Be neither nice, nor scrupulous.

Lydia. All you speak, Sir,
I hear as Oracles ; nor will digress
From your Directions.

Carolo. So shall you keep
Your Fame untainted.

Lydia. As I would my Life, Sir. [Exeunt.]

The End of the Second Act.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Sanazarro, *Servant*.

Sanaz. **L**EAVE the Horses with my Grooms; but
be you careful

With your best Diligence and Speed, to find out
The Prince, and humbly in my Name entreat him
I may exchange some private Conference with him
Before the Great Duke know of my Arrival.

Serv. I haste, my Lord.

Sanaz. Here I'll attend his coming,
And see you keep yourself, as much as may be,
Conceal'd from all Men else.

Serv. To serve your Lordship,
I wish I were invisible.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sanaz. I am driven
Into a desperate Streight, and cannot steer
A middle Course; and of the two Extremes
Which I must make Election of, I know not
Which is more full of Horror. Never Servant
Stood more engag'd to a magnificent Master
Than I to *Cozimo*. And all those Honours
And Glories by his Grace conferr'd upon me,
Or by my prosp'rous Services deserv'd,
If now I should deceive his Trust, and make
A Shipwreck of my Loyalty, are ruin'd.
And, on the other Side, if I discover
Lydia's divine Perfections, all my Hopes
In her are sunk, never to be buoy'd up:
For 'tis impossible, but as soon as seen,
She must with Adoration be su'd to.
A Hermit at his Beads, but looking on her,
Or the cold Cinick, whom *Corinthian Lais*,
Not mov'd with her Lust's Blandishments, call'd a Stone,
At this Object would take Fire. Nor is the Duke
Such

Such an *Hippolitus*, but that this *Phædra*
 But seen, must force him to forsake the Groves
 And *Dian's* Huntmanship, proud to serve under
Venus' soft Ensigns. No, there is no Way
 For me to hope Fruition of my Ends,
 But to conceal her Beauties — and how that
 May be effected, is as hard a Task
 As with a Veil to cover the Sun's Beams,
 Or comfortable Light. Three Years the Prince
 Liv'd in her Company, and *Contarino*,
 The Secretary, hath possess'd the Duke
 What a rare Piece she is. — But he's my Creature,
 And may with Ease be frighted to deny
 What he hath said. And, if my long Experience
 With some strong Reasons I have thought upon,
 Cannot o'er-reach a Youth, my Practice yields me
 But little Profit.

Enter Giovanni and the Servant.

Giov. You are well return'd, Sir.

Sanaz. Leave us. When that your Grace shall know
 the Motives

That forc'd me to invite you to this Trouble,
 You will excuse my Manners. [Exit Servant.]

Giov. Sir, there needs not
 This Circumstance between us. You are ever
 My noble Friend.

Sanaz. You shall have further Cause
 To assure you of my Faith and Zeal to serve you.
 And, when I have committed to your Trust
 (Presuming still on your retentive Silence)
 A Secret of no less Importance than
 My Honour, nay, my Head, it will confirm
 What Value you hold with me.

Giov. Pray you, believe, Sir,
 What you deliver to me, shall be lock'd up
 In a strong Cabinet, of which you yourself
 Shall keep the Key. For here I pawn my Honour
(Which

(Which is the best Security I can give yet)
It shall not be discover'd.

Sanaz. This Assurance
Is more than I with Modesty could demand
From such a Pay-master ; but I must be sudden,
And therefore to the Purpose. Can your Excellence
In your Imagination conceive
On what Design, or whither the Duke's Will
Commanded me hence last Night ?

Giov. No, I assure you ;
And it had been a Rudeness to enquire
Of that I was not call'd to.

Sanaz. Grant me Hearing,
And I will make you truly understand
It only did concern you.

Giov. Me, my Lord ?

Sanaz. You, in your present State, and future Fortunes ;
For both lie at the Stake.

Giov. You much amaze me.
Pray you, resolve this Riddle.

Sanaz. You know the Duke,
If he die issueless (as yet he is)
Determines you his Heir.

Giov. It hath pleas'd his Highness
Oft to profess so much.

Sanaz. But say, he should
Be won to prove a second Wife, on whom
He may beget a Son, how in a Moment
Will all those glorious Expectations, which
Render you reverenc'd and remarkable,
Be in a Moment blasted, howe'er you are
His much-lov'd Sister's Son ?

Giov. I must bear it
With Patience, and in me it is a Duty
That I was born with ; and 'twere much unfit
For the Receiver of a Benefit
To offer, for his own Ends, to prescribe
Laws to the Giver's Pleasure.

Sanaz. Sweetly answer'd,
 And like your noble Self. This your rare Temper
 So wins upon me, that I would not live
 (If that by honest Arts I can prevent it)
 To see your Hopes made frustrate. And but think
 How you shall be transform'd from what you are,
 Should this (as Heav'n avert it) ever happen,
 It must disturb your Peace. For whereas now,
 Being as you are receiv'd for the Heir apparent,
 You are no sooner seen, but wonder'd at ;
 The Signiors making it a Business to
 Enquire how you have slept ; and, as you walk
 The Streets of *Florence*, the glad Multitude
 In Throngs press but to see you, and with Joy
 The Father, pointing with his Finger, tells
 His Son, This is the Prince, the hopeful Prince,
 That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.
 Great Ladies beg your Picture, and make Love
 To that, despairing to enjoy the Substance.
 And, but the last Night, when 'twas only rumor'd
 That you were come to Court (as if you had
 By Sea past hither from another World)
 What general Shouts and Acclamations follow'd,
 The Bells rang loud, the Bonfires blaz'd, and such
 As lov'd not Wine, carousing to your Health,
 Were drunk, and blush'd not at it. And is this
 A Happiness to part with ?

Giov. I allow these
 As Flourishes of Fortune, with which Princes
 Are often sooth'd, but never yet esteem'd 'em
 For real Blessings.

Sanaz. Yet all these were paid
 To what you may be, not to what you are ;
 For if the Great Duke but shew to his Servants
 A Son of his own, you shall, like one obscure,
 Pass unregarded.

Giov. I confess, Command
 Is not to be contemn'd, and if my Fate
 Appoint me to it, as I may, I'll bear it

With

With willing Shoulders. But, my Lord, as yet,
You've told me of a Danger coming towards me,
But have not nam'd it.

Sanaz. That is soon deliver'd.
Great *Cozimo*, your Uncle, as I more
Than guefs (for 'tis no frivolous Circumstance
That does persuade my Judgment to believe it)
Purposes to be married.

Giov. Married, Sir?
With whom, and on what Terms; pray you, instruct me?

Sanaz. With the fair *Lydia*.

Giov. *Lydia*?

Sanaz. The Daughter
Of Signior *Charomonte*.

Giov. Pardon me
Though I appear incredulous; for on
My Knowledge, he ne'er saw her.

Sanaz. That is granted:
But *Contarino* hath so sung her Praises;
And giv'n her out for such a Master-piece,
That he's transported with it, Sir.—And Love
Steals sometimes through the Ear into the Heart
As well as by the Eye. The Duke no sooner
Heard her describ'd, but I was sent in Post
To see her, and return my Judgment of her.

Giov. And what's your Censure?

Sanaz. 'Tis a pretty Creature:

Giov. She's very fair.

Sanaz. Yes, yes, I have seen worse Faces:

Giov. Her Limbs are neatly form'd.

Sanaz. She hath a Waist
Indeed siz'd to Love's Wish.

Giov. A delicate Hand too.

Sanaz. Then for a Leg and Foot:

Giov. And there I leave you,
For I presum'd no farther.

Sanaz. As she is, Sir,
I know she wants no gracious Part that may
Allure the Duke; and, if he only see her,

She is his own. He will not be deny'd,
And then you're lost. Yet, if you'll second me
(As you have Reason, for it most concerns you)
I can prevent all yet.

Giov. I would you could,
A noble Way.

Sanaz. I will cry down her Beauties;
Especially the Beauties of her Mind,
As much as *Contarino* hath advanc'd 'em;
And this, I hope, will breed Forgetfulness,
And kill Affection in him.—But you must
Join with me in my Report, if you be question'd.

Giov. I never told a Lye yet, and I hold it
In some Degree blasphemous to dispraise
What's worthy Admiration. Yet, for once,
I will dispraise a little, and not vary
From your Relation.

Sanaz. Be constant in it.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. My Lord, the Duke hath seen your Man, and
wonders

Enter Cozimo, Contarino, and Attendants.

You come not to him. See, if his Desire
To have Conference with you hath not brought
Him hither in his own Person.

Coz. They are comely Coursers,
And promise Swiftnefs.

Contar. They are, of my Knowledge,
Of the best Race in *Naples*.

Coz. You are, Nephew,
As I hear, an excellent Horseman, and we like it.
'Tis a fair Grace in a Prince. Pray you, make Trial
Of their Strength and Speed, and, if you think them fit
For your Employment, with a liberal Hand

Reward

Reward the Gentleman, that did present 'em
From the Viceroy of *Naples*.

Giov. I will use
My best Endeavour, Sir.

[*Exeunt Giovanni, Alphonso, Hippolito.*]

Coz. Wait on my Nephew.

Nay, stay you, *Contarino*; be within Call;
It may be we shall use you. You have rode hard, Sir,
And we thank you for it. Every Minute seems
Irkesome, and tedious to us, till you have
Made your Discovery. Say, Friend, have you seen
This Phoenix of our Age?

Sanaz. I have seen a Maid, Sir;
But, if that I have Judgment, no such Wonder
As she was deliver'd to you.

Coz. This is strange!

Sanaz. But certain Truth. It may be, she was look'd
With Admiration in the Country, Sir: [on

But, if compar'd with many in your Court,
She would appear but ordinary.

Coz. Contarino
Reports her otherwise.

Sanaz. Such as ne'er saw Swans,
May think Crows beautiful.

Coz. How is her Behaviour?

Sanaz. 'Tis like the Place she lives in.

Coz. How her Wit,
Discourse, and Entertainment?

Sanaz. Very coarse;
I would not willingly say poor, and rude:
But, had she all the Beauties of fair Women,
The Dullness of her Soul would fright me from her.

Coz. You are curious, Sir.—I know not what to think
Contarino! [on't.

Contar. Sir.

Coz. Where was thy Judgment, Man,
T' extol a Virgin, *Sanazarro* tells me
Is nearer to Deformity?

Sanaz. I saw her,
And curiously perus'd her; and I wonder
That she, that did appear to me, that know
What Beauty is, not worthy the observing,
Should so transport you.

Contar. 'Troth, my Lord, I thought then —

Coz. Thought? Didst thou not affirm it?

Contar. I confess, Sir,
I did believe so then; but, now I hear
My Lord's Opinion to the contrary,
I am of another Faith; for 'tis not fit
That I should contradict him. I am dim, Sir;
But he's sharp-sighted.

Sanaz. This is to my Wish.

Coz. We know not what to think of this; yet would
not

[*Aside.*

Enter Giovanni, Hippolita, Lodovico.

Determine rashly of it. How do you like
My Nephew's Horsemanship?

Hippol. In my Judgment, Sir,
It is exact and rare.

Alph. And, to my Fancy,
He did present great *Alexander* mounted
On his *Bucephalus*.

Coz. You are right Courtiers,
And know it is your Duty to cry up
All Actions of a Prince.

Sanaz. Do not betray
Yourself, you're safe; I've done my Part.

[*Aside to Giovanni.*

Giov. I thank you;
Nor will I fail.

Coz. What's your Opinion, Nephew,
Of the Horses?

Giov. Two of them are, in my Judgment,
The best I ever back'd: I mean the Roan, Sir,
And the Brown Bay; but for the Chestnut-colour'd,

Though

Though he be full of Metal, hot, and fiery,
He treads weak in his Pasterns.

Coz. So, come nearer ;
This Exercise hath put you into a Sweat ;
Take this and dry it : And now I command you
To tell me truly what's your Censure of
Charomonte's Daughter Lydia.

Giov. I am, Sir,
A Novice in my Judgment of a Lady ;
But, such as it is, your Grace shall have it freely.
I would not speak ill of her, and am sorry,
If I keep myself a Friend to Truth, I cannot
Report her as I would, so much I owe
Her reverend Father : But I'll give you, Sir,
As near as I can, her Character in little.
She's of a goodly Stature, and her Limbs
Not disproportion'd. For her Face, it is
Far from Deformity ; yet they flatter her
That stile it excellent. Her Manners are
Simple and innocent ; but her Discourse
And Wit deserve my Pity, more than Praise.
At the best, my Lord, she is a handsome Picture ;
And, that said, all is spoken.

Coz. I believe you ;
I ne'er yet found you false.

Giov. Nor ever shall, Sir.—
—Forgive me, matchless *Lydia* ! too much Love,
And jealous Fear to lose thee, do compel me
Against my Will, my Reason, and my Knowledge,
To be a poor Detractor of that Beauty,
Which fluent *Ovid*, if he liv'd again,
Would want Words to express.

[*Aside.*

Coz. Pray you, make Choice of
The richest of our Furniture for these Horses ;
[*To Sanazarro.*

And take my Nephew with you ; we in this
Will follow his Directions.

Giov. Could I find now
The Princess *Fiorinda*, and persuade her

To be silent in the Suit that I mov'd to her,
All were secure.

Sanaz. In that, my Lord, I'll aid you,

Coz. We will be private; leave us. All my Studies
[*Exeunt all but Cozimo.*]

And serious Meditations aim no farther
Than this young Man's Good. He was my Sister's Son,
And she was such a Sister, when she liv'd,
I could not prize too much; nor can I better
Make known how dear I hold her Memory,
Than in my cherishing the only Issue
Which she hath left behind her. Who's that?

Enter Fiorinda.

Fiorin. Sir.

Coz. My fair Charge, you are welcome to us.

Fiorin. I have found it, Sir.

Coz. All Things go well in *Urbino*?

Fiorin. Your gracious Care to me an Orphan, frees me
From all Suspicion, that my jealous Fears
Can drive into my Fancy.

Coz. The next Summer
In our own Person, we will bring you thither,
And seat you in your own.

Fiorin. When you think fit, Sir.
But, in the mean time, with your Highness' Pardon,
I am a Suitor to you.

Coz. Name it, Madam,
With Confidence to obtain it.

Fiorin. That you would please
To lay a strict Command on *Charomonte*,
To bring his Daughter *Lydia* to the Court:
And, pray you, think, Sir, that 'tis not my Purpose
T'employ her as a Servant, but to use her
As a most wish'd Companion.

Coz. Ha! your Reason?

Fiorin. The hopeful Prince your Nephew, Sir, hath
To me for such an Abstract of Perfection

[giv'n her

In all that can be wish'd for in a Virgin,
 As Beauty, Musick, ravishing Discourse,
 Quickness of Apprehension, with choice Manners
 And Learning too, not usual with Women;
 That I am much ambitious (though I shall
 Appear but as a Foil to set her off)
 To be from her instructed, and supply'd
 In what I am defective.

Coz. Did my Nephew
 Seriously deliver this?

Fiorin. I assure your Grace,
 With Zeal and Vehemence; and, even when
 With his best Words he striv'd to set her forth
 (Though the rare Subject made him eloquent)
 He would complain, all he could say came short
 Of her Deservings.

Coz. Pray you, have Patience.
 This was strangely carried.—Ha! are we trifled with?
 Dare they do this? Is *Cozimo's* Fury, that
 Of late was terrible, grown contemptible?
 Well; we will clear our Brows, and undermine
 Their secret Works (tho' they have dig'd like Moles)
 And crush 'em with the Tempest of my Wrath
 When I appear most calm. He is unfit
 To command others, that knows not to use it,
 And with all Rigour.—Yet my stern Looks shall not
 Discover my Intents; for I will strike
 When I begin to frown. [*Aside.*] You are the Mistress
 Of that you did demand.

Fiorin. I thank your Highness;
 But Speed in the Performance of the Grant
 Doubles the Favour, Sir.

Coz. You shall possess it sooner than you expect;
 Only be pleas'd to be ready when my Secretary
 Waits upon you, to take the fresh air.—My Nephew!
 And my Bosom-friend so to cheat me? 'tis not fair!

[*Aside.*]

Enter

Enter Giovanni, Sanazarra.

Sanaz. Where should this Princess be? Nor in her Lodgings,
Nor in the private Walks, her own Retreat,
Which she so much frequented?

Giov. By my Life,
She's with the Duke; and I much more than fear
Her Forwardness to prefer my Suit, hath ruin'd
What with such Care we built up.

Coz. Have you furnish'd
Those Coursers, as we will'd you?

Sanaz. There's no Sign
Of Anger in his Looks.

Giov. They are compleat, Sir.

Coz. 'Tis well. To your Rest. Soft Sleeps wait on
you, Madam.

To-morrow, with the Rising of the Sun,
Be ready to ride with us.—They with more Safety
Had trod on fork-tongu'd Adders, than provok'd me.

[*Exit Cozimo.*

Fiorin. I come not to be thank'd, Sir, for the speedy
Performance of my Promise touching *Lydia*;
It is effected.

Sanaz. We are undone.

Fiorin. The Duke

No sooner heard me with my best of Language
Describe her Excellencies, as you taught me,
But he confirm'd it.—You look sad, as if
You wish'd it were undone.

Giov. No, gracious Madam,
I am your Servant for't.

Fiorin. Be you as careful
For what I mov'd to you. Count *Sanazarro*,
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing
To wear so slight a Favour.

Sanaz. 'Tis a Grace
I am unworthy of.

Fiorin.

Fiorin. You merit more,
In prizing so a Trifle. Take this Diamond;
I'll second what I have begun: For know
Your Valour hath so won upon me, that
'Tis not to be resisted. I have said, Sir,
And leave you to interpret it. [*Exit Fiorinda,*

Sanaz. This to me
Is Wormwood. 'Tis apparent we are taken
In our own Nooze.—What's to be done?

Giov. I know not.
And 'tis a Punishment justly fall'n upon me
For leaving Truth, a constant Mistress, that
Ever protects her Servants, to become
A Slave to Lyes and Falshood. What Excuse
Can we make to the Duke? What Mercy hope for,
Our Packing being laid open?

Sanaz. 'Tis not to
Be question'd, but his purpos'd Journey is
To see fair *Lydia*.

Giov. And to divert him
Impossible.

Sanaz. There's now no looking backward.

I know not.
And 'tis a Punishment justly fall'n upon me
For leaving Truth, &c.

Mr. Mason, in his *Elfrida*, has a Passage that much resembles this.

———— As Truth directs,
So only shall we act. This Day has shewn
What dire Effects await its Violation.
Strait is the Road of Truth, and plain,
And tho' across the sacred Way
Ten Thousand false Meanders stray,
'Tis our's to walk direct.

Spoke by the Semichorus, Page 76.

There have been several Plays founded on the same Plot as this before us; the most distinguished of which is *Elfrida* by Mr. Mason, written on the Model of the ancient Greek Tragedy: The Concurrence of several similar Passages in that and in the *Duke of Florence*, makes me think that Mr. Mason had *Massinger* in his Eye, in the Execution of his Piece.

Giov.

140 THE GREAT DUKE

Giov. And which Way to go on with Safety, not
To be imagin'd.

Sanaz. Give me Leave. I have
An Embryon in my Brain, which, I despair not,
May be brought to Form and Fashion, provided
You will be open-breasted.

Giov. 'Tis no Time now,
Our Dangers being equal, to conceal
A Thought from you.

Sanaz. What Power hold you o'er *Lydia*?
Do you think that with some Hazard of her Life
She would prevent your Ruin?

Giov. I presume so:
If in the Undertaking it, she stray not
From what becomes her Innocence; and to that
'Tis far from me to press her; I myself
Will rather suffer.

Sanaz. 'Tis enough; this Night
Write to her by your Servant *Calandrino*,
As I shall give Directions; my Man

Enter Calandrino.

Shall bear him Company. See, Sir, to my Wish
He does appear, but much transform'd from what
He was when he came hither.

Caland. I confess
I am not very wise, and yet I find
A Fool, so he be Parcel Knave, in Court
May flourish and grow rich.

Giov. *Calandrino*!

Caland. Peace!
I'm in Contemplation.

Giov. Don't you know me?

Caland. I tell thee, no; on Forfeit of my Place,
I must not know myself, much less my Father,
But by Petition: That Petition lin'd too
With golden Birds, that sing to the Tune of Profit,
Or I am deaf.

Giov.

Giov. But you've your Sense of Feeling.

[Offering to kick him.]

Sanaz. Nay, pray you, forbear.

Caland. I have all that's requisite
To the making up of a Signior. My spruce Ruff,
My hooded Cloak, long Stocking, and pain'd Hose,
My Case of Tooth-picks, and my Silver Fork,
To convey an Olive neatly to my Mouth ;
And, what is All in All, my Pockets ring
A golden Peal. O that the Peasants in the Country
(My quondam Fellows) but saw me as I am,
How they would admire and worship me !

Giov. As they shall ;
For instantly you must thither.

Caland. My Grand Signior,
Vouchsafe a *Bezolus Manus*, and a Cringe
Of the last Edition.

Giov. You must ride Post with Letters
This Night to *Lydia*.

Caland. An' it please your Grace,
Shall I use my Coach, or foot-cloth Mule ?

Sanaz. You Widgeon,
You are to make all Speed, think not of Pomp.

Giov. Follow for your Instructions, Sirrah !

Caland. I have one Suit to you,
My good Lord.

Sanaz. What is't ?

Caland. That you would give me
A subtil Court-Charin, to defend me from
Th' infectious Air of the Country.

Giov. What's the Reason ?

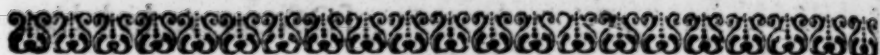
Caland. Why, as this Court-Air taught me knavish
By which I am grown rich ; if that again [Wit,
Should turn me Fool and honest — Vain Hopes, fare-
For I must die a Beggar. [wel,

Sanaz. Go to, Sirrah !
You'll be whip'd for this.

Giov. Leave Fooling, and attend us.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Carolo Charomonté, Lydia.

Carolo. **D**AUGHTER, I have observ'd, since the Prince
left us

(Whose Absence I mourn with you) and the Visit
Count *Sannazarro* gave us, you have nourished
Sad and retired Thoughts, and parted with
That Freedom and Alacrity of Spirit
With which you us'd to chear me.

Lydia. For the Count, Sir,
All Thought of him does with his Person die;
But, I confess ingenuously, I cannot
So soon forget the Choice, and chaste Delights,
The courteous Conversation of the Prince,
And without Stain, I hope, afforded me
When he made this House a Court.

Carolo. It is in us
To keep it so without him. Want we know not,
And all we can complain of (Heav'n be prais'd for't)
Is too much Plenty, and we will make use of

Enter Servants.

All lawful Pleasures. How now Fellows, when
Shall we have this lusty Dance?

Caup. In the Afternoon, Sir.
'Tis a Device, I wis, of my own making,
And such a one, as shall make your Signiorship know
I have not been your Butler for nothing, but
I've crotchets in my Head. We'll trip it tightly,
And make my sad young Mistress merry again,
Or I'll forswear the Cellar.

Bern. If we had
Our fellow *Calandrino* here to dance

His

His Part, we were perfect.

Petru. O! he was a rare Fellow;
But I fear the Court hath spoil'd him.

Caup. When I was young,
I could have cut a Caper on a Pinnacle;
But now I'm old and wise.—Keep your Figure fair,
And follow but the Sample I shall set you,
The Duke himself will send for us, and laugh at us,
And that were Credit.

Lydia. Who have we here?

Enter Calandrino.

Caland. I find [tender.
What was Brawn in the Country, in the Court grows
The Bots on these jolting Jades, I am bruis'd to Jelly.
A Coach for my Money! and that the Courtezans know
Their riding so, makes them last three Years longer [well
Then such as are hackney'd.

Carolo. *Calandrino*, 'tis he. [the Honour

Caland. Now to my Postures. Let my Hand have
To convey a Kiss from my Lips to the Cover of
Your Foot dear Signior.

Carolo. Fie, you stoop too low, Sir.

Caland. The Hem of your Vestment, Lady. Your Glove
Nay, I have conn'd my Distances. [is for Princes;

Lydia. 'Tis most Courtly.

Caup. Fellow *Calandrino*!

Caland. Signior *de Cauponi*,
Grand Botelier of the Mansion!

Bern. How is't, Man? [Claps him on the Shoulder.

Caland. Be not so rustick in your Salutations,
Signior *Bernardo*, Master of the Accounts!
Signior *Petruchio*! May you long continue
Your Function in the Chamber.

Caup. When shall we learn such Gambols in our *Villa*?

Lydia. Sure, he's mad.

Carolo. 'Tis not unlike, for most of such Mushrooms
What News at Court? [are so.

Caland. Basta! They are Mysteries,

And

And not to be reveal'd. With your Favour, Signior,
I am in private to confer awhile

With this Signiora. But I'll pawn my Honour,
That neither my terse Language, nor my Habit
How'er it may convince, nor my new Shrugs,
Shall render her enamour'd.

Carolo. Take your Pleasure,
A little of these apish Tricks may pass;
Too much is tedious.

[Exit Carolo.]

Caland. The Prince in this Paper
Presents his Service.—Nay, it is not Courtly
To see the Seal broke open. So I leave you.
Signiors of the *Villa*, I'll descend to be
Familiar with you.

Caup. Have you forgot to dance?

Caland. No, I am better'd.

Petru. Will you join with us?

Caland. As I like the Project.

Let me warm my Brains, first, with the richest Grape,
And then I'm for you.

Caup. We will want no Wine.

[Exeunt.]

Lydia alone.

Lydia. That this comes only from the best of Princes,
With a Kind of Adoration does command me
To entertain it, and the sweet Contents [*Kissing the Letter.*
That are inscribed here by his Hand, must be
Much more than musical to me. All the Service
Of my Life at no Part can deserve this Favour.
O what a Virgin Longing I feel on me
To unrip the Seal, and read it! Yet, to break
What he hath fast'ned, rashly, may appear
A faucy Rudeness in me.—I must do it,
(Nor can I else, learn his Commands, or serve 'em)
But with such Reverence, as I would open
Some Holy Writ, whose grave Instructions beat down
Rebellious Sins, and teach my better Part
How to mount upward.—So, 'tis done, and I
[Opens the Letter. *Reads.*
With Eagle's Eyes will curiously peruse it.

Chaste

*Chaste Lydia ! The Favours are so great
 On me by you conferr'd, that to intreat
 The least Addition to 'em, in true Sense
 May argue me of blusheless Impudence.
 But, such are my Extremes, if you deny
 A farther Grace, I must unpittied die.
 Haste cuts off Circumstance. As you're admired
 For Beauty, the Report of it hath fir'd
 The Duke my Uncle, and I fear you'll prove,
 Not with a sacred, but unlawful Love.
 If he see you, as you are, my hop'd-for Light
 Is chang'd into an Everlasting Night.
 How to prevent it, if your Goodness find,
 You save two Lives, and me you ever bind,
 The Honourer of your Virtues, Giovanni.*

Were I more deaf then Adders, these sweet Charms
 Would through my Ears find Passage to my Soul,
 And soon enchant it. To save such a Prince
 Who would not perish ? Virtue in him must suffer,
 And Piety be forgotten. The Duke's Lust
 Though it rag'd more then *Tarquin's*, shall not reach me.
 All quaint Inventions of chaste Virgins aid me !
 My Prayers are heard—I have't. The Duke ne'er saw me ;
 Or, if that fail, I am again provided.

[This spoke as if she studied an Evasian.

But for the Servants ! They will take what Form
 please to put upon them.—*Giovanni*,

Be safe, thy Servant *Lydia* assures it.

Let Mountains of Afflictions fall on me,

Their Weight is easy, so I set thee free.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Cozimo, Giovanni, Sanazarro, Carolo, Servants.

Sanaz. Are you not tir'd with Travel, Sir ?

Coz. No, no,

I am Fresh and Lusty.

VOL. III.

K

Carolo.

Carolo. This Day shall be ever
A Holy-day to me, that brings my Prince
Under my humble Roof.

[Weeps.]

Giov. See, Sir, my good Tutor
Sheds Tears for Joy.

Coz. Dry them up, *Charomonte*,
And all forbear the Room, while we exchange
Some private Words together.

Giov. O my Lord,
How grossly have we overshot ourselves!

Sanaz. In what, Sir?

Giov. In forgetting to acquaint
My Guardian with our Purpose, all that *Lydia*
Can do, avails us nothing—if the Duke
Find out the Truth from him.

Sanaz. 'Tis now past help,
And we must stand the Hazard—Hope the best, Sir?

[Exeunt Giovanni and Sanazarro.]

Carolo. My Loyalty doubted, Sir?

Coz. 'Tis more. Thou hast
Abus'd our Trust, and in a high Degree
Committed Treason.

Carolo. Treason? 'Tis a Word
My Innocence understands not. Were my Breast
Transparent, and my Thoughts to be discern'd,
Not one Spot shall be found to taint the Candor
Of my Allegiance. And I must be bold
To tell you, Sir (for he that knows no Guilt
Can know no Fear) 'tis Tyranny to o'er-charge
An honest Man; and such, till now, I've liv'd,
And such, my Lord, I'll die.

Coz. Sir, do not flatter
Yourself with Hope, these great and glorious Words,
(Which every guilty Wretch, as well as you,
That's arm'd with Impudence, can with Ease deliver,
And with as full a Mouth) can work on us?
Nor shall gay Flourishes of Language clear
What is in Fact apparent.

Carolo. Fact? What Fact?

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You that know only, what it is, instruct me,
For I am ignorant.

Coz. This then, Sir. We gave up
(On our Assurance of your Faith and Care)
Our Nephew *Giovanni*, nay, our Heir
In Expectation, to be train'd up by you
As did become a Prince.

Carolo. And I discharg'd it.
Is this the Treason?

Coz. Take us with you, Sir.
And, in respect we knew his Youth was prone
To Women, and that living in our Court
He might make some unworthy Choice, before
His weaker Judgment was confirm'd, we did
Remove him from it; constantly presuming
You, with your best Endeavours, rather would
Have quench'd those Heats in him, then light a Torch,
As you have done to his Looseness.

Carolo. I? My travail
Is ill-requited, Sir; for, by my Soul,
I was so curious that way, that I granted
Access to none could tempt him, nor did ever
One Syllable, or obscene Accent touch
His Ear that might corrupt him.

Coz. No? Why, then,
With your Allowance did you give free way
To all familiar Privacy, between
My Nephew and your Daughter? Or why did you
(Had you no other Ends in't but our Service)
Read to 'em, and together (as they had been
Scholars of one Form) Grammar, Rhetorick,
Philosophy, History, and interpret to 'em
The close Temptations of lascivious Poets?
Or wherefore (for we still had Spies upon you)
Was she still present, when by your Advice
He was taught the Use of his Weapon, Horsemanship,
Wrestling, nay, Swimming, but to fan in her
A hot Desire of him? And then, forsooth,
His Exercises ended, cover'd with

A fair Pretence of Recreation for him,
 When *Lydia* was instructed in those Graces
 That add to Beauty. He brought to admire her,
 Must hear her Sing, while to her Voice, her Hand
 Made ravishing Musick; and this applauded, dance
 A Light Levalto with her.⁸

Carolo. Have you ended
 All you can charge me with?

Coz. Nor stop'd you there,
 But they must unattended walk into
 The silent Groves, and hear the amorous Birds
 Warbling their wanton Notes; here a sure Shade
 Of barren Sycamores, which the all-seeing Sun
 Could not pierce through; near that, an Arbor hung
 With spreading Eglantine; there a bubbling Spring
 Wat'ring a Bank of Hyacinths and Lillies,
 With all Allurements that could move to Lust.
 And could this, *Charomonte*, (should I grant
 They had been Equals both in Birth and Fortune)
 Become your Gravity? Nay, 'tis clear as Air
 That your ambitious Hopes to match your Daughter
 Into our Family, gave connivence to it.
 And this, though not in Act, in the Intent,
 I call High Treason.

Carolo. Hear my just Defence, Sir,
 And, though you are my Prince, it will not take from
 Your Greatness to acknowledge with a Blush,
 In this my Accusation you have been
 More sway'd by Spleen, and jealous Suppositions,
 Than certain grounds of Reason. You had a Father
 (Blest be his Memory) that made frequent Proofs
 Of my Loyalty and Faith, and (would I boast
 The Dangers I have broke through in his Service)
 I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread Sir,
 Whenever I was put unto the Test,
 Found me true Gold, and not adulterate Metal;

⁸ *A Light Levalto with her.*

What the Dance here alluded to is, I cannot tell, nor can I find an
 Explanation of the Word in any Dictionary.

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And am I doubted now?

Coz. This is from the Purpose.

Carolo. I will come to it, Sir, your Grace well knew,
Before the Prince's happy Presence made
My poor House rich, the chiefest Blessings which
I gloried in (though now it prove a Curse)
Was an only Daughter. Nor did you command me,
As a Security to your future Fears,
To cast her off: Which had you done, how'er
She was the Light of my Eyes, and Comfort of
My feeble Age; so far I priz'd my Duty
Above Affection, she now had been
A Stranger to my Care. But she is fair!
Is that her Fault or mine? Did ever Father
Hold Beauty in his Issue for a Blemish?
"Her Education and her Manners tempt too."
If these offend, they're easily removed:
You may, if you think fit, before my Face,
In Recompence of all my Watchings for you,
With burning Corrosives transform her to
An ugly Leper; and this done to taint
Her Sweetness, prostitute her to a Loathsome Brothel.
This I will rather suffer, Sir, and more,
Then live suspected by you.

Coz. Let not Passion

Carry you beyond your Reason.

Carolo. I am calm, Sir;

Yet you must give me leave to grieve, I find
My Actions misinterpreted. Alas! Sir,
Was *Lydia's* Desire to serve the Prince
Call'd an Offence? Or did she practise to
Seduce his Youth, because with her best Zeal
And Fervour she endeavoured to attend him?
'Tis a hard Construction—Though she be my Daughter
I may thus far speak her. From her Infancy
She was ever civil, her Behaviour nearer
Simplicity than Craft; and Malice dares not
Affirm, in one loose Gesture, or light Language,
She gave a Sign she was in Thought unchaste.

I'll fetch her to you, Sir, and but look on her
With equal Eyes, you must in Justice grant
That your Suspicion wrongs her.

Coz. It may be;
But I must have stronger Assurance of it
Than passionate Words. And, not to trifle Time,
As we came unexpected to your House,
We will prevent all Means that may prepare her
How t' answer that, with which we come to charge her,
And howsoever it may be receiv'd
As a foul Breach to hospitable Rites,
On thy Allegiance and boasted Faith,
Nay, forfeit of thy Head, we do confine thee
Close Prisoner to thy Chamber, till all Doubts
Are clear'd that do concern us.

Carolo. I obey, Sir,
And wish your Grace had followed my Herse
To my Sepulchre, my Loyalty unsuspected,
Rather then now? But I am silent, Sir.
And let that speak my Duty. [Exit Carolo.

Coz. If this Man
Be false, disguised Treachery ne'er put on
A Shape so near to Truth. Within there.

*Enter Giovanni and Sanazarro, ushering in Petronella,
Calandrino and others, setting forth a Banquet.*

Sanaz. Sir.

Coz. Bring *Lydia* forth.

Giov. She comes, Sir, of herself
To present her Service to you.

Coz. Ha! This Personage
Cannot invite Affection.

Sanaz. See you keep State,

Petro. I warrant you.

Coz. The Manners of her Mind
Must be transcendent, if they can defend
Her rougher Out-side. May we with your liking
Salute you, Lady?

Petro.

Petro. Let me wipe my Mouth, Sir,
With my Cambrick-Handkerchief, and then have at you.

Coz. Can this be possible?

Sanaz. Yes, Sir, you will find her
Such as I gave her to you.

Petro. Will your Dukeship
Sit down and eat some Sugar-plums? Here's a Castle
Of March Pane too, and this Quince-Marmalade
Was of my own making. All summ'd up together
Did cost the setting on, and here is Wine too [*Drinks all off.*
As good as e'er was tap'd. I'll be your Taster,
For I know the Fashion—now you must do me right, Sir,
You shall, nor will, nor choose.

Giov. She's very simple.

Coz. Simple, 'tis worse. Do you drink this often, Lady?

Petron. Still when I am thirsty, and eat when I am
[hungry.

Such Junckets come not every Day. Once more to you,
With a Heart and a half afaith.

Coz. Pray you, pause a little;
If I hold your Cards, I shall pull down the Side;
I am not good at the Game.

Petron. Then I'll drink for you.

Coz. Nay, pray you stay. I'll find you out a Pledge
That shall supply my Place, what think you of
This compleat Signior? You are a *Juno*, and in such State
Must feast this *Jupiter*. What think you of him?

Petron. I desire no better.

Coz. And you will undertake this Service for me?
You are good at the Sport.

Caland. Who I? A Pidler; Sir.

Coz. Nay, you shall sit inthron'd, and eat and drink
As you were a Duke.

Caland. If your Grace will have me,
I'll eat and drink like an Emperor.

Coz. Take your Place then,
We are amaz'd.

Giov. This is gross: Nor can the Imposture

But be discover'd.

Sanaz. The Duke's too sharp sighted
To be deluded thus.

Caland. Nay, pray you eat fair,
Or deuide, and I will choose. Cannot you use
Your Fork as I do? Gape and I will feed you.

[*Feeds her.*]

Gape wider yet, this is Court-like.

Petron. To choke Daws with,
I like it not.

Caland. But you like this.

[*They drink.*]

Petron. Let it come, Boy.

Coz. What a Sight is this? We could be angry with
How much you did bely her when you told us [you,
She was only Simple! This is barbarous Rudeness,
Beyond Belief.

Giov. I would not speak her, Sir,
Worse than she was.

Sanaz. And I, my Lord, chose rather
To deliver her better parted then she is,
Then to take from her.

Enter Cauponi.

Caup. Ere I'll lose my Dance,
I'll speak to the Purpose. I am, Sir, no Prologue;
But in plain Terms must tell you, we are provided
Of a lusty Hornpipe.

Coz. 'Prithee, let us have it,
For we grow dull.

Caup. But, to make up the Medley,
For it is of several Colours, we must borrow
Your Grace's Ghost here.

Caland. Pray you, Sir, depose me,
It will not do else. I am, Sir, the Engine

[*Rises and resigns his Chair.*]

By which it moves.

Petron. I will dance with my Duke too,
I will not out.

Coz.

Coz. Begin then. There's more in this [Dance.
Then yet I have discovered, Some *Oedipus*
Resolve this Riddle.

Petron. Did I not foot it roundly? [Falls down.

Coz. As I live, stark drunk. Away with her. We'll
[reward you,

When you have cool'd yourselves in the Cellar.

Caup. Heaven preserve you. [Exeunt Dancers.

Coz. We pity *Charomonte's* wretched Fortune
In a Daughter, nay, a Monster. Good old Man!
The Place grows tedious: Our Remove shall be
With Speed. We'll only in a Word or two
Take leave and comfort him.

Sanaz. 'Twill rather, Sir,
Encrease his Sorrow, that you know his Shame,
Your Grace may do it by Letter.

Coz. Who sign'd you
A Patent to direct us? Wait our coming
In the Garden.

Giov. All will out.

Sanaz. I more then fear it. [Exeunt Giov. and Sanaz.

Coz. These are strange *Chimeras* to us! What to judge
Is past our Apprehension! One Command [of it
Charomonte to attend us. Can it be, [Exit Servant.
That *Contarino* could be so besotted
As to admire this Prodigy? Or her Father
To dote upon it? Or does she personate,
For some Ends unknown to us, this rude Behaviour,
Within the Scene presented, would appear
Ridiculous and impossible. O you are welcome.

Enter Carolo.

We now acknowledge the much Wrong we did you
In our unjust Suspicion. We have seen
The Wonder, Sir, your Daughter.

Carolo. And have found her
Such as I did report her. What she wanted
In Courtship, was, I hope, supplied in civil

And

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And modest Entertainment.

Coz. Pray you, tell us,
And truly we command you, Did you never
Observe she was given to drink?

Carolo. To drink, Sir?

Coz. Yes. Nay, more, to be drunk.

Carolo. I had rather see her buried.

Coz. Dare you trust your own Eyes, if you find her now
More then distemper'd?

Carolo. I will pull them out, Sir,
If your Grace can make this good. And if you please
To grant me Liberty, as she is, I'll fetch her,
And in a Moment.

Coz. Look you do, and fail not,
On the Peril of your Head.

Carolo. Drunk?—She disdains it. [Exit Carolo.]

Coz. Such Contrarieties were never read of.
Charmonte is no Fool, nor can I think
His Confidence built on Sand. We are abused,
'Tis too apparent.

Enter Carolo and Lydia.

Lydia. I am indisposed, Sir,
And that Life, you tender'd once, much indanger'd
In forcing me from my Chamber.

Carolo. Here she is, Sir,
Suddenly Sick, I grant; but, sure, not drunk,
Speak to my Lord the Duke.

Lydia. All is discover'd,

Coz. Is this your only Daughter? [Kneels.]

Carolo. And my Heir, Sir,
Nor keep I any Woman in House
(Unless for fordid Offices) but one,
I do maintain trimm'd up in her cast Habits,
To make her Sport. And she, indeed, loves Wine,
And will take too much of it. And perhaps, for Mirth,
She was presented to you.

Coz. It shall yield

No

No Sport to the Contrivers,—'Tis too plain now.
Her Presence does confirm what *Contarino*
Deliver'd of her; nor can Sickness dim
The Splendor of her Beauties; being herself, then,
She must exceed his Praise.

Lydia. Will your Grace hear me?
I'm faint and can say little.

Coz. Here are Accents,
Whose every Syllable is musical!
Pray you let me raise you, and a-while rest here,
False *Sanazzaro*, treacherous *Giovanni*!
But stand we talking?

Carolo. Here's a Storm soon raised.

Coz. As thou art our Subject, *Charomonte*, swear
To act what we Command.

Carolo. That is an Oath
I long since took.

Coz. Then, by that Oath we charge thee,
Without Excuse, Denial or Delay
To apprehend, and suddenly, *Sanazzaro*,
And our ingrateful Nephew.—We have said it.
Do it without Reply, or we pronounce thee,
Like them, a Traytor to us. See them guarded
In several Lodgings, and forbid Access
To all, but when we warrant. Is our Will
Heard, sooner then obey'd?

Carolo. These are strange Turns;
But I must not dispute 'em. [Exit *Carolo*.

Coz. Be severe in't.
O my abused Lenity! From what Height
Is my Power fall'n?

Lydia. O me most miserable!
That, being innocent, make others guilty:
Most gracious Prince!—

Coz. Pray you rise, and then speak to me.

Lydia. My Knees shall first be rooted in this Earth,
And *Myrrha* like, I'll grow up to a Tree,
Dropping perpetual Tears of Sorrow, which,
Harden'd by the rough Wind, and turn'd to Amber,
Unfortunate

Unfortunate Virgins like myself shall wear,
 Before I'll make Petition to your Greatness
 But with such Reverence, my Hands held up thus,
 As I would do to Heav'n. You Princes are
 As Gods on Earth to us, and to be su'd to
 With such Humility, as his Deputies
 May challenge from their Vassals.

Coz. Here's that Form
 Of Language I expected; pray you, speak,
 What is your Suit?

Lydia. That you would look upon me
 As an humble Thing, that Millions of Degrees
 Is plac'd beneath you. For what am I? dread Sir?
 Or what can fall in the whole Course of my Life,
 That may be worth your Care, much less your Trouble?
 As the lowly Shrub is to the lofty Cedar,
 Or a Mole-hill to *Olympus*, if compar'd,
 I am to you. Sir. Or, suppose the Prince,
 (Which cannot find Belief in me) forgetting
 The Greatness of his Birth and Hopes, hath thrown
 An Eye of Favour on me, in me punish
 (That am the Cause) the Rashness of his Youth.
 Shall the Queen of the Inhabitants of the Air,
 The Eagle, that bears Thunder on her Wings,
 In her angry Mood, destroy her hopeful Young,
 For suffering a Wren to perch too near 'em?
 Such is our Disproportion.

Coz. With what Fervour
 She pleads against herself!

Lydia. For me, poor Maid,
 I know the Prince to be so far above me,
 That my Wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am
 So much his Creature, that, to fix him in
 Your wonted Grace and Favour, I'll abjure
 His Sight for ever, and betake myself
 To a religious Life (where in my Prayers
 I may remember him) and ne'er see Man more
 But my ghostly Father. Will you trust me, Sir?
 In Truth I'll keep my Word; or, if this fail,

A little more of Fear what may befall him,
Will stop my Breath for ever.

Coz. Had you thus argu'd [Rais'es her.

As you were yourself, and brought as Advocates
Your Health and Beauty, to make way for you,
No Crime of his could put on such a Shape,
But I should look with th' Eyes of Mercy on it.

What would I give to see this Diamond
In her perfect Lustre, as she was before

The Clouds of Sickness dim'd it. Yet, take Comfort,
And, as you would obtain Remission for

His Treachery to me, cheer your drooping Spirits,
And call the Blood again into your Cheeks,

And then plead for him. And in such a Habit
As in your highest Hopes you would put on,

If we were to receive you for our Bride.

Lydia. I'll do my best, Sir.

Coz. And that Best will be

A Crown of all Felicity to me. [Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sanazarro *above*.

Sanaz. 'TIS prov'd in me, the Curse of human
Frailty,

(Adding to our Afflictions) makes us know
What's good; and yet our violent Passions force us

To follow what is ill. Reason assur'd me
It was not safe to shave a Lion's Skin;

And that to trifle with a Sovereign, was
To play with Lightning: Yet imperious Beauty,

Treading upon the Neck of Understanding,
Compell'd me to put off my natural Shape

Of loyal Duty, to disguise myself.

In

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In the adulterate and cobweb Masque
Of disobedient Treachery. Where is now
My borrow'd Greatness? or the promis'd Lives
Of following Courtiers echoing my Will?
In a Moment vanish'd. Power, that stands not on
Its proper Base, which is peculiar only
To absolute Princes, falls or rises, with
Their Frown or Favour. The Great Duke, my Master
(Who almost chang'd me to his other Self)
No sooner takes his Beams of Comfort from me,
But I, as one unknown, or unregarded,
Unpity'd suffer! Who makes Intercession
To his Mercy for me, now? Who does remember
The Service I have done him? Not a Man;
And such as spake no Language, but my Lord,
The Favourite of *Tuscany's* Grand Duke,

[Looks backwards.

Deride my Madness.—Ha! What Noise of Horses?

A goodly Troop! This back-part of my Prison
Allows me Liberty to see and know them.

Contarino! Yes, 'tis he; and *Lodovico*;

And the Dutchess *Fiorinda*, *Urbino's* Heir,

A Princess I have slighted; yet I wear

Her Favours. And, to teach me what I am,

She whom I scorn'd can only meditate for me.

This Way she makes, yet speak to her I dare not;

And how to make Suit to her, is a Task

Of as much Difficulty.—Yes, thou blessed Pledge

[Takes off the Ring, and writes on a Pane of Glass.

Of her Affection, aid me. This supplies

The Want of Pen and Ink, and this of Paper.

It must be so; and I in my Petition

Concise and pithy.

Enter Contarino, leading in Fiorinda, Alphonso, Lodovico, Hieronimo, Calaminta.

Fiorin. 'Tis a goodly Pile, this.

Hieron. But better by the Owner.

Alph.

Alph. But most rich
In the great States it covers.

Fiorin. The Duke's Pleasure
Commands us hither.

Contar. Which was laid on us
To attend you to it.

Lodov. Signior *Charomonte*,
To see your Excellence his Guest, will think
Himself most happy.

Fiorin. Tye my Shoe.—What's that?

[*The Pane thrown down.*

A Pane thrown from the Window, no Wind stirring?

Calam. And at your Feet too fall'n; there's something
writ on't.

Contar. Some Courtier, belike, would have it known
He wore a Diamond.

Calam. Ha! it is directed
To the Princess *Fiorinda*.

Fiorin. We will read it.

The Inscription.

*He, whom you pleas'd to favour, is cast down;
Past hope of rising, by the Great Duke's Frown,
If by your gracious Means, he cannot have
A Pardon.—And, that got, he lives your Slave.*

The Subscription.

Of Men the most distressed,

SANAZARRO.

Of me the most lov'd, and I will save thee,
Or perish with thee. Sure, thy Fault must be
Of some prodigious Shape, if that my Prayers
And humble Intercession to the Duke

Enter Cozimo and Carolo.

Prevail not with him.—Here he comes; Delay
Shall not make less my Benefit.

Coz.

Coz. What we purpose
 Shall know no Change, and therefore move me not.
 We were made as Properties, and what we shall
 Determine of 'em, cannot be call'd Rigour,
 But noble Justice. When they prov'd disloyal,
 They were cruel to themselves. The Prince, that pardon
 The first Affront offer'd to Majesty,
 Invites a second, rend'ring that Power
 Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.
 Ingratitude is a Monster, *Carolo*,
 To be strangl'd in the Birth, not to be cherish'd.
 Madam, you're happily met with.

Fiorin. Sir, I am
 An humble Suitor to you; and the rather
 Am confident of a Grant, in that your Grace,
 When I made Choice to be at your Devotion,
 Vow'd to deny me nothing.

Coz. To this Minute
 We have confirm'd it. What's your Boon?

Fiorin. It is, Sir,
 That you, in being gracious to your Servant,
 The ne'er sufficiently prais'd *Sanazarro*,
 (That now under your heavy Displeasure suffers)
 Would be good unto yourself. His Services,
 So many, and so great, (your Storm of Fury
 Calm'd by your better Judgment) must inform you,
 Some little Slip (for sure it is no more)
 From his loyal Duty, with your Justice cannot
 Make foul his fair Deservings. Great Sir, therefore,
 Look backward on his former Worth, and, turning
 Your Eye from his Offence (what 'tis I know not)
 And, I am confident, you will receive him
 Once more into your Favour.

Coz. You say well,
 You're ignorant in the Nature of his Fault,
 Which when you understand (as we'll instruct you)
 Your Pity will appear a Charity
 (It being confer'd on an unthankful Man)
 To be repented. He's a Traytor, Madam,

To you, to us, to Gratitude ; and in that
All Crimes are comprehended.

Fiorin. If his Offence
Aim'd at me only, whatsoe'er it is,
'Tis freely pardon'd.

Coz. This Compassion in you
Must make the Colour of his Guilt more ugly.
The Honours we have hourly heap'd upon him,
The Titles, the Rewards, to th' Envy of
The old Nobility, as the common People,
We now forbear to touch at, and will only
Insist on his gross Wrongs to you. You were pleas'd,
Forgetting both yourself and proper Greatness,
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace
A Happiness, which on his Knees with Joy
He should have su'd for. Who repin'd not at
The Grace you did him ? Yet in Recompence
Of your large Bounties, the disloyal Wretch
Makes you a Stale ; and what he might be by you
Scorn'd and derided, gives himself up wholly
To the Service of another. If you can
Bear this with Patience, we must say you have not
The Bitterness of Spleen, or ireful Passions
Familiar to Women. Pause upon it,
And when you seriously have weigh'd his Carriage,
Move us again, if your Reason will allow it,
His Treachery known. And then, if you continue
An Advocate for him, we, perhaps, because
We would deny you nothing, may awake
Our sleeping Mercy. *Carolo !*

Carolo. My Lord.

[*They whisper.*]

Fiorin. To endure a Rival, that were equal to me,
Cannot but speak my Poverty of Spirit ;
But an Inferior, more : Yet true Love must not
Know, or Degrees, or Distances. *Lydia* may be
As far above me in her Form, as she
Is in her Birth beneath me ; and what I
In *Sanazarro* lik'd, he loves in her.
But, if I free him now, the Benefit

VOL. III.

L

Being

Being done so timely, and confirming too
 My Strength and Power, my Soul's best Faculties being
 Bent wholly to preserve him must supply me
 With all I am defective in, and bind him
 My Creature ever. It must needs be so,
 Nor will I give it o'er thus.

Coz. Does our Nephew
 Bear his Restraint so constantly, as you
 Deliver it to us?

Carolo. In my Judgment, Sir,
 He suffers more for his Offence to you,
 Than in his Fear of what can follow it.
 For he is so collected and prepar'd
 To welcome that you shall determine of him,
 As if his Doubts and Fears were equal to him,
 And sure he's not acquainted with much Guilt,
 That more laments the telling one Untruth,
 Under your Pardon still (for 'twas a Fault, Sir)
 Than others, that pretend to Conscience, do
 Their crying secret Sins.

Coz. No more; this Gloss
 Defends not the Corruption of the Text,
 Urge it no more. [*Carolo and the others whisper*]

Fiorin. I once more must make bold, Sir,
 To trench upon your Patience. I have
 Consider'd my Wrongs duly: Yet that cannot
 Divert my Intercession for a Man
 Your Grace, like me, once favour'd. I am still
 A Suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe
 The Hearing his Defence, and that I may
 With your Allowance see, and comfort him.
 Then, having heard all that he can allege
 In his Excuse, for being false to you,
 Censure him as you please.

Coz. You will o'ercome;
 There's no contending with you. Pray you, enjoy
 What you desire, and tell him, he shall have
 A speedy Trial, in which we'll forbear
 To sit a Judge, because our Purpose is
 To rise up his Accuser.

Fiorin. All Increase
Of Happiness wait on *Cozimo*.

[*Exeunt Fiorinda and Calaminta.*]

Alph. Was it no more ?

Carolo. My Honour's pawn'd for it.

Contar. I'll second you.

Lodov. Since it is for the Service and the Safety
Of th' hopeful Prince, fall what can fall, I'll run
The desp'rate Hazard.

Hieron. He's no Friend to Virtue
That does decline it.

They all kneel.

Coz. Ha ! what sue you for ?
Shall we be ever troubled ? Do not tempt
That Anger may consume you.

Carolo. Let it, Sir :

The Loss is less, though Innocents we perish,
Than that your Sister's Son should fall unheard
Under your Fury. Shall we fear t' entreat
That Grace for him, that are your faithful Servants,
Which you vouchsafe the Count, like us a Subject ?

Coz. Did not we vow, till Sicknes had forsook
Thy Daughter *Lydia*, and she appear'd
In her perfect Health and Beauty to plead for him,
We were deaf to all Persuasion ?

Carolo. And that Hope, Sir,
Hath wrought a Miracle. She is recover'd,
And, if you please to warrant her, will bring
The penitent Prince before you.

Coz. To enjoy
Such Happiness, what would we not dispense with ?

Alph. Ludov. Hieron. We all kneel for the Prince.

Contar. Nor can it stand

With your Mercy, that are gracious to Strangers,
To be cruel to your own.

Coz. But art thou certain
Shall behold her at the best ?

L 2

Carolo.

Carolo. If ever
She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,
She is now much better'd.

Coz. Rise; thou art but dead
If this prove otherwise. *Lydia*, appear,
And feast an Appetite almost pin'd to Death
With longing Expectation to behold
Thy Excellencies: Thou, as Beauty's Queen,
Shalt censure the Detractors. Let my Nephew
Be led in Triumph under her Command;
We'll have it so; and *Sanazarro* tremble
To think whom he hath slander'd. We'll retire
Ourselves a little, and prepare to meet
A Blessing, which Imagination tells us
We are not worthy of, and then come forth;
But with such Reverence, as if I were
(Myself the Priest, the Sacrifice my Heart)
To offer at the Altar of that Goodness
That must or kill or save me. [Exit Cozimo]

Carolo. Are not these
Strange Gambols in the Duke?

Alph. Great Princes have,
Like meaner Men, their Weakness,

Lodov. And may use it
Without Controul or Check.

Contar. 'Tis fit they should;
Their Privilege were less, else, than their Subjects.

Hieron. Let them have their Humours; there's
crossing 'em.

S C E N E II.

Fiorinda, Sanazarro, Calaminta.

Sanaz. And can it be your Bounties should fall down
In Showers on my Ingratitude? Or the Wrongs
Your Greatness should revenge, teach you to pity?
What Retribution can I make? what Service
Pay to your Goodness, that, in some Proportion,

May to the World express, I would be thankful ?
 Since my Engagements are so great, that all
 My best Endeavours to appear your Creature
 Can but proclaim my Wants, and what I owe
 To your Magnificence.

Fiorin. All Debts are discharg'd
 In this Acknowledgment : Yet, since you please
 I shall impose some Terms of Satisfaction
 For that which you profess yourself oblig'd for,
 They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not,
 I hope, afflict you.

Sanaz. Make me understand,
 Great Princess, what they are, and my Obedience
 Shall, with all cheerful Willingness, subscribe
 To what you shall command.

Fiorin. I will bind you to
 Make good your Promise. First, I then injoin you
 To love a Lady, that a Noble Way
 Truly affects you, and that you would take
 To your Protection and Care the Dukedom
 Of *Urbino*, which no more is mine, but yours.
 And that, when you have full Possession of
 My Person, as my Fortunes, you would use me
 Not as a Princess, but instruct me in
 The Duties of an humble Wife, for such
 (The Privilege of my Birth no more remember'd)
 I will be to you. This consented to,
 All Injuries forgotten, on your Lips
 I thus sign your *Quietus*.

Sanaz. I am wretched,
 In having but one Life to be employ'd
 As you please to dispose it : And, believe it,
 If it be not already forfeited
 To the Fury of my Prince, as 'tis your Gift,
 With all the Faculties of my Soul, I'll study,
 In what I may, to serve you.

Fiorin. I am happy.

Enter Giovanni and Lydia.

In this Assurance.—What
Sweet Lady's this?

Sanaz. 'Tis *Lydia* Madam, she——

Fiorin. I understand you.

Nay, blush not; by my Life she is a rare one!
And, if I were your Judge, I would not blame you,
To like and love her.—But, Sir, you are mine now.
And I presume so on your Constancy,
That I dare not be jealous.

Sanaz. All Thoughts of her
Are in your Goodnets buried.

Lydia. Pray you, Sir,
Be comforted; your Innocence should not know
What 'tis to fear, and if you but look on
The Guards that you have in yourself, you cannot
The Duke's your Uncle, Sir, and though a little
Incens'd against you, when he sees your Sorrow
He must be reconcil'd. What rugged *Tartar*,
Or *Canibal*, though bath'd in Human Gore,
But, looking on your Sweetness, would forget
His cruel Nature, and let fall his Weapon,
Though then aim'd at your Throat?

Giov. O *Lydia*,
Of Maids the Honour, and your Sexes Glory!
It is not Fear to die, but to lose you
That brings this Fever on me. I will now
Discover to you, that which, till this Minute,
I durst not trust the Air with. Ere you knew
What Power the Magick of your Beauty had,
I was enchanted by it, lik'd, and lov'd it,
My Fondness still encreasing with my Years.
And, flatter'd by false Hopes, I did attend
Some blessed Opportunity to move
The Duke, with his Consent to make you mine.
But now, such is my Star-cross'd Destiny,
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot

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Sanaz.
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Deny himself the Happiness to enjoy you.
 And I as well in Reason may entreat him
 To give away his Crown, as to part from
 A Jewel of more Value, such you are:
 Yet, howsoever, when you are his Dutcheffs,
 And I am turn'd into forgotten Dust,
 Pray you, love my Memory.—I should say more,
 But I'm cut off.

Enter Cozimo, Carolo, Contarino, and others.

Sanaz. The Duke? That Countenance, once,
 When it was cloth'd in Smiles, shew'd like an Angel's,
 But, now 'tis folded up in Clouds of Fury,
 'Tis terrible to look on. [*The Duke admiring Lydia.*]

Lydia. Sir.

Coz. A while

Silence your musical Tongue, and let me feast
 My Eyes with the most ravishing Object that
 They ever gaz'd on. There's no Miniature
 In her fair Face, but is a copious Theme
 Which would (discours'd at large of) make a Volume.
 What clear arch'd Brows? What sparkling Eyes? The
 Contending with the Roses in her Cheeks, [*Lillies*
 Who shall most set them off? What ruby Lips?
 Or unto what can I compare her Neck,
 But to a Rock of Chrystal? Every Limb
 Proportion'd to Love's Wish, and in their Neatness
 Add Lustre to the Riches of her Habit,
 Not borrow from it.

Lydia. You are pleas'd to shew, Sir,
 The Fluency of your Language, in advancing
 A Subject much unworthy.

Coz. How unworthy?

By all the Vows which Lovers offer at
 The *Cyprian* Goddess' Altars, Eloquence
 Itself presuming, as you are, to speak you, [*then?*
 Would be struck dumb.—And what have you deserv'd,
 (Wretches, you kneel to late) that have endeavour'd

To spout the Poison of your black Detraction
On this immaculate Whiteness? Was it Malice
To her Perfections? Or——

Fiorin. Your Highness promis'd
A gracious Hearing to the Count.

Lydia. And Prince too;
Do not make void so just a Grant.

Coz. We will not;
Yet, since their Accusation must be urg'd,
And strongly, ere their weak Defence have Hearing,

[*Seats the Ladies.*]

We seat you here, as Judges, to determine
Of **your** gross Wrongs and ours. And now, rememb'ring
Whose Deputies you are, be neither sway'd,
Or with particular Spleen, or foolish Pity;
For neither can become you.

Carolo. There's some hope, yet,
Since they have such gentle Judges.

Coz. Rise, and stand forth, then,
And hear with horror to your guilty Souls
What we will prove against you. Could this Princess
(Thou Enemy to thyself!) stoop her high Flight
Of tow'ring Greatness to invite thy Lowness
To look up to it, and with nimble Wings
Of Gratitude, couldst thou forbear to meet it?
Were her Favours boundless in a noble Way,
And warranted by our Allowance, yet
In thy Acceptation there appear'd no Sign
Of a modest Thankfulness?

Fiorin. Pray you, forbear
To press that farther; 'tis a Fault we have
Already heard, and pardon'd.

Coz. We will then
Pass over it, and briefly touch at that
Which does concern ourself; in which both being
Equal Offenders, what we shall speak, point
Indifferently at either. How we rais'd thee,
Forgetful *Sanazarro* of our Grace,
To a full Possession of Power and Honours,

It being too well known, we'll not remember.
 And what thou wert (rash Youth) in Expectation
 (And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself)
 Not *Florence*, but all *Tuscany* can witness
 With Admiration. To assure thy Hopes,
 We did keep constant to a widowed Bed,
 And did deny ourself those lawful Pleasures,
 Our absolute Power and Height of Blood allow'd us.
 Made both, the Keys that open'd our Heart's Secrets,
 And what you spake, believ'd as Oracles.
 But you, in Recompence of this, to him
 That gave you all, to whom you ow'd your Being,
 With treach'rous Lies endeavour'd to conceal
 This Jewel from our Knowledge, which ourself
 Could only lay just Claim too.

Giov. 'Tis most true, Sir.

Sanaz. We both confess a guilty Cause.

Coz. Look on her ;

Is this a Beauty fit to be embrac'd
 By any Subject's Arms ? Can any Tire
 Become that Forehead, but a Diadem ?
 Or, should we grant your being false to us
 Could be excus'd, your Treachery to her
 In seeking to deprive her of that Greatness
 (Her matchless Form consider'd) she was born too,
 Must ne'er find Pardon ? We have spoken, Ladies,
 Like a rough Orator, that brings more Truth
 Than Rhetorick to make good his Accusation,
 And now expect your Sentence.

[*The Ladies descend from the State.*]

Lydia. In your Birth, Sir,
 You were mark'd out the Judge of Life and Death,
 And we, that are your Subjects to attend
 With trembling Fear your Doom.

Fiorin. We do resign
 This Chair as only proper to yourself

Giov. And, since in Justice we are lost, we fly
 Unto your saving Mercy. [*All kneeling.*]

Sanaz. Which sets off

A Prince much more then Rigour.

Carolo. And becomes him
When 'tis express'd to such as fell by Weakness
(That being a twin-born Brother to Affection)
Better then Wreaths of Conquest.

Hieron. Lodov. Contar. Alph. We all speak
Their Language, mighty Sir.

Coz. You know our Temper,
And therefore with more Boldness venture on it :
And, would not our Consent to your Demands
Deprive us of a Happiness hereafter
Ever to be despair'd of, we, perhaps,
Might hearken nearer to you, and could wish
With some Qualification or Excuse
You might make less the Mountains of your Crimes,
And so invite our Clemency to feast with you.
But you that knew with what Impatience
Of Grief we parted from the fair *Glarinda*,
Our Dutcheſs (let her Memory still be sacred !)
And with what Imprecations on ourſelf
We vow'd, not hoping e'er to ſee her equal,
Ne'er to make trial of a ſecond Choice,
If Nature fram'd not one that did excel her,
(As this Maid's Beauty prompts us that ſhe does)
And yet, with Oaths then mix'd with Tears, upon
Her Monument we ſwore our Eye ſhould never
Again be tempted, 'tis true, and thoſe Vows
Are regiſter'd above, ſomething here tells me.
Carolo, thou heardſt us ſwear.

Carolo. And ſwear ſo deeply,
That if all Women's Beauties were in this
(As ſhe's not to be nam'd with the dead Dutcheſs)
Nay, all their Virtues bound up in one Story
(Of which mine is ſcarce an Epitome)
If you ſhould take her as a Wife, the Weight
Of your Perjuries would ſink you. If I durſt,
I had told you this before.

Coz. 'Tis ſtrong Truth, *Carolo* :
And yet, what was Neceſſity in us

Cannot

Cannot free them from Treason.

Carolo. There's your Error.

The Prince, in Care to have you keep your Vows
Made unto Heav'n, vouchsafed to love my Daughter.

Lydia. He told me so, indeed, Sir.

Fiorin. And the Count
Aver'd as much to me.

Coz. You all conspire
To force our Mercy from us.

Carolo. Which giv'n up
To after-times, preserves you unforsworn,
An Honour, which will live upon your Tomb,
When your Greatness is forgotten.

Coz. Though we know
All this is Practice, and that both are false,
Such Reverence we will pay to dead *Clarinda*,
And to our serious Oaths, that we are pleas'd
With our own Hand to blind our Eyes, and not
Know what we understand. Here, *Giovanni*,
We pardon thee, and take from us in this,
More then our Dukedom: love her. As I part
With her, all Thoughts of Women fly fast from us.
Sanazarro, we forgive you: In your Service
To this Princess merit it. Yet, let not others
That are in Trust and Grace, as you have been,
By the Example of our Lenity,
Presume upon their Sovereign's Clemency. [A Shout,

Enter Calandrino, Petronella.

All. Long live great *Cozimo*!

Caland. Sure the Duke is
In the giving Vein they are so loud. Come on, Spouse,
We have heard all, and we will have our Boon too.

Coz. What is't?

Caland. That your Grace, in Remembrance of
My Share in a Dance, and that I play'd your Part
When you should have drunk hard, would get this Sig-
To give this Damsel to me in the Church, [nior's grant
For

172 THE GREAT DUKE

For we are contracted.—In it you shall do
Your Dukedom Pleasure.

Coz. How?

Caland. Why the whole Race
Of such as can act naturally Fools Parts,
Are quite worn out, and they that do survive,
Do only zanie us; and we will bring you,
If we die not without Issue, of both Sexes
Such chopping Mirth-makers, as shall preserve
Perpetual Cause of Sport, both to your Grace
And your Posterity, that sad Melancholly
Shall never approach you.

Coz. We are pleas'd in it,
And will pay her Portion. May the Passage prove
Of what's presented, worthy of your Love,
And Favour, as was aim'd; and we have all
That can in compass of our Wishes fall.

The E N D.

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THE
UNNATURAL COMBAT.
A
TRAGEDY.

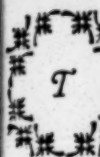
As it was presented by the King's Majesty's Servants,
at the *Globe*. 1639.

WRITTEN
By PHILIP MASSINGER.

GfWid*GfWid*GfWid*GfWid*GfWidGfWid*GfWid

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To my much Honoured Friend,

ANTHONY SENTLIGER,
Of Oakham in KENT, Esq;

S I R,

*T*HAT the Patronage of Trifles, in this Kind, hath long since render'd Dedications, and Inscriptions obsolete, and out of Fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confess, that I walking in the same Path, may be truly argued by you of Weakness, or wilful Error: But the Reasons and Defences, for the Tender of my Service this Way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my Thankfulness for so many Favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble Father, Sir Warham Sendliger (whose remarkable Virtues must be ever remembred) being, while he lived, a Master, for his Pleasure, in Poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessitous Fortunes made it their Profession, among which, by the Clemency of his Judgment, I was not in the last Place admitted. You (the Heir of his Honour and Estate) inherited his good Inclinations to Men of my poor Quality, of which I cannot give any ampler Testimony, than by my free and glad Profession of it to the World. Besides, (and it was not the least Encouragement to me) many of Eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take Notice of me, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the Patrons of my humble Studies. In the first File of which, I am confident, you shall have no Cause to blush, to find your Name written. I present you with this old Tragedy, without Prologue or Epilogue, it being composed in a Time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by Ornaments, were not advanced above the Fabrick of the whole Work. Accept it I beseech you, as it is, and continue your Favour to the Author.

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis

(175)

To my much Honoured Friend
ANTHONY SEXTON
Of Oxford in Kent, Esq.

Dramatis Personæ.

BEAUFORT Senior, Governor of *Marseilles*.

BEAUFORT Junior, his Son.

MALEFORT Senior, Admiral of *Marseilles*.

MALEFORT Junior, his Son.

CHAMONT,

MONTAIGN, } Assistants to the Governor.

LANOUR,

MONTREVILE, a pretended Friend to *Malefort* Senior.

BELGARD, a poor Captain.

Three Sea Captains of the Navy of *Malefort* Junior.

Servants.

Soldiers.

THEOCRINE, Daughter to *Malefort* Senior.

Two Waiting-Women.

Usher.

Bawd.

Page.

Two Wenches.

The SCENE MARSEILLES.

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THE
UNNATURAL COMBAT.

A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Montrevile, Theocrine, Usher, Page, Waiting Women.

Montrevile.

OW to be modest, Madam, when you are
A Suitor for your Father, would appear
Coarser than Boldness ; you awhile must part
With soft Silence, and the Blushings of a Vir-
gin:

Though I must grant, did not this Cause command it,
They are rich Jewels you have ever worn
To all Men's Admiration, in this Age.

If by our own forc'd Importunity,
Or others purchas'd Intercession, or
Corrupting Bribes, we can make our Approaches
To Justice, guarded, from us by stern Power,
We bless the Means and Industry.

Usher. Here's Musick

In this Bag shall wake her, tho' she had drunk Opium;
Or eaten Mandrakes. Let Commanders talk
Of Cannons to make Breaches, give but Fire

178 THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

To this Petard, it shall blow open, Madam,
Th' Iron Doors of a Judge, and make you Entrance;
When they (let them do what they can) with all
Their Mines, their Culverins, and Basilisco's,
Shall cool their Feet without, this being the Picklock
That never fails.

Mont. 'Tis true, Gold can do much,
But Beauty more. Were I the Governor,
Though the Admiral, your Father, stood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, half a Dozen
Of sweet close Kisses from these Cherry Lips,
With some short active Conference in private,
Should sign his general Pardon.

Theoc. These light Words, Sir,
Do ill become the Weight of my sad Fortune;
And I much wonder you, that do profess
Yourself to be my Father's bosom Friend,
Can raise Mirth from his Misery.

Mont. You mistake me;
I share in his Calamity, and only
Deliver my Thoughts freely, what I should do
For such a rare Petitioner; and if
You'll follow the Directions I prescribe
With my best Judgment, I'll mark out the Way
For his Enlargement.

Theoc. With all real Joy
I shall put what you counsel into Act,
Provided it be honest.

Mont. Honesty
In a fair She Client (trust to my Experience)
Seldom or never prospers; the World's wicked:
We are Men, not Saints, sweet Lady; you must practise
The Manners of the Time, if you intend
To have Favour from it. Do not deceive yourself
By building too much on the false Foundations
Of Chastity and Virtue. Bid your Waiters
Stand farther off, and I'll come nearer to you.

1 *Wom.* Some wicked Counsel, on my Life.

2 *Wom.* Ne'er doubt it,
If it proceed from him.

Usher.

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT. 179

Page. I wonder that
My Lord so much affects him.

Usher. Thou art a Child, and dost not understand
on what strong Basis this Friendship's rais'd, between
this *Montrevile* and our Lord Monsieur *Malefert*, but
I'll teach thee: From thy Years they have been joint
Purchasers, in Furs; and Water-Works, and truck'd
together.

Page. In Fire and Water-works?

Usher. Commodities, Boy,
Which you may know hereafter.

Page. And deal in 'em
When the Trade has given you over, as appears
By the Increase of your high Forehead.

Usher. Here's a Crack!
I think they suck this Knowledge in their Milk.

Page. I had an ignorant Nurse else. I have ty'd, Sir,
My Lady's Garter, and can guess.

Usher. Peace, Infant; [Theocrine falls off.
Takes out o' School, take heed, you will be breech'd else,

1 Wom. My Lady's Colour changes.

2 Wom. She falls off too.

Theoc. You are a naughty Man, indeed you are;
And I will sooner perish with my Father,
Than at this Price redeem him.

Mont. Take your own Way,
Your modest legal Way; 'tis not your Veil,
Nor Mourning Habit, nor these Creatures taught
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper;
Nor following my Lord's Coach in the Dirt,
Nor that which you rely upon, a Bribe,
Will do it, when there's something he likes better.
These Courses in an old Crone of Threescore,
That had seven Years together tir'd the Court
With tedious Petitions and Clamours,
For the Recovery of a strangling Husband,
To pay, forsooth, the Duties of one to her;
But for a Lady of your tempting Beauties,
Your Youth, and ravishing Features, to hope only

In such a Suit as this is, to gain Favour
Without Exchange of Courtesy, you conceive me,

Enter Beaufort jun. and Belgard.

Were Madness at the Height. Here's brave young
Beaufort,

The Meteor of *Marseilles*; one that holds
The Governor his Father's Will and Power
In more Awe than his own. Come, come, advance,
Present your Bag cram'd with Crowns of the Sun,
Do you think he cares for Money? He loves Pleasure.
Burn your Petition; burn it: He doats on you,
Upon my Knowledge: To his Cabinet, do,
And he will point you out a certain Course,
Be the Cause right or wrong, to have your Father
Releas'd with much Facility. *[Exit Montrevile.]*

Theoc. Do you hear?

Take a Pander with you.

Beauf. jun. I tell thee there is neither
Employment yet, nor Money.

Belg. I have commanded
And spent my own Means in my Country's Service,
In Hopes to raise a Fortune.

Beauf. jun. Many have hop'd so,
But Hopes prove seldom Certainties with Soldiers.

Belg. If no Preferment, let me but receive
My Pay that is behind, to set me up
A Tavern, or a Vaulting House; while Men love
Or Drunkenness, or Lechery, they'll ne'er fail me:
Shall I have that?

Beauf. jun. As our Prizes are brought in.
Till then you must be patient.

Belg. In the mean Time,
How shall I do for Cloaths?

Beauf. jun. As most Captains do,
Philosopher like, carry all you have about you.

Belg. But how shall I do to satisfy *Calon*, Monsieur?
There lies the Doubt.

Beauf.

Beauf. jun. That's easily decided ;
My Father's Table's free for any Man
That hath borne Arms.

Belg. And there's good Store of Meat ?

Beauf. jun. Never fear that.

Belg. I'll seek no other Ordinary then,
But be his daily Guest without Invitement :
And if my Stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily
As he shall pay me suddenly to be quit of me.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis she.

Belg. And further —

Beauf. jun. Away, you are troublesome,
Designs of more Weight.

Belg. Ha ! fair *Theocrine* !

Nay, if a Velvet Petticoat move in the Front,
Buff Jerkins must to the Rear : I know my Manners ;
This is indeed great Business, mine a Gewgaw.
I may dance Attendance, this must be dispatch'd,
And suddenly, or all will go to Wreck.

Charge her home in the Flank, my Lord : Nay, I am
gone, Sir. [Exit Belgard.

Beauf. jun. Nay, pray you, Madam, rise, or I'll kneel
with you. [man.

Page. I would bring you on your Knees, were I a Wo-

Beauf. jun. What is it can deserve so poor a Name,
As a Suit to me ? This more than mortal Form
Was fashion'd to command, and not intreat :
Your Will but known is serv'd.

Theoc. Great Sir ! my Father,
My brave deserving Father ; but that Sorrow
Forbids the Use of Speech.

Beauf. jun. I understand you,
Without the Aids of those Interpreters
That fall from your fair Eyes : I know you labour
The Liberty of your Father ; at the least,
An equal Hearing to acquit himself :
And, 'tis not to endear my Service to you,
Tho' I must add, and pray you with Patience hear it,
Tis hard to be effected, in Respect

The State's incens'd against him : All presuming
 The World of Outrages his impious Son,
 Turn'd worse than Pirate in his Cruelties
 Express'd to this poor Country, could not be
 With such Ease put in Execution, if
 Your Father (of late our great Admiral)
 Held not or Correspondence, or conniv'd
 At his Proceedings.

Theoc. And must he then suffer,
 His Cause unheard ?

Beauf. jun. As yet it is resolv'd so,
 In their Determination. But suppose,
 For I would nourish Hope, not kill it in you,
 I should divert the Torrent of their Purpose,
 And render them that are implacable,
 Impartial Judges, and not sway'd with Speen ;
 Will you, I dare not say in Recompence,
 For that includes a Debt you cannot owe me,
 But in your liberal Bounty, in my Suit
 To you, be gracious ?

Theoc. You entreat of me, Sir,
 What I should offer to you, with Confession
 That you much undervalue your own Worth,
 Should you receive me. Since there come with you
 Not lustful Fires, but fair and lawful Flames.
 But I must be excus'd, 'tis now no Time
 For me to think of Hymenæal Joys.
 Can he (and pray you, Sir, consider it)
 That gave me Life, and Faculties to Love,
 Be, as he is now ready to be devour'd
 By ravenous Wolves, and at that Instant, I
 But entertain a Thought of those Delights,
 In which perhaps my Ardour meets with yours ?
 Duty and Piety forbid it, Sir.

Beauf. jun. But this effected, and your Father free,
 What is your Answer ?

Theoc. Every Minute to me
 Will be a tedious Age till our Embraces
 Are warrantable to the World.

Beauf.

Beauf. jun. I urge no more:
Confirm it with a Kiss.

Theoc. I doubly seal it.

Usher. This would do better a-bed, the Business ended;
They 'ere the loving'st Couple——

*Enter Beaufort, sen. the Governor. Montaigne,
Chamont, Lanour.*

Beauf. jun. Here comes my Father
With the Council of War: Deliver your Petition,
And leave the rest to me.

Beauf. sen. I am sorry, Lady,
Your Father's Guilt compels your Innocence
To ask what I in Justice must deny.

Beauf. jun. For my Sake, Sir, pray you receive,
and read it.

Beauf. sen. Thou foolish Boy, I can deny thee nothing.

Beauf. jun. Thus far we are happy. Madam, quit the
You shall hear how we succeed. [Place,

Theoc. Goodness reward you.

[*Exeunt Theocrine, Usher, Page, Women.*

Mont. It is apparent, and we stay too long
To censure *Malefort* as he deserves.

Cham. There is no Colour of Reason that makes for
Had he discharg'd the Trust committed to him, [him:
With that Experience and Fidelity
He practis'd heretofore, it could not be
Our Navy should be block'd up, and in our Sight
Our Goods made Prize, our Sailors sold for Slaves,
By his prodigious Issue.

Lan. I much grieve,
After so many brave and high Atchievements,
He should in one Ill forfeit all the Good
He ever did his Country.

Beauf. sen. Well, 'tis granted.

Beauf. jun. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Beauf. sen. He shall have Hearing,

His Irons too struck off, bring him before us,
But seek no farther Favour.

Beauf. jun. Sir, I dare not.

[*Exit Beauf. jun.*]

Beauf. sen. Monsieur *Chamont*, *Montaigne*, *Lanour*,
Assistants

By a Commission from the most Christian King
In punishing, or freeing *Malefort*,
Our late great Admiral: Tho' I know you need not
Instructions from me, how to dispose of
Yourselfes in this Man's Trial (that exacts
Your clearest Judgments) give me Leave with Favour
To offer my Opinion: We are to hear him,
A little looking back on his fair Actions,
Loyal, and true Demeanour; not as now
By the general Voice, already he's condemn'd,
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held
Intelligence with his accursed Son,
Fall'n off from all Allegiance, and turn'd
(But for what Cause we know not) the most bloody
And fatal Enemy, this Country ever
Repented to have brought forth; all Compassion
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd,
We sit engag'd to censure him with all
Extremity and Rigour.

Cham. Your Lordship shews us
A Path which we will tread in.

Lan. He that leaves
To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.

Monta. I'll not be singular.

Enter Beaufort jun. *Montreville*, *Malefort sen.* *Bel-*
gard, *Officers.*

Beauf. sen. He comes, but with
A strange distracted Look.

Malef. sen. Live I once more
To see these Hands and Arms free, these, that often
In the most dreadful Horror of a Fight,
Have been as Sea-marks to teach such as were

Seconds

Seconds in my Attempts, to steer between
 The Rocks of too much daring, and pale Fear,
 To reach the Port of Victory? When my Sword,
 Advanc'd thus, to my Enemies appear'd
 A hairy Comet, threat'ning Death and Ruin
 To such as durst behold it. These the Legs,
 That when our Ships were grappl'd, carried me
 With such swift Motion from Deck to Deck,
 As they that saw it, with Amazement cry'd,
 He does not run, but flies.

Monta. He still retains
 The Greatness of his Spirit,

Malef. sen. Now cramped with Irons,
 Hunger and Cold, they hardly do support me.
 But I forget myself. O my good Lords,
 That sit there as Judges to determine
 The Life and Death of *Malefort*, where are now
 Those Shouts, those chearful Looks, those loud Applauses
 With which, when I return'd loaden with Spoil,
 You entertain'd your Admiral? All's forgotten,
 And I stand here to give Account for that
 Of which I am as free and innocent
 As he that never saw the Eye of him
 For whom I stand suspected.

Beauf. sen. Monsieur *Malefort*,
 Let not your Passion so far transport you,
 As to believe from any private Malice,
 Or Envy to your Person, you are question'd;
 Nor do the Suppositions want Weight,
 That do invite us to a strong Assurance.—
 Your Son.—

Malef. sen. My Shame.

Beauf. sen. Pray you hear with Patience.—Never
 Without Assistance or sure Aids from you,
 Could, with the Pirates of *Algiers* and *Tunis*,
 E'en those that you had almost twice defeated,
 Acquire such Credit, as with them to be
 Made Absolute Commander? (pray you observe me)
 If there had not some Contract pass'd between you,
 That

That when Occasion serv'd you would join with 'em
To the Ruin of *Marseilles*?

Monta. More, what urg'd
Your Son to turn Apostate?

Cham. Had he from
The State, or Governor, the least Neglect
Which Envy could interpret for a Wrong?

Lan. Or, if you slept not in your Charge, how could
So many Ships as do infest our Coast
And have in our own Harbour shut our Navy,
Come in unfought with?

Beauf. jun. They put him hardly to it.

Malef. sen. My Lords, with as much Brevity as I can,
I'll answer each particular Objection
With which you charge me. The main Ground, on which
You raise the Building of your Accusation,
Hath Reference to my Son: Should I now curse him,
Or wish, in th' Agony of my troubled Soul,
Light'ning had found him in his Mother's Womb,
You'll say, 'tis from the Purpose; and I therefore
Betake him to the Devil, and so leave him.
Did never loyal Father but myself
Beget a treacherous Issue? Was't in me
With as much Ease to fashion up his Mind,
As in his Generation to form
The Organs of his Body, must it follow,
Because that he is impious, I am false?
I would not boast my Actions, yet 'tis lawfull
To upbraid my Benefits to unthankful Men.
Who sunk the *Turkish* Gallies in the Streights,
But *Malefort*? Who rescu'd the *French* Merchants,
When they were boarded, and stowed under Hatches
By the Pirates of *Algiers*, when every Minute
They did expect to be chain'd to the Oar,
But your now doubted Admiral? Then you fill'd
The Air with shouts of Joy, and did proclaim
When Hope had left them, and Grim-look'd Despair
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd Wings over their Heads,
To me, as to the *Neptune* of the Sea,

They

They ow'd the Restitution of their Goods,
 Their Lives, their Liberties. O can it then
 Be probable, my Lords, that he that never
 Became the Master of a Pirate's Ship,
 But at the Main-yard hung the Captain up,
 And caused the Rest to be thrown over-board,
 Should after all these Proofs of deadly Hate,
 So oft expressed against 'em, entertain
 A Thought of Quarter with 'em, but much less
 (To the Perpetual Ruin of my Glories)
 To join with them to lift a wicked Arm
 Against my Mother Country, this *Marseilles*,
 Which with my Prodigal Expende of Blood
 I have so oft protected.

Beauf. sen. What you have done
 Is granted and applauded; but yet know
 This glorious Relation of your Actions
 Must not so blind our Judgments, as to suffer
 This most unnatural Crime you stand accus'd of,
 To pass unquestion'd.

Cham. No, you must produce
 Reasons of more Validity and Weight,
 To plead in your Defence, or we shall hardly
 Conclude you Innocent.

Monta. The large Volume of
 Your former worthy Deeds, with your Experience,
 Both what, and when to do, but makes against you.

Lan. For had your Care and Courage been the same
 As heretofore, the Dangers we are plung'd in
 Had been with Ease prevented.

Malef. sen. What have I
 Omitted in the Power of Flesh and Blood,
 Even in the Birth to frangle the Designs
 Of this Hell-bred Wolf my Son? Alas! my Lords,
 I am no God, nor like him could foresee
 His cruel Thoughts, and cursed Purposes;
 Nor would the Sun at my Command forbear
 To make his Progress to the other World,
 Affording to us one continued Light.

Nor

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Nor could my Breath disperse those foggy Mists
Covered with which, and Darkness of the Night,
Their Navy undiscern'd, without Resistance
Beset our Harbour. Make not that my Fault,
Which you in Justice must ascribe to Fortune,
But if that nor my former Acts, nor what
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you
To make good my Integrity and Truth;
Rip up this Bosom, and pluck out the Heart
That hath been ever Loyal. *[A Trumpet within.]*

Beauf. sen. How! a Trumpet! *[Montrevile goes off.]*
Enquire the Cause.

Malef. sen. Thou Searcher of Men's Hearts,
And sure Defender of the Innocent,
(My other crying Sins—awhile not look'd on)
If I in this am Guilty, strike me Dead,
Or by some unexpected Means confirm,
I am accus'd unjustly.

Enter Montrevile and a Sea Captain.

Beauf. sen. Speak the Motives
That brings thee hither.

Capt. From our Admiral thus :
He does salute you fairly, and desires
It may be understood no publick Hate,
Hath brought him to *Marseilles* ; nor seeks he
The Ruin of his Country, but aims only
To wreak a private Wrong ; and if from you
He may have Leave and Liberty to decide it
In a single Combat, he'll give up good Pledges :
If he fall in the Trial of his Right,
We shall weigh Anchor and no more molest
This Town with hostile Arms.

Beauf. sen. Speak to the Man,
(If in this Presence he appear to you)
To whom you bring this Challenge.

Capt. 'Tis to you.

Beauf. sen. His Father!

Mont.

Mont. Can it be!

Beauf. jun. Strange and Prodigious. [Thunder,

Malef. sen. Thou seest I stand unmov'd; were thy Voice
It should not shake me; say what would the Viper?

Capt. The Reverence a Father's Name may Challenge,
And Duty of a Son, no more remember'd
He does defy thee to the Death.

Malef. sen. Go on.

Capt. And with his Sword well prove it on thy Head,
Thou art a Murderer, an Atheist,
And that all Attributes of Men turn'd Furies
Cannot express thee; this he will make good
If thou dar'st give him Meeting.

Malef. sen. Dare I live,
Dare I, when Mountains of my Sin o'erwhelm me,
At my last Gasps ask for Mercy? How I bless
Thy coming, Captain, never Man to me
Arriv'd so opportunely; and thy Message,
However it may seem to threaten Death,
Does yield to me a second Life in curing
My wounded Honour. Stand I yet suspected
As a Confederate with this Enemy,
Whom of all Men, against all Ties of Nature
He marks out for Destruction? You are Just
Immortal Powers, and in this Merciful,
And it takes from my Sorrow, and my Shame
For being the Father to so bad a Son,
In that you are pleased to offer up the Monster
To my Correction. Blush and Repent
As you are bound my Honourable Lords
Your ill Opinions of me. Not great *Brutus*
The Father of the *Roman* Liberty,
With more assured Constancy beheld
His traitor Sons, for labouring to call home
The banish'd *Tarquins*, scourg'd with Rods to Death,
Then I will shew, when I take back the Life
This Prodigy of Mankind received from me.

Beauf. sen. We are sorry Monsieur *Malefort* for our
And are much taken with your Resolution; [Error,
But

But the Disparity of Years and Strength,
Between you, and your Son duly considered
We would not so expose you.

Malef. sen. Then you kill me
Under pretence to save me. O my Lords
As you love Honour, and a wrong'd Man's Fame,
Deny me not this fair and noble Means
To make me right again to all the World.
Should any other but myself be chosen
To punish this Apostate Son with Death,
You rob a wretched Father of a Justice
That to all after Times will be Recorded.
I wish his Strength were Centuple, his Skill equal
To my Experience, that in his Fall
He may not shame my Victory. I feel
The Powers and Spirits of Twenty strong Men in me.
Were he with Wild Fire circl'd, I undaunted
Would make Way to him. As you do affect, Sir,
My Daughter *Theocrine*, as you are
My true and ancient Friend, as thou art Valiant,
And as all love a Soldier, second me

[*They all sue to the Governor.*]

In this my just Petition. In your Looks
I see a grant my Lord.

Beauf. sen. You shall o'erbear me,
And since you are so confident in your Cause,
Prepare you for the Combat.

Malef. sen. With more Joy
Then yet I ever tasted; by the next Sun,
The disobedient Rebel shall hear from me
And so return in Safety, my good Lords,
To all my Service. I will Die or Purchase
Rest to *Marseilles*, nor can I make doubt,
But his Impiety is a potent Charm,
To Edge my Sword and add Strength to my Arm.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Three Sea Captains.

2 Capt. **H**E did accept the Challenge then?

1. Capt. Nay more,
Was overjoy'd in it; and as it had been
A fair Invitement to a solemn Feast,
And not a Combat to conclude with Death,
He chearfully embraced it.

3. Capt. Are the Articles
Sign'd too on both Parts?

1 Capt. At the Father's Suit,
With much Unwillingness the Governor
Consented to 'em.

2 Capt. You are inward with
Our Admiral; could you yet never learn
What the Nature of the Quarrel is, that renders
The Son, more then incensed, implacable
Against the Father?

1 Capt. Never; yet I have
As far as Manners would give Warrant to it,
With my best Curiousness of Care observ'd him.
I have sat with him in his Cabbin a Day together,*
Yet not a Syllable exchang'd between us.
Sigh he did often, as if inward Grief
And Melancholy at that Instant would
Choke up his vital Spirits, and now and then
A Tear or two, as in Derision of
The Toughness of his Rugged Temper would
Fall on his hallow Cheeks, which but once felt,
A sudden Flash of Fury did dry up,
And laying then his Hand upon his Sword,

* *I have sat with him in his Cabbin, &c.*

This beautiful Passage expressing concealed Resentment, deserves
to be remarked by every Reader of Taste and Judgment.

He

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He would Murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,

“ We shall meet, cruel Father, yes, we shall,

“ When I’ll exact for every Womanish Drop

“ Of Sorrow from these Eyes, a strict Accompt

“ Of much more from thy Heart.”

2 Capt. ’Tis wond’rous Strange.

3 Capt. And past my Apprehension.

1 Capt. Yet what makes

The Miracle greater, when from the Main-Top
A Sail’s descry’d, all Thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by, no Lion pinch’d with Hunger,
Rouzes himself more fiercely from his Den,
Than he comes on the Deck, and there how wisely
He gives Directions, and how stout he is
In his Executions, we to Admiration,
Have been Eye-witnesses; yet he never minds
The Booty when ’tis made ours, but as if
The Danger, in the Purchase of the Prey
Delighted him much more then the Reward,
His Will made known, he does retire himself
To his private Contemplation, no Joy
Express’d by him for Victory.

Enter Malefort Junior.

2 Capt. Here he comes

But with more chearful Looks then ever yet
I saw him wear.

Malef. jun. It was long since resolv’d on
Nor must I stagger now. May the Cause
That forces me to this unnatural Act,
Be buried in Everlasting Silence,
And I find Rest in Death, or my Revenge;
To either I stand equal. Pray you, Gentlemen,
Be Charitable in your Censures of me,
And do not entertain a false Belief
That I am Mad, for undertaking that
Which must be, when Effected, still repented.
It adds to my Calamity that I have

Discourse

Discourse and Reason, and but too well know
 I can nor live, nor end a wretched Life,
 But both Ways I am impious. Do not therefore
 Ascribe the Perturbation of my Soul
 To a servile Fear of Death : I oft have view'd
 All Kinds of his inevitable Darts,
 Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap
 From the cloud-cover'd Brows of a steep Rock
 Into the Deep ; or, *Curtius* like, to fill up,
 For my Country's Safety, and an After-Name,
 A bottomless Abyfs, or charge through Fire,
 It could not so much shake me, as th' Encounter
 Of this Day's single Enemy.

Capt. If you please, Sir,
 You may shun it, or defer it.

Malef. jun. Not for the World :
 Yet two Things I entreat you ; the first is,
 You'll not enquire the Difference between
 Myself and him, which as a Father once
 I honour'd, now my deadliest Enemy.
 The last is, if I fall, to bear my Body
 Far from this Place, and where you please interr it.
 I should say more, but by his sudden coming
 I am cut off.

*Enter Beaufort jun. and Montrevile leading in Malefort
 sen. Belgard following with others.*

Beauf. jun. Let me, Sir, have the Honour
 To be your Second.

Mont. With your Pardon, Sir,
 I must put in for that, since our tried Friendship
 Hath lasted from our Infancy.

Belg. I have serv'd
 Under your Command, and you have seen me fight,
 And handsomely, though I say it ; and if now
 At this downright Game, I may but hold your Cards,
 I'll not pull down the Side.

Malef. sen. I rest much bound
 To your so noble Offers, and I hope
 Shall find your Pardon, though I now refuse 'em,
 For which I'll yield strong Reasons, but as briefly
 As the Time will give me Leave. For me to borrow
 (That am suppos'd the Weaker) any Aid
 From the Assistance of my Second's Sword,
 Might write me down in the black List of those
 That have nor Fire, nor Spirit of their own ;
 But dare, and do, as they derive their Courage
 From his Example, on whose Help and Valour
 They wholly do depend. Let this suffice
 In my Excuse for that. Now, if you please
 On both Parts to retire to yonder Mount,
 Where you, as in a *Roman* Theatre,
 May see the bloody Difference determin'd,
 Your Favours meet my Wishes.

Malef. jun. 'Tis approv'd of
 By me, and I command you lead the Way,
 And leave me to my Fortune.

Beauf. jun. I would gladly
 Be a Spectator (since I am deny'd
 To be an Actor) of each Blow, and Thrust,
 And punctually observe 'em.

Malef. jun. You shall have
 All you desire ; for in a Word or two
 I must make bold to entertain the Time,
 If he give Suffrage to it.

Malef. sen. Yes, I will ;
 I'll hear thee, and then kill thee: Nay, farewell.

Malef. jun. Embrace with Love on both Sides, and
 Leave deadly Hate and Fury. [with

Malef. sen. From this Place
 You ne'er shall see both living.

*They embrace on both Sides, and take Leave
 severally of the Father and Son.*

Belg. What's past Help, is
 Beyond Prevention.

Malef. sen. And tho
 Which t
Malef. jun. But in a
 You onl
 A guilty
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Malef. sen. A Fath
 Of my
 As a fea

Malef. sen. Now we are alone, Sir,
And thou hast Liberty to unload the Burthen
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy Grievs.

Malef. jun. I shall, Sir ;
But in a perplex'd Form and Method, which
You only can interpret ; would you had not
A guilty Knowledge in your Bosom of
The Language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing. As you are my Father,
I bend my Knee, and uncompell'd profess
My Life, and all that's mine, to be your Gift ;
And that in a Son's Duty I stand bound
To lay this Head beneath your Feet, and run
All desp'rate Hazards for your Ease and Safety.
But this confest on my Part, I rise up,
And not as with a Father, (all Respect,
Love, Fear, and Reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked Man I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak ?
And in the Action chang'd the humble Shape
Of my Obedience, to rebellious Rage
And insolent Pride ? and with shut Eyes constrain'd me
To run my Bark of Honour on a Shelf
I must not see, nor if I saw it, shun it ?
In my Wrongs Nature suffers, and looks backward,
And Mankind trembles to see me pursue
What Beasts would fly from. For when I advance
This Sword, as I must do against your Head,
Piety will weep, and filial Duty mourn,
To see their Altars which you built up in me,
In a Moment raz'd and ruin'd. That you could
From my griev'd Soul I wish it) but produce
To qualify, not excuse your Deed of Horror,
One seeming Reason that I might fix here,
And move no farther.

Malef. sen. Have I so far lost
A Father's Power, that I must give Account
Of my Actions to my Son ? or must I plead
As a fearful Prisoner at the Bar, while he

That owes his Being to me fits a Judge
 To censure that, which only by myself
 Ought to be question'd? Mountains sooner fall²
 Beneath their Vallies, and the lofty Pine
 Pay Homage to the Bramble, or what else is
 Preposterous in Nature, ere my Tongue
 In one short Syllable yields Satisfaction
 To any Doubt of thine; nay, though it were
 A Certainty disdaining Argument.
 Since, tho' my Deeds wore Hell's black Livery,
 To thee they should appear triumphal Robes,
 Set off with glorious Honour, thou being bound
 To see with my Eyes, and to hold that Reason,
 That takes or Birth or Fashion from my Will.

Malef. jun. This Sword divides that slavish Knot.

Malef. sen. It cannot:

It cannot, Wretch; and if thou but remember
 From whom thou hadst this Spirit, thou dar'st not hope
 Who train'd thee up in Arms but I? Who taught thee
 Men were Men only when they durst look down
 With Scorn on Death and Danger, and contemn'd
 All Opposition, till plum'd Victory³

² ——— Mountains sooner fall
 Beneath their Vallies, &c.

I have before observed, that *Massinger* makes frequent Use of Scripture Expressions; how beautiful they are when happily introduced, and the Majesty they throw over Works of this Nature would be needless to remark, being obvious to all. — For the above Allusions, see *Isaiab*, Chap. xl. ver. 3, 4.

³ ——— Till plum'd Victory
 Had made her constant Stand upon their Helmets.

This noble Image seems to have been copied by *Milton*, who describing *Satan*, says.

—His Stature reach'd the Skies, and on his Crest
 Sat Horror plum'd!

And in another Place, thus:

—At his Right Hand, Victory
 Sat, Eagle-wing'd.

The whole Speech of *Massinger's* here noticed is truly sublime and above all Commendation.

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Beauf

2 Cap

Mont

Belg.

He has

1 Cap

Beauf

Belg.

2 Cap

Mont

Had made her constant Stand upon their Helmets?
 Under my Shield thou hast fought as securely
 As the young Eglet, cover'd with the Wings
 Of her fierce Dam, learns how and where to prey.
 All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
 But what is weak and womanish, thine own.
 And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
 Presuming to contend with him, to whom
 Submission is due, I will take from thee.
 Look therefore for Extremities, and expect not
 I will correct thee as a Son, but kill thee
 As a Serpent swoln with Poison; who surviving
 A little longer, with infectious Breath,
 Would render all Things near him, like itself,
 Contagious. Nay, now my Anger's up,
 Ten Thousand Virgins kneeling at my Feet,
 And with one general Cry howling for Mercy,
 Shall not redeem thee.

Malef. jun. Thou incensed Power,
 A while forbear thy Thunder: Let me have
 No Aid in my Revenge, if from the Grave
 My Mother —

Malef. sen. Thou shalt never name her more.

Above Beaufort jun. Montrevile, Belgard, the three
Sea Captains.

Beauf. jun. They are at it.

2 Capt. That Thrust was put strongly home.

Mont. But with more Strength avoided.

Belg. Well come in;

He has drawn Blood of him yet: Well done, old Cock.

1 Capt. That was a strange Miss.

Beauf. jun. That a certain Hit.

Belg. He's fall'n, the Day is ours.

[*Young Malefort slain.*]

2 Capt. The Admiral's slain.

Mont. The Father is victorious!

N 3

Belg.

Belg. Let us haste
To gratulate his Conquest.

1 Capt. We to mourn
The Fortune of the Son.

Beauf. jun. With utmost Speed
Acquaint the Governor with the good Success,
That he may entertain, to his full Merit,
The Father of his Country's Peace and Safety.

[*They descend.*]

Malef. sen. Were a new Life hid in each mangled
Limb,

I would search, and find it. And howe'er to some
I may seem cruel, thus to tyrannize
Upon this senseless Flesh, I glory in it.
That I have Power to be unnatural,
Is my Security ; die all my Fears,
And waking Jealousies, which have so long
Been my Tormentors ; there's now no Suspicion :
A Fact, which I alone am conscious of,
Can never be discover'd, or the Cause
That call'd this Duel on. I being above
All Perturbations, nor is it in
The Power of Fate, again to make me wretched.

Enter Beaufort jun. Montrevile, Belgard, *the three*
Sea Captains,

Beauf. jun. All Honour to the Conqueror. Who
My Friend of Treachery now ? [dares tax

Belg. I am very glad, Sir,
You have sped so well. But I must tell you thus much,
To put you in Mind that a low Ebb must follow
Your high swoln Tide of Happiness. You have purchas'd
This Honour at a high Price.

Malef. 'Tis, *Belgard,*
Above all Estimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot favour
Of Arrogance : That to this Arm and Sword
Marseilles owes the Freedom of her Fears,

Or that my Loyalty, not long since eclips'd,
 Shines now more bright than ever, are not Things
 To be lamented. Though indeed they may
 Appear too dearly bought, my falling Glories
 Being made up again, and cemented
 With a Son's Blood. 'Tis true, he was my Son,
 While he was worthy; but when he shook off
 His Duty to me, (which my fond Indulgence
 Upon Submission, might perhaps have pardon'd)
 And grew his Country's Enemy, I look'd on him
 As a Stranger to my Family, and a Traytor
 Justly proscrib'd, and he to be rewarded
 That could bring in his Head. I know in this
 That I am censur'd Rugged, and Austere,
 That will vouchsafe not one sad Sigh or Tear
 Upon his slaughter'd Body. But I rest
 Well satisfy'd in myself, being assur'd
 That extraordinary Virtues, when they soar
 Too high a Pitch for common Sights to judge of,
 Losing their proper Splendor, are condemn'd
 For most remarkable Vices.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis too true, Sir,
 In the Opinion of the Multitude:
 But for myself, that would be held your Friend,
 And hope to know you by a nearer Name,
 They are as they deserve, receiv'd.

Malef. My Daughter
 Shall thank you for the Favour.

Beauf. jun. I can wish
 No Happiness beyond it.

Capt. Shall we have Leave
 To bear the Corps of our dead Admiral,
 As he enjoin'd us, from this Coast?

Malef. Provided
 The Articles agreed on, be observ'd,
 And you depart hence with it, making Oath
 Never hereafter but as Friends to touch
 Upon this Shore.

Capt. We'll faithfully perform it.

Malef. Then as you please dispose of it. 'Tis an Object
That I could wish remov'd. His Sins die with him:
So far he has my Charity.

1 Capt. He shall have
A Soldier's Funeral.

*[The Sea Captains bear the
Body off with sad Musick.]*

Malef. Farewel.

Beauf. jun. These Rites
Paid to the Dead, the Conqueror that survives
Must reap the Harvest of his bloody Labour.
Sound all loud Instruments of Joy and Triumph,
And with all Circumstance, and Ceremony,
Wait on the Patron of our Liberty,
Which he at all Parts merits.

Malef. I am honour'd
Beyond my Hopes.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis short of your Deserts.
Lead on: Oh, Sir, you must: You are too modest.

[Exeunt with loud Musick.]

SCENE II.

Theocrine, Page, Woman.

Theoc. Talk not of Comfort. I am both Ways wretch-
And so distracted with my Doubts and Fears, [ed.]
I know not where to fix my Hopes. My Loss
Is certain in a Father, or a Brother,
Or both; such is the Cruelty of my Fate,
And not to be avoided.

1 Wom. You must bear it
With Patience, Madam.

2 Wom. And what's not in you
To be prevented, should not cause a Sorrow
Which cannot help it.

Page. Fear not my brave Lord
Your noble Father; Fighting is to him
Familiar as Eating. He can teach
Our modern Duellists how to cleave a Button,

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And in a new Way, never yet found out
By old Caranza. ⁴

1 Wom. May he be victorious,
And punish Disobedience in his Son,
Whose Death, in Reason, should at no Part move you,
He being but half your Brother, and the Nearness,
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited
By his impious Purpose to kill him, from whom
He receiv'd Life. [A Shout within.]

2 Wom. A general Shout.

1 Wom. Of Joy.

Page. Look up, dear Lady; sad News never came
Usher'd with loud Applause.

Theoc. I stand prepar'd
To endure the Shock of it.

Enter Usher.

Usher. I am out of Breath
With running to deliver first.

Theoc. What?

Usher. We are all made.
My Lord has won the Day; your Brother's slain;
The Pirates gone; and by the Governor,
And States, and all the Men of War he is
Brought home in Triumph.—Nay, no Musing, pay me
For my good News hereafter.

Theoc. Heaven is just!

Usher. Give Thanks at Leisure; make all Haste to
meet him.

I could wish I were a Horse, that I might bear you
To him upon my Back.

Page. Thou art an Ass,
And this is a sweet Burthen.

Usher. Peace, you Crack-rope.

[Exeunt.]

⁴ By old Caranza.

See the 5th Note on the *Guardian*, Vol. IV. Page 44.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Loud Musick. Montrevile, Belgard, Beaufort Senior, Beaufort Junior; Malefort, followed by Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour.

Beauf. sen. All Honours we can give you, and Re-
Tho' all that's rich, or precious in *Marseilles* [wards,
Were laid down at your Feet, can hold no Weight
With your Deservings. Let me glory in
Your Action as if it were mine own;
And have the Honour, with the Arms of Love,
To embrace the great Performer of a Deed
Transcending all this Country ere could boast of.

Mont. Imagine, noble Sir, in what we may
Express our Thankfulness, and rest assur'd
It shall be freely granted.

Cham. He's an Enemy
To Goodness and to Virtue, that dares think
There's any other Thing within our Power to give,
Which you in Justice may not boldly challenge.

Lan. And as your own, for we will ever be
At your Devotion.

Malef. Much honour'd Sir,
And you my noble Lords, I can say only,
The Greatness of your Favours overwhelm me,
And like too large a Sail, for the small Bark
Of my poor Merits, sinks me. That I stand
Upright in your Opinions, is an Honour
Exceeding my Deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in Duty I stood bound to:
And to expect a Recompence were base,
Good Deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberal Bounties tell me that
I may, with your Allowance be a Suitor,
To you, my Lord, I am an humble one,
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will
Censure me over-bold.

Beauf.

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Beauf. sen. It must be something
Of a strange Nature, if it find from me
Denial or Delay.

Malef. Thus then, my Lord,
Since you encourage me : You are happy in
A worthy Son, and all the Comfort that
Fortune has left me is one Daughter ; now
If it may not appear too much Presumption,
To seek to match my Lowness with your Height,
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,
I write *Nil ultra* to my largest Hopes)
She may in your Opinion be thought worthy
To be receiv'd into your Family,
And married to your Son : Their Years are equal,
And their Desires I think too ; she is not
Ignoble, nor my State contemptible,
And if you think me worthy your Alliance,
'Tis all I do aspire to.

Beauf. jun. You demand
That which with all the Service of my Life
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.
O Sir, why are you slow to meet so fair
And noble an Offer ? Can *France* shew a Virgin
That may be paralell'd with her ? Is she not
The Phoenix of the Time ? the fairest Star
In the bright Sphere of Women ?

Beauf. sen. Be not rap'd so :
Tho' I dislike not what is motion'd, yet
In what so near concerns me, it is fit
I should proceed with Judgment.

Enter Usher, Theocrine, Page, Women.

Beauf. jun. Here she comes :
Look on her with impartial Eyes, and then
Let Envy, if it can, name one grac'd Feature
In which she is defective.

Malef.

Malef. Welcome, Girl :

My Joy, my Comfort, my Delight, my All,^s
 Why dost thou come to greet my Victory
 In such a Sable Habit? This shew'd well
 When thy Father was a Prisoner, and suspected ;
 But now his Faith and Loyalty are admir'd,
 Rather than doubted, in your outward Garments
 You are to express the Joy you feel within ;
 Nor should you with more Curiousness and Care
 Pace to the Temple to be made a Bride,
 Than now, when all Mens Eyes are fixt upon you ;
 You should appear to entertain the Honour,
 From me descending to you, and in which
 You have an equal Share.

Theoc. Heaven has my Thanks
 With all Humility paid for your fair Fortune,
 And so far Duty binds me ; yet a little
 To mourn a Brother's Loss, however wicked,
 The Tenderness familiar to our Sex,
 May, if you please, excuse.

Malef. Thou art deceiv'd.
 He living was a Blemish to thy Beauties,
 But in his Death gives Ornament and Lustre
 To thy Perfections, but that they are
 So exquisitely rare, that they admit not
 The least Addition. Ha ! here's yet a Print
 Of a sad Tear on thy Cheek ; How it takes from
 Our present Happiness ! with a Father's Lips,
 A loving Father's Lips, I'll kiss it off,
 The Cause no more remember'd.

Theoc. You forget, Sir,
 The Presence we are in.

Malef. 'Tis well consider'd ;
 And yet who is the Owner of a Treasure,

^s *My Joy, my Comfort, my Delight, my All.*

And thus in the *Duke of Milan*,

My Pride, my Glory, in a Word my All.

See the Note on the same, Act I. Scene 3.

Above all Value, but without Offence,
 May glory in the glad Possession of it.
 Nor let it in you Excellence beget Wonder,
 Or any here that looking on the Daughter,
 I feast myself in the Imagination
 Of those sweet Pleasures, and allow'd Delights,
 I tasted from the Mother, who still lives
 In this her perfect Model; for she had
 Such smooth and high arch'd Brows, such sparkling Eyes,
 Whose every Glance stor'd *Cupid's* emptied Quiver;
 Such ruby Lips, and such a lovely Brown,
 Disdaining all adulterate Aids of Art,
 Kept a perpetual Spring upon her Face,
 As Death himself lamented, being forc'd
 To blast it with his Paleness; and if now,
 Her Brightness dim'd Sorrow, take and please you,
 Think, think, young Lord, when she appears herself
 (This Veil remov'd) in her own natural Purity,
 How far she will transport you.

Beauf. jun. Did she need it,
 The Praise which you (and well deserv'd) give to her,
 Must of Necessity raise new Desires
 In one indebted more to Years; to me
 Your Words are but as Oil pour'd on a Fire,
 That flames already at the Height.

Malef. No more;
 I do believe you, and let me from you
 Find so much Credit. When I make her yours,
 I do possess you of a Gift, which I
 With much Unwillingness part from. My good Lords,
 Forbear your further Trouble; give me Leave,
 For on the sudden I am indispos'd,
 To retire to my own House, and Rest. To-morrow,
 As you command me, I will be your Guest,
 And having deck'd my Daughter like herself,
 You shall have farther Conference.

Beauf. sen. You are Master
 Of your own Will; but fail not, I'll expect you.

Malef.

Malef. Nay, I will be excus'd; I must part with you.

[*To young Beaufort and the rest.*]

My dearest *Theocrine*, give me thy Hand,
I will support thee.

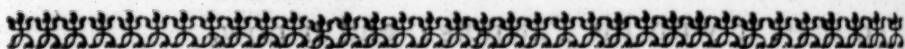
Theoc. You gripe it too hard, Sir.

Malef. Indeed I do, but have no farther End in it
But Love and Tendernefs, fuch as I may challenge,
And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one; yes,
And to be cherished.

Theoc. May I still deserve it.

[*They go off several Ways.*]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Beaufort Senior, Servant.

Beauf. sen. HAVE you been careful?

Serv. With my best Endeavours.

Let them bring Stomachs, there's no Want of Meat, Sir.
Portly and curious Viands are prepar'd,
To please all Kinds of Appetites.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis well.

I love a Table furnish'd with full Plenty,
And Store of Friends to eat it: but with this Caution,
I would not have my House a common Inn,
For some Men that come rather to devour me,
Than to present their Service. At this Time too,
It being a serious and solemn Meeting,
I must not have my Board pester'd with Shadows,
That under other Mens Protection break in
Without Invitement.

Serv. With your Favour, then,
You must double your Guard, my Lord, for on my
Knowledge,

There

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

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There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out
By a File of Musketeers. And 'tis less Danger,
I'll undertake, to stand at Push of Pike
With an Enemy in a Breach, that undermin'd too,
And the Cannon playing on it, than to stop
One Harpy, your perpetual Guest, from Entrance,
When the Dresser, the Cook's Drum, thunders come on,
The Service will be lost else.

Beauf. sen. What is he?

Serv. As tall a Trencher-man, that is most certain,
As e'er demolish'd Pye-Fortification
As soon as batter'd; and if the Rim of his Belly
Were not made up of a much tougher Stuff
Than his Buff Jerkin, there were no Defence
Against the Charge of his Guts: You needs must know
He's Eminent for his Eating. [him,

Beauf. sen. O! Belgard!

Serv. The same, one of the Admiral's cast Captains,
Who swears, there being no War, nor hope of any,
The only drilling is to Eat devoutly,
And to be ever Drinking (that's allow'd of)
But they know not where to get it, there's the Spite on't.

Beauf. sen. The more their Misery, yet if you can
For this Day put him off.——

Serv. It is beyond the Invention of Man.

Beauf. sen. No:—Say this only, [Whispers to him.
And as from me; you apprehend me?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Beauf. sen. But it must be done gravely.

Serv. Never doubt me, Sir. [Musick

Beauf. sen. We'll dine in the great Room, but let the
And Banquet be prepar'd here. [Exit Beauf. sen.

Serv. This will make him
Lose his Dinner at the least, and that will vex him.
As for the Sweet Meats, when they are trod under Foot,
Let him take his Share with the Pages and Lacqueys
Or scramble in the Rushes.

Enter

Enter Belgard.

Belg. 'Tis near Twelve,
I keep a Watch within me never misses.
—Save thee, Master Steward.

Serv. You are most welcome, Sir.

Belg. Has thy Lord slept well To-night? I come to enquire.

I had a foolish Dream, that, against my Will,
Carried me from my Lodging, to learn only
How he is dispos'd.

Serv. He's in most perfect Health, Sir.

Belg. Let me but see him feed heartily at Dinner,
And I'll believe so too, for from that ever
I make a certain Judgment.

Serv. It holds surely
In your own Constitution.

Belg. And in all Mens
'Tis the best Symptom: Let us lose no Time,
Delay is dangerous.

Serv. Troth, Sir, if I might,
Without Offence, deliver what my Lord has
Committed to my Trust, I shall receive it
As a special Favour.

Belg. We'll see't, and discourse,
As the Proverb says, for Health Sake after Dinner,
Or rather after Supper, willingly then
I'll walk a Mile to hear thee.

Serv. Nay, good Sir,
I will be brief and pithy.

Belg. Pr'ythee be so.

Serv. He bid me say, of all his Guests, that he
Stands most affected to you, for the Freedom
And Plainness of your Manners. He ne'er observ'd you
To twirl a Dish about you did not like of,
All being pleasing to you; or to take
A Say of Venison, or stale Fowl, by your Nose,
(Which is a Solecism at another's Table)

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But by strong eating of 'em did confirm
 They never were delicious to your Palate,
 But when they were mortify'd, as the *Hugonot* says,
 And so your Part grows greater; nor do you
 Find Fault with the Sauce, keen Hunger being the best,
 Which ever, to your much Praise, you bring with you;
 Nor will you with impertinent Relations,
 Which is a Master-piece, when Meat's before you,
 Forget your Teeth, to use your nimble Tongue,
 But do the Feat you come for.

Belg. Be advis'd,
 And end your Jeering; for if you proceed
 You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry,
 And Beating may ensue.

Serv. I'll take your Counsel,
 And roundly come to the Point: My Lord much won-
 That you, that are a Courtier as a Soldier, [derr
 In all Things else, and every Day can vary
 Your Actions and Discourse, continue constant
 To this one Suit?

Belg. To one! 'tis well I have one,
 Unpawn'd, in these Days; every cast Commander
 Is not blest with the Fortune, I assure you.
 But why this Question? Does this offend him?

Serv. Not much; but he believes it is the Reason
 You ne'er presume to sit above the Salt,⁶
 And therefore this Day (our great Admiral
 With other States being invited Guests)
 He does intreat you to appear among 'em,
 In some fresh Habit.

Belg. This Staff shall not serve

⁶ *You ne'er presume to sit above the Salt.*

This refers to the Manner in which our Ancestors were usually
 seated at their Meals. The Tables being long, the Salt was com-
 monly placed about the Middle, and served as a Kind of Boundary
 to the different Quality of the Guests invited. Those of Distinction
 were ranked above; the Space below was assigned to the Depend-
 ent, or inferior Relations of the Master of the House. See Mr.
Walley's Edition of *Ben. Johnson*, Vol. I. Page 327, &c.

To beat the Dog off; these are Soldier's Garments,
And so by Consequence grow contemptible.

Serv. It has stung him.

Belg. I would I were acquainted with the Players,
In Charity they might furnish me; but there is
No Faith in Brokers; and for believing Taylors,
They are only to be read of, but not seen,
And sure they are confin'd to their own Hells,
And there they live invisible. [*Aside.*] Well, I must not
Be fobb'd off thus. Pray you report my Service
To the Lord Governor. I will obey him,
And though my Wardrobe's poor, rather than lose
His Company at this Feast, I will put on
The richest Suit I have, and fill the Chair
That makes me worthy of—— [*Exit Belgard.*]

Serv. We are shut of him.

He will be seen no more here. How my Fellows
Will bless me for his Absence! he had starv'd 'em
Had he stay'd a little longer; would he could,
For his own Sake, shift a Shirt, and that's the utmost
Of his Ambition: Adieu, good Captain — [*Exit.*]

Enter Beaufort Senior, and Beaufort Junior.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis a strange Fondness.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis beyond Example.
His Resolution to part with his Estate,
To make her Dower the weightier is nothing;
But to observe how curious he is
In his own Person to add Ornament
To his Daughter's ravishing Features, is the Wonder.
I sent a Page of mine in the Way of Courtship
This Morning to her, to present my Service,
From whom I understand all: There he found him
Sollicitous in what Shape she should appear:
This gown was rich, but the Fashion stale; the other
Was quaint, and neat, but the Stuff not rich enough;
Then does he curse the Taylor, and in Rage
Falls on her Shoemaker, for wanting Art,

To express in every Circumstance, the Form
 Of her most delicate Foot; then sits in Council
 With much Deliberation to find out
 What Tire would best adorn her; and one chosen,
 Varying in his Opinion, he tears off,
 And stamps it under Foot; then tries a second,
 A third, and fourth; and satisfy'd at length
 With much ado in that, he grows again
 Perplex'd and troubled where to place her Jewels
 To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear
 This Diamond on her Forehead, or between
 Her milk-white Paps, disputing on it both Ways;
 Then taking in this Hand a Rope of Pearl,
 The best of *France*) he seriously considers
 Whither he should dispose it, on her Arm,
 Or on her Neck; with twenty other Trifles,
 Too tedious to deliver.

Beauf. sen. I have known him from
 His first Youth, but never yet observ'd,
 In all the Passages of his Life, and Fortunes;
 Virtues so mix'd with Vices: Valiant the World speaks
 But with that Bloody; liberal in his Gifts too; [him,
 But to maintain his prodigal Expence,
 A fierce Extortioner; an impotent Lover
 Of Women for a Flash, but, his Fires quench'd,]]
 Hating as deadly. The Truth is, I am not
 Ambitious of this Match; nor will I cross
 You in your Affections.

Beauf. jun. I have ever found you
 And 'tis my Happiness) a loving Father.

[*Loud Musick*]

And careful of my Good:—By the loud Musick,
 As you gave Order for his Entertainment,
 He's come into the House. Two long Hours since,
 The Colonels, Commissioners and Captains,
 To pay him all the Rites his Worth can challenge,
 Went to wait on him hither.

Enter Malefort, Montaign, Chamont, Lanour, Montrevile, Theocrine, *Usher*, *Page*, *Women*.

Beauf. sen. You are most welcome,
And what I speak to you, does from my Heart
Disperse itself to all.

Malef. You meet, my Lord, your Trouble.

Beauf. sen. Rather, Sir, Increase of Honour,
When you are pleas'd to grace my House.

Beauf. jun. The Favour is doubled on my Part,
most worthy Sir,
Since your fair Daughter, my incomparable Mistress,
Deigns us her Presence.

Malef. View her well, brave *Beaufort*,
But yet at Distance; you hereafter may
Make your Approaches nearer, when the Priest
Hath made it lawful; and were not she mine,
I durst aloud proclaim it. *Hymen* never
Put on his Saffron colour'd Robe to change
A barren Virgin Name with more good Omens
Than at her Nuptials. Look on her again,
Then tell me if she now appear the same,
That she was Yesterday.

Beauf. sen. Being herself,
She cannot but be excellent. These rich
And curious Dressings, which in others might
Cover Deformities, from her take Lustre,
Nor can add to her.

Malef. You conceive her right,
And in your Admiration of her Sweetness,
You only can deserve her. Blush not, Girl;
Thou art above his Praise, or mine; nor can
Obsequious Flattery, though she should use
Her thousand oil'd Tongues to advance thy Worth,
Give aught (for that's impossible) but take from
Thy more than Human Graces; and even then,
When she hath spent herself with her best Strength,
The Wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,

Tha

That, lo
She will
Forget n
I have fa

Monta
But ther

Will be

Malef.

Your Pa

My prop

Believe

Beauf.

The leas

Your A

And this

Theoc.

That yo

Beauf.

Without

Mont.

[*Ex*

f

Usher.

1 *Wor*

Page.

Though

As I hav

Are seen

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And clo

To trad

But can

Usher.

1 *Wor*

We had

2 *Wor*

As long

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

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That, losing her own servile Shape and Name,
She will be thought Detraction. But I
Forget myself; and something whispers to me,
I have said too much.

Monta. I know not what to think on't,
But there's some Mystery in it, which I fear
Will be too soon discover'd.

[*Aside.*]

Malef. I much wrong
Your Patience, noble Sir, by too much hugging
My proper Issue, and like the foolish Crow
Believe my black Brood Swans.

Beauf. sen. There needs not, Sir,
The least Excuse for this; nay, I must have
Your Arm, you being the Master of the Feast,
And this the Mistress.

Theoc. I am any Thing
That you shall please to make me.

Beauf. jun. Nay, 'tis yours,
Without more Compliment.

[*Loud Musick.*]

Mont. Your Will's a Law, Sir.

[*Exeunt Beaufort sen. Malefort, Theocrine, Beau-*

fort jun. Montaign, Chamont, Lanour, Montrev.

Usher. Would I had been born a Lord.

1 Wom. Or I a Lady.

Page. It may be you were both begot in Court,
Though bred up in the City; for your Mothers,
As I have heard, lov'd the Lobby, and there nightly
Are seen strange Apparitions, and who knows
But that some noble Fawn, heated with Wine,
And cloy'd with Partridge, had a Kind of Longing
To trade in Sprats? This needs no Exposition,
But can you yield a Reason for your Wishes?

Usher. Why, had I been born a Lord, I had been
no Servant.

1 Wom. And whereas now Necessity makes us Waiters,
We had been attended on.

2 Wom. And might have slept then
As long as we please, and fed when we had Stomachs,

O 3

And

And worn new Cloaths, nor liv'd as now in Hope
Of a cast Gown, or Petticoat.

Page. You are Fools,
And ignorant of your Happinefs. Ere I was
Sworn to the Pantofle, I have heard my Tutor
Prove it by Logick, that a Servant's Life
Was better than his Master's; and by that
I learn from him, if that my Memory fail not,
I'll make it good.

Usher. Proceed, my little Wit,
In decimo sexto.

Page. Thus then: From the King
To the Beggar, by Gradation, all are Servants;
And you must grant, the Slavery is less
To study to please one, than many.

Usher. True.

Page. Well then; and first to you, Sir: You complain
You serve one Lord, but your Lord serves a Thousand,
Besides his Passions (that are his worst Masters)
You must humour him, and he is bound to sooth
Every grim Sir above him⁷: If he frown,
For the least Neglect you fear to lose your Place;
But if, and with all slavish Observation,
From the Minion's self, to the Groom of his Close-stool,
He hourly seeks not Favour, he is sure
To be eas'd of his Office, tho' perhaps he bought it.
Nay, more; that high Disposer of all such
That are subordinate to him, serves and fears
The Fury of the many-headed Monster,
The giddy Multitude. And as a Horse
Is still a Horse, for all his golden Trappings,
So your Men of purchas'd Titles, at their best, are
But Serving-Men in rich Liveries.

Usher. Most rare Infant,
Where learn'd'st thou this Morality?

⁷ Every grim Sir above him.

Mr. *Dodley* reads *trim*, which tho' it seems to be a just Alteration,
I have followed the Text of the old Copies.

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Page. Why, thou dull Pate,
As I told thee, of my Tutor.

2 Wom. Now for us, Boy.

Page. I am cut off.—The Governor.

Enter Beaufort Senior, Beaufort Junior, Servants setting forth a Banquet.

Beauf. sen. Quick, quick, Sirs.
See all Things perfect.

Serv. Let the Blame be ours else.

Beauf. sen. And as I said, when we are at the Banquet,
And high in our Cups, for 'tis no Feast without it,
Especially among Soldiers; *Theocrine*
Being retir'd, as that's no Place for her,
Take you Occasion to rise from the Table,
And lose no Opportunity.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis my Purpose,
And if I can win her to give her Heart,
I have a Holy Man in Readiness
To join our Hands; for the Admiral, her Father,
Repents him of his Grant to me, and
So far transported with a strange Opinion
Of her fair Features, that, should we defer it,
I think ere long he will believe, and strongly,
The Dauphin is not worthy of her. I
Am much amaz'd with't.

Beauf. sen. Nay, Dispatch there, Fellows.

[*Excunt Beauf. sen. Beauf. jun.*]

Serv. We are ready when you please. Sweet Forms,
your Pardon.

It has been such a busy Time I could not
Tender that ceremonious Respect
Which you deserve; but now the great Work ended,
I will attend the less, and with all Care
Observe, and serve you.

Page. This is a penn'd Speech,

O 4

And

And serves as a perpetual Preface to
A Dinner made of Fragments.

Usher. We wait on you.

[*Loud Musick.*

S C E N E II.

*Beaufort Senior, Malefort, Montaign, Chamont, Lanour,
Beaufort Junior, Montrevile, Servants.*

Beauf. sen. You are not merry, Sir.

Malef. Yes, my good Lord,

You have given us ample Means to drown all Cares—
And yet I nourish strange Thoughts, which I would
Most willingly destroy.

[*Afide.*

Beauf. sen. Pray you take your Place.

Beauf. jun. And drink a Health; and let it be, if
you please,

To the Worthiest of Women.—Now observe him.

Malef. Give me the Bowl; since you do me the Ho-
I will begin it.

[*nour,*

Cham. May we know her Name, Sir?

Malef. You shall; I will not chuse a foreign Queen's,
Nor yet our own, for that would relish of
Tame Flattery; nor do their Height of Title,
Or absolute Power, confirm their Worth and Goodness,
These being Heav'n's Gifts, and frequently confer'd
On such as are beneath 'em; nor will I
Name the King's Mistress, howsoe'er she
In his Esteem may carry it; but if I,
As Wine gives Liberty, may use my Freedom;
Not sway'd this Way, or that with Confidence,
(And I will make it good on any Equal)
If it must be to her, whose outward Form
Is better'd by the Beauty of her Mind,
She lives not that with Justice can pretend
An Interest to this so sacred Health,
But my fair Daughter. He that only doubts it,
I do pronounce a Villain: This to her then.

[*Drinks.*

Mont. What may we think of this?

[*Loud Musick.*

Beauf.

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Beauf. sen. It matters not.

Lan. For my Part, I will sooth him, rather than
Draw on a Quarrel, *Chamont.*

Mont. 'Tis the safest Course; and one I mean to follow.

Beauf. jun. It has gone round, Sir.

[Exit Beaufort jun.]

Malef. Now you have done her Right; if there be any
Worthy to second this, propose it boldly,
I am your Pledge.

Beauf. sen. Let's Pause here, if you please,
And entertain the Time with something else.
Musick there, in some lofty Strain; the Song too
That I gave Order for; the new one, call'd
The Soldier's Delight.

*The Song ended, Enter Belgard in Armour, a Case of
Carbines by his Side.*

Belg. Who stops me now?
Or who dares only say that I appear not
In the most rich and glorious Habit that
Renders a Man compleat? What Court so set off
With State and ceremonious Pomp, but thus
Accoutred I may enter? Or what Feast,
Tho' all the Elements at once were ransack'd
To store it with Variety transcending
The Curiousness and Cost on *Trajan's* Birth-day,
Where Princes only and confederate Kings
Did sit as Guests, serv'd and attended on
By the Senators of *Rome*, sat with a Soldier
In this his natural and proper Shape,
Might not, and boldly, fill a Seat, and by
His Presence make the great Solemnity
More honour'd and remarkable?

Beauf. sen. 'Tis acknowledg'd,
And this a Grace done to me unexpected.

Mont. But why in Armour?

Malef. What's the Mystery?
Pray you, reveal that.

Belg.

Belg. Soldiers out of Action,
 That very rare, but like unbidden Guests
 Bring their Stools with 'em, for their own Defence,
 At Court should feed in Gauntlets, they may have
 Their Fingers cut else : There your Carpet Knights,
 That never charg'd beyond a Mistress' Lips,
 Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you,
 Whom it does most concern, my Lord, I will
 Address my Speech, and with a Soldier's Freedom
 In my Reproof, return the bitter Scoff
 You threw upon my Poverty : You contemn'd
 My coarser Outside, and from that concluded,
 (As by your Groom you made me understand)
 I was unworthy to sit at your Table.

Among these Tissues and Embroideries,
 Unless I chang'd my Habit. I have done it,
 And shew myself in that which I have worn
 In the Heat and Fervor of a bloody Fight ;
 And then it was in Fashion, not as now
 Ridiculous and despis'd : This hath past through
 A Wood of Pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
 Yet scorn'd to take Impression from their Fury :
 With this, as still you see it fresh and new, [bles,
 I have charg'd thro' Fire that would have sing'd your Sa-
 Black Fox, and Ermins, and chang'd the proud Colour
 Of Scarlet, though of the right Tyrian Dye :
 But now, as if the Trappings made the Man,
 Such only are admir'd that come adorn'd
 With what's no Part of them. This is mine own,
 My richest Suit, a Suit I must not part from,
 But not regarded now ; and yet remember
 'Tis we that bring you in the Means of Feasts,
 Banquets and Revels, which, when you possess,
 With barbarous Ingratitude you deny us
 To be made Sharers in the Harvest, which
 Our Sweat and Industry reap'd, and sow'd for you,
 The Silks you wear, we with our Blood spin for you ;
 This massy Plate, that with the ponderous Weight
 Does make your Cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted

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With Tempests, or the long and tedious Way,
 Or dreadful Monsters of the Deep, that wait
 With open Jaws still ready to devour us)
 Fetch from the other World. Let it not then
 In after Ages to your Shame be spoken,
 That you with no relenting Eyes look on
 Our Wants that feed your Plenty ; or consume
 In prodigal and wanton Gifts on Drones
 The Kingdom's Treasure, yet detain from us
 The Debt that with the Hazard of our Lives,
 We have made you stand engag'd for ; or force us,
 Against all civil Government, in Armour
 To require that, which with all Willingness
 Should be tender'd, ere demanded.

Beauf. sen. I commend

This wholesome Sharpness in you, and prefer it
 Before obsequious Tameness ; it shews lovely :
 Nor shall the Rain of your good Counsel fall
 Upon the barren Sands, but spring up Fruit,
 Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest
 Of your Profession, like you, discontented
 For want of Means, shall in their present Payment
 Be bound to praise your Boldness : And hereafter
 I will take Order you shall have no Cause,
 For want of Change to put your Armour on
 But in the Face of an Enemy ; not as now
 Among your Friends. To that which is due to you,
 To furnish you like yourself, of mine own Bounty
 I'll add five hundred Crowns.

Cham. I to my Power
 Will follow the Example.

Mont. Take this, Captain ;
 'Tis all my present Store ; but, when you please,
 Command me farther.

Lan. I could wish it more.

Belg. This is the luckiest Jest ever came from me.
 Let a Soldier use no other Scribe to draw
 The Form of his Petition. This will speed
 When your thrice humble Supplications,

With

With Prayers for Increase of Health and Honours
To their grave Lordships, shall, as soon as read,
Be pocketed up, the Cause no more remember'd.
When this dumb Rhetorick — Well, I have a Life,
Which I in Thankfulness for your great Favours,
My noble Lords, when you please to command it,
Must never think mine own. Broker, be happy,
These golden Birds fly to thee. [Exit Belgard.

Beauf. sen. You are dull, Sir,
And seem not to be taken with the Passage
You saw presented.

Malef. Passage? I observ'd none,
My Thoughts were elsewhere busied.—Ha! she is
In Danger to be lost; to be lost for ever,
If speedily I come not to her Rescue,
For so my Genius tells me.

[Aside.

Mont. What Chimeras
Work on your Phantasy?

Malef. Phantasies? They are Truths,
Where is my *Theocrine*? You have plotted
To rob me of my Daughter: Bring me to her,
Or I'll call down the Saints to witness for me,
You are inhospitable.

Beauf. sen. You amaze me.
Your Daughter's safe, and now exchanging Courtship
With my Son her Servant. Why do you hear this
With such distracted Looks, since to that End
You brought her hither?

Malef. 'Tis confess'd I did.
But now pray you pardon me; and, if you please,
Ere she deliver up her Virgin Fort,
I would observe what is the Art he uses
In planting his Artillery against it.
She is my only Care, nor must she yield
But upon noble Terms.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis so determin'd.

Malef. Yet I am jealous.

Mont. Overmuch, I fear.
What Passions are these?

Beauf.

Beauf. sen. Come, I will bring you
Where you, with these, if they so please, may see
The Love Scene acted.

Mont. There is something more
Than fatherly Love in this.

Monta. We wait upon you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.

Beaufort jun. and Theocrine.

Beauf. jun. Since then you meet my Flames with
equal Ardour,

As you profess, it is your Bounty, Mistress,
Nor must I call it Debt; yet 'tis your Glory,
That your Excess supplies my Want, and makes me,
Strong in my Weakness, which could never be,
But in your good Opinion.

Theoc. You teach me, Sir,
What I should say; since from your Sun of Favour,
I, like dim *Phæbe*, in herself obscure,
Borrow that Light I have.

Beauf. jun. Which you return
With large Increase (since that you will o'ercome,
And I dare not contend) were you but pleas'd
To make what's yet divided one.

Theoc. I have
Already in my Wishes, Modesty
Forbids me to speak more.

Beauf. jun. But what Assurance
(But still without Offence) may I demand
That may secure me that your Heart and Tongue
Join to make up this Harmony.

Theoc. Choose any,
Suiting your Love, distinguished from Lust,
To ask, and mine to grant.

Enter

Beauf.

*Enter (as unseen) Beaufort sen. Malefort, Montrevile,
and the rest.*

Beauf. sen. Yonder they are.

Malef. At Distance too! 'tis yet well.

Beauf. jun. I may take then
This Hand, and with a Thousand burning Kisses,
Swear 'tis the Anchor to my Hopes?

Theoc. You may, Sir.

Malef. This is somewhat too much.

Beauf. jun. And this done, view myself
In these true Mirrors.

Theoc. Ever true to you, Sir.
And may they lose th' Ability of Sight,
When they seek other Object.

Malef. This is more
Than I can give Consent to.

Beauf. jun. And a Kiss
Thus printed on your Lips will not distaste you?

Malef. Her Lips!

Montr. Why, where should he kiss? are you distracted?

Beauf. jun. Then, when this Holy Man hath made it
lawful — *[brings in a Priest.]*

Malef. A Priest so ready too? I must break in.

Beauf. jun. And what's spoke here is register'd above,
I must engross those Favours to myself
Which are not to be nam'd.

Theoc. All I can give,
But what they are I know not.

Beauf. jun. I'll instruct you.

Malef. O how my Blood boils!

Mont. Pray you, contain yourself:
Methinks this Courtship's modest.

Beauf. jun. Then being mine,
And wholly mine, the River of your Love
To Kinsmen and Allies; nay, to your Father,
(Howe'er out of his Tenderness he admires you)
Must in the Ocean of your Affection

To me be swallow'd up, and want a Name
Compar'd with what you owe me.

Theoc. 'Tis most fit, Sir.

The stronger Bond that binds me to you, must
Dissolve the weaker.

Malef. I am ruin'd, if
I come not fairly off.

Beauf. sen. There's nothing wanting
But your Consent.

Malef. Some strange Invention aid me.
This! yes, it must be so.

[*Aside.*

Montr. Why do you stagger,
When what you seem'd so much to wish is offer'd?
Both Parties being agreed to.

Beauf. sen. I'll not court
A Grant from you, nor do I wrong your Daughter,
Though I say my Son deserves her.

Malef. 'Tis far from
My humble Thoughts to undervalue him
I cannot prize too high. For howsoever
From my own fond Indulgence I have sung
Her Praises with too prodigal a Tongue,
That Tendernefs laid by, I stand confirm'd
All that I fancied excellent in her
Ballanc'd, with what is really his own,
Holds Weight in no Proportion.

Montr. New Turnings!

Beauf. sen. Whither tends this?

Malef. Had you observ'd, my Lord,
With what a sweet Gradation he woo'd,
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,
Though she did listen with a greedy Care
To his fair modest Offers: But so great
A good as then flow'd to her, should have been
With more deliberation entertain'd,
And not with such haste swallow'd; she shall first
Consider seriously what the Blessing is,
And in what ample Manner to give thanks for't,
And then receive it. And though I shall think

Short

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Short Minutes years till it be perfected,
I will defer that which I most desire,
And so must she, till longing Expectation,
That heightens Pleasure, makes her truly know
Her Happiness, and with what out-stretch'd Arms
She must embrace it.

Beauf. jun. This is curiousness
Beyond Example.

Malef. Let it then begin
From me; in what's mine own I'll use my Will,
And yield no further Reason. I lay claim to
The Liberty of a Subject. Fall not off,
But be obedient, or by the Hair
I'll drag thee Home. Censure me as you please,
I'll take my own Way.—O the inward Fires
That, wanting vent, consume me! [*Exit with Theocrine.*]

Montr. 'Tis most certain
He's Mad, or worse.

Beauf. How, worse?

Montr. Nay, there I leave you,
My Thoughts are free.

Beauf. jun. This I foresaw.

Beauf. sen. Take Comfort,
He shall walk in Clouds, but I'll discover him;
And he shall find and feel, if he excuse not,
And with strong Reasons this gross Injury,
I can make use of my Authority. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Third Act.

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Malefort *solus*.

WHAT Flames are these my wild Desires fan in me?
 The Torch that feeds them, was not lighted at
 Thy Altars, *Cupid*: Vindicate thyself,
 And do not own it: And confirm it rather,
 That this infernal Brand that turns me Cinders,
 Was by the Snake-hair'd Sisters thrown into
 My guilty Bosom. O that I was ever
 Accurs'd in having Issue! my Son's Blood,
 That like the poison'd Shirt of *Hercules*
 Grows to each part about me) which my Hate
 Forc'd from him with much willingness, may admit
 Some weak Defence; but my most Impious Love
 To my fair Daughter *Theocrine*, none.
 Since my Affection (rather wicked Lust)
 That does pursue her, is a greater Crime
 Than any Detestation, with which
 Should afflict her Innocence. With what Cunning
 Have betray'd myself, and did not feel
 The scorching Heat that now with Fury rages.
 Why was I tender of her? Cover'd with
 That fond Disguise, this Mischief stole upon me.
 I thought it no Offence to kiss her often,
 Or twine mine Arms about her softer Neck,
 And by false Shadows of a Father's Kindness
 Long deceiv'd myself: But now the Effect
 Is too apparent. How I strove to be
 By her Opinion held the worthiest Man
 In Courtship, Form and Feature! Envyng him
 That was prefer'd before me, and yet then
 My Wishes to myself were not discover'd.
 But still my Fires increas'd, and with Delight
 Vol. III.

P

I

I would call her Mistress, wilfully forgetting
 The Name of Daughter, choosing rather she
 Should stile me Servant, then with Reverence Father,
 Yet mocking, I ne'er cherish'd obscene Hopes,
 But in my troubled Slumbers often thought
 She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd
 At my Imagination which pass'd
 My Eyes being open, not condemning it,
 I was Ravish'd with the Pleasure of the Dream.
 Yet spight of these Temptations I have Reason
 That pleads against 'em, and commands me to
 Extinguish these abominable Fires,
 And I will do it; I will send her back
 To him that Loves her Lawfully. Within there.

Enter Theocrine.

Theo. Sir, did you call?

Malef. I look no sooner on her,
 But all my boasted Power of Reason leaves me, [wait me
 And Passion again usurps her Empire, does none else

Theo. I am wretch'd, Sir, should any owe more Duty

Malef. This is worse then Disobedience, leave me.

Theo. On my Knees, Sir, as I have ever squar'd my
 [Will by yours

And lik'd, and loath'd with your Eyes I beseech you
 To teach me what the Nature of my Fault is,
 That hath incens'd you, (sure 'tis one of Weakness
 And not of Malice) which your gentler Temper
 On my Submission I hope will Pardon;
 Which granted by your Piety, if that I
 Out of the least Neglect of mine hereafter,
 Make you remember it, may I sink ever
 Under your dread Command.

Malef. O my Stars! who can but dote on this Humility
 That Sweetens, lovely in her Tears? The Fetters
 That seem'd to lessen in their Weight; but now
 By this grow Heavier on me.

Theo. Dear, Sir.—

Malef.

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Malef. Peace, I must not hear thee.

Theoc. Nor look on me.

Malef. No, thy Looks and Words are Charms.

Theoc. May they have Power then

To calm the Tempest of your Wrath. Alas, Sir,

Did I but know in what I give Offence

In my Repentance I would shew my Sorrow,

For what is past, and in my Care hereafter

Kill the Occasion or cease to be ;

Since Life without your Favour is to me

A Load I would cast off.

Malef. O that my Heart

Were rent in sunder, that I might expire,

The Cause in my Death buried : Yet I know not

With such prevailing Oratory 'tis beg'd from me

That to deny thee would convince me to

Have suck'd the Milk of Tigers, rise, and I

But in a perplex'd, and mysterious Method,

Will make Relation : That which all the World

Admires and cries up in thee for Perfections,

Are to unhappy me foul Blemishes,

And mulcts in Nature. If thou hadst been born

Deform'd and Crook'd in the Features of

Thy Body, as the Manners of thy Mind,

Moor Lip'd, flat Nos'd, dim Ey'd, and beetle Brow'd

With a dwarf's Stature to a giant Waste,

Sower Breath'd, with Claws for Fingers on thy Hands,

Splay Footed, gouty Leg'd, and over all

A loathsome Leprosy had spread itself,

And made thee shun'd of Human Fellowships :

I had been blest.

9 *If thou hadst been born.*

Thus in King *John*, the Mother speaking of her Son, says,

If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,

Ugly, and stand'rous to thy Mother's Womb,

Full of unpleasing Blots, and sightless Stains,

Lame, Foolish, Crooked, Swart, Prodigious,

Patch'd with foul Moles, and eye offending Marks :

I would not care, I then would be content :

For then I should not love thee.

Act. III.

P 2

Theoc.

Theoc. Why would you wish a Monster,
For such a one or worse you have describ'd,
To call you Father.

Malef. Rather then as now,
Tho' I had drown'd thee for it in the Sea
Appearing as thou dost a new Pandora,
With *Juno's* fair Cow Eyes,¹⁰ *Minerva's* Brow,
Aurora's blushing Cheeks, *Hebe's* fresh Youth,
Venus's soft Paps, with *Thetis's* silver Feet.

Theoc. Sir, you have lik'd and lov'd them, and oft forc'd
(With your Hyperboles of Praise pour'd on them)
My Modesty to a defensive Red,
Strow'd over that Paleness, which you then were pleas'd
To stile the purest White.

Malef. And in that Cup
I drank the Poison I now feel disperfed
Through every Vein and Artery, wherefore art thou
So cruel to me? This thy outward Shape
Brought a fierce War against me, not to be
By Flesh and Blood resisted: But to leave me
No hope of Freedom from the Magazine
Of thy Mind's Forces, treacherously thou drew'st up
Auxiliary Helps to strengthen that
Which was already in itself too potent.
Thy Beauty gave the first Charge, but thy Duty
Seconded with thy Care, and watchful Studies
To please, and serve my Will in all that might
Raise up Content in me, like Thunder brake through
All Opposition, and my Ranks of Reason
Disbanded, my victorious Passions fell
To bloody Execution, and compell'd me
With willing Hands to tie on my own Chains,
And with a Kind of flatt'ring Joy to glory

¹⁰ With *Juno's* fair Cow Eyes, &c.

These Lines of *Maffinger* are an immediate Translation from
pretty *Greek* Epigram, the Author of which compares his Mistress's
Eyes to *Juno's*, her Paps to *Venus*, &c.

ὀμματα ἔχεις Ἡρῆς, μέλαινα, τὰς χεῖρας Ἀφροδῖτης,
τὰς μαστοὺς Πάφους, τὰ στήθεα τῆς Θέτιδος, &c.

In my
Theoc.
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Malef.
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And yet

Plurify
Nonsense,
ness, i. e.
Share of it

In my Captivity.

Theoc. I, in this you speak, Sir,
Am Ignorance itself.

Malef. And so continue,
For Knowledge of the Arms thou bear'st against me
Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no Aids
For thee to help me, and 'twere Cruelty
In me to wound that spotless Innocency
How 'ere it make me guilty. In a Word "
The Plurify of Goodness is thy Ill,
Thy Virtues Vices, and thy humble Lowness
Far worse than stubborn Sullenness and Pride,
Thy Looks that ravish all Beholders else
As killing as the Basilisks: Thy Tears
Express'd in Sorrow for the much I suffer,
A glorious Insultation, and no sign
Of pity in thee; and to hear thee speak
In thy Defence, though but in silent Action,
Would make the Hurt already deeply fester'd
Incurable; and therefore as thou wouldst not
By thy Presence raise fresh Furies to torment me,
I do conjure thee by a Father's Power,
(And 'tis my Curse I dare not think it lawful
To sue unto thee in a nearer Name)
Without Reply to leave me.

Theoc. My Obedience
Never learn'd yet to question your Commands,
But willingly to serve 'em; yet I must
Since that your Will forbids the Knowledge of
My Fault, lament my Fortune.

[Exit.

Malef. O that
I have Reason to discern the better Way
And yet pursue the worse. When I look on her

" ————— In a Word

The Plurify of Goodness, &c.

Plurify of Goodness—Not the Distemper that would have been
Nonsense, but a Word coined from the *Latin*. Thy Plurify of Good-
ness, *i. e.* Thy Goodness more than common—Thy extraordinary
Share of it, which tempted me to think this Vice was thy Ill.

I burn with Heat, and in her Absence freeze
 With the cold Blasts of Jealousy, that another
 Should e'er taste those Delights that are deny'd me,
 And which of their Afflictions bring less Torture,
 I hardly can distinguish; is there then
 No Mean? No, so my Understanding tells me,
 And that by my cross Fates it is determin'd
 That I am both Ways wretched.

Enter Usher and Montrevile.

Usher. Yonder he walks, Sir,
 In much Vexation: He hath sent my Lady
 His Daughter weeping in; but what the Cause is
 Rests yet in Supposition.

Montr. I guess at it,
 But must be further satisfy'd; I will sift him
 In private, therefore quit the Room.

Usher. I am gone, Sir.

Malef. Ha! who disturbs me? *Montrevile?* Your
 Pardon. [Exit.]

Montr. Would you could grant one to yourself. [Speak in.]
 With the Assurance of a Friend) and yet
 Before it be too late, make Reparation
 Of the gross Wrong your Indiscretion offer'd
 To the Governor and his Son; nay, to yourself,
 For there begins my Sorrow.

Malef. Would I had
 No greater Cause to mourn than their Displeasure.
 For I dare justify ——

Montr. We must not do all that we dare.
 We're private Friend. I observ'd your Alterations
 With a stricter Eye perhaps than others;
 And to lose no Time in Repetition,
 Your strange Demeanour to your sweet Daughter ——

Malef. Would you could find some other Theme to
 treat of.

Montr. None but this; and this I'll dwell on,
 How ridiculous and subject to Construction.——

Malef.

Malef. No more !

Montr. You made yourself, amazes me, and if
The frequent Trials interchang'd between us
Of Love and Friendship, be to their Desert
Esteem'd by you, as they hold Weight with me,
No inward Trouble should be of a Shape
So horrid to yourself, but that to me
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock
Your secret Thoughts ; tho' the most innocent were
Loud crying Sins.

Malef. And so perhaps they are ;
And therefore be not curious to learn that
Which known must make you hate me.

Montr. Think not so.

Exit.
I am yours in Right and Wrong ; nor shall you find
A verbal Friendship in me, but an active ;
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know
What the Disease is, but if you give Leave
I will apply a Remedy. Is it Madness ?
I am familiarly acquainted with a deep-read Man
That can with Charms and Herbs
Restore you to your Reason ; or suppose
You are bewitch'd, he with more potent Spells
And magical Rites shall cure you. Is't Heav'n's Anger ?
With Penitence and Sacrifice appease it :
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can
Imagine dreadful. In your Fame and Fortunes
You are secure ; your impious Son remov'd too,
That render'd you suspected to the State,
And your fair Daughter ——

Malef. Oh ! press me no farther.

Montr. Are you wrung there ? Why, what of her ?

Hath she

Made Shipwreck of her Honour, or conspir'd
Against your Life ? or seal'd a Contract with
The Devil of Hell, for the Recovery of
Her young Inamorato ?

Malef. None of these ;

And yet what must increase the Wonder in you,

232 THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me,
But where enquire not. Yet, I know not how
I am persuaded from my Confidence
Of your vow'd Love to me, to trust you with
My dearest Secret, pray you chide me for it,
But with a Kind of Pity, not insulting
On my Calamity.

Montr. Forward.

Malef. This same Daughter —

Montr. What is her Fault?

Malef. She is too fair to me.

Montr. Ha! how is this?

Malef. And I have look'd upon her
More than a Father should, and languish to
Enjoy her as a Husband.

Montr. Heaven forbid it.

Malef. And this is all the Comfort you can give me?
Where are your promis'd Aids, your Charms, your Herbs?
Your deep-read Scholar, Spells, and magic Rites?
Can all these disenchant me? No, I must be
My own Physician, and upon myself
Practice a desperate Cure.

Montr. Do not contemn me.
Enjoin me what you please with any Hazard,
I'll undertake it. What Means have you practic'd
To quench this hellish Fire?

Malef. All I could think on,
But to no Purpose; and yet sometimes Absence
Does yield a Kind of Intermission to
The Fury of the Fit.

Montr. See her no more then.

Malef. 'Tis my last Refuge, and 'twas my Intent
And still 'tis, to desire your Help.

Montr. Command it.

Malef. Thus then, you have a Fort of which you are
The absolute Lord, whither I pray you bear her:
And that the Sight of her may not again
Nourish those Flames, which I feel something lessen'd,
By all the Ties of Friendship I conjure you,

And

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To Fri

And by a solemn Oath you must confirm it,
That tho' my now calm'd Passions should rage higher
Than ever heretofore, and so compel me
Once more to wish to see her; tho' I use
Persuasions mix'd with Threatnings; nay, add to it,
That I, this failing, should with Hands held up thus
Kneel at your Feet, and bathe them with my Tears,
Prayers or Curses, Vows or Imprecations,
Only to look upon her, though at Distance,
You still must be obdurate,

Montr. If it be
Your Pleasure, Sir, that I shall be unmov'd,
I will endeavour.

Malef. You must swear to be
Inexorable, as you would prevent
The greatest Mischief to your Friend, that Fate
Could throw upon him.

Montr. Well, I will obey you.
But how the Governor will be answer'd, yet,
And 'tis material, is not consider'd.

Malef. Leave that to me. I'll presently give Order
How you shall surprize her; be not frightened with
Her Exclamations.

Montr. Be you constant to
Your Resolution, I will not fail
In what concerns my Part.

Malef. Be ever blessed for't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Beaufort jun. Chamont, Lanour.

Cham. Not to be spoke with, say you?

Beauf. jun. No.

Lan. Nor you

Admitted to have Conference with her?

Beauf. jun. Neither.

His Doors are fast lock'd up, and Solitude
Dwells round about 'em, no Access allow'd
To Friend or Enemy, but —

Cham.

Cham. Nay, be not mov'd, Sir ;
Let his Passion work, and like a hot rein'd Horse ¹²
'Twill quickly tire itself.

Beauf. jun. Or in his Death
Which for her Sake 'till now I have forborne,
I will revenge the Injury he hath done
To my true lawful Love.

Lan. How does your Father,
The Governor, relish it ?

Beauf. jun. Troth, he never had
Affection to the Match ; yet in his Pity
To me, he's gone in Person to his House,
Nor will he be deny'd ; and if he find not
Strong and fair Reasons, *Malefort* will hear from him
In a Kind he does not look for.

Cham. In the mean Time,
Pray you put on cheerful Looks.

Beauf. jun. Mine suit my Fortune.

Enter Montaign.

Lan. O here's *Montaign*.

Monta. I never could have met you
More opportunely. I'll not stale the Jest
By my Relation ; but if you will look on
The Malecontent *Belgard*, newly rigg'd up
With the Train that follows him, 'twill be an Object
Worthy of your noting.

Beauf. jun. Look you the Comedy,
Make good the Prologue, or the Scorn will dwell
Upon yourself.

Monta. I'll hazard that, observe now.

¹² ——— And like a hot rein'd Horse,
'Twill quickly tire itself.

This is directly copied from *Shakespeare*, who says,

———— Anger is like
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his Way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Henry VIIIth. A& I. Scene 2.

Enter

Enter Belgard in a gallant Habit ; stays at the Door with his Sword drawn ; several Voices within.

Wenches. Nay, Captain ! glorious Captain !

Belg. Fall back, Rascals ;

Do you make an Owl of me ? this Day I will
Receive no more Petitions.

Here are Bills of all Occasions, and all Sizes !

If this be the Pleasure of a rich Suit, would I were

Again in my Buff Jerkin, or my Armour,

Then I walk'd securely by my Creditors Noses,

And not a Dog mark'd me ; every Officer shun'd me,

And not one louzy Prison would receive me :

But now, as the Ballad says, I am turn'd Gallant,

There does not live that Thing I owe a Souse to

But does torment me. A faithful Cobler told me,

With his Awl in his Hand, I was behind-hand with him

For setting me upright, and bade me look to myself.

A Sempstrefs too, that traded but in Socks,

Swore she would set a Serjeant on my Back

For a borrow'd Shirt : My Pay, and the Benevolence

The Governor and the States bestow'd upon me,

The City Cormorants, my Money-Mongers,

Have swallow'd down already ; they were Sums,

I grant, but that I should be such a Fool

Against my Oath, being a cashier'd Captain,

To pay Debts, though grown up to one and twenty,

Deserves more Reprehension, in my Judgment,

Than a Shop-keeper, or a Lawyer that lends Money,

In a long dead Vacation.

Monta. How do you like

His Meditation ?

Cham. Peace ! let him proceed.

Belg. I cannot now go on the Score for Shame,

And where I shall begin to pawn : Ay, marry,

That is consider'd timely ; I paid for

This Train of yours, Dame *Esbridge*, fourteen Crowns,

And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass

For

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For a Tavern Reck'ning, unless it be
To save the Charge of Painting, nail'd on a Post
For the Sign of the Feathers. Pox upon the Fashion,
That a Captain cannot think himself a Captain,
If he wear not this like a Fore-Horse; yet it is not
Staple Commodity; these are perfum'd too
Of the *Roman* Wash, and yet a stale Red Herring
Would fill the Belly better, and hurt the Head less:
And this is *Venice* Gold, would I had it again
In *French* Crowns in my Pocket. O you Commanders;
That, like me, have no dead Pays, nor can couzen
The Commissary at a Muster, let me stand
For an Example to you, as you would
Enjoy your Privileges: *videlicet*,
To pay your Debts, and take your Lechery gratis;
To have your Issue warm'd by others Fires;
To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no Forfeit
To the Poor, but when you share with one another,
With all your other choice Immunities:
Only of this I seriously advise you,
Let Courtiers trip like Courtiers,
And your Lords of Dirt and Dunghills mete
Their Woods and Acres, in Velvets, Sattins, Tissues,
But keep you constant to Cloth and Shamois.

Monta. Have you heard of such a penitent Homily?

Belg. I am studying now
Where I shall hide myself till the Rumour of
My Wealth and Bravery vanish: Let me see,
There is a kind of a Vaulting House not far off,
Where I us'd to spend my Afternoons, among
Suburb She-Gamesters; and yet, now I think on't,
I have crack'd a Ring or two there, which they made
Others to folder. No——

Enter a Bawd and two Wenches, with two Children.

1 Wench. O! have we spy'd you!

Bawd. Upon him without Ceremony, now's the Time
While he is in the paying Vein.

2 Wench.

2 *Wench*. Save you, brave Captain.

Beauf. jun. 'Slight! how he stares!

They are worse than She-Wolves to him.

[*you.*

Belg. Shame me not in the Streets. I was coming to

1 *Wench*. O Sir, you may in Publick pay for the Fid-
You had in Private.

[*ling*

2 *Wench*. We hear you are full of Crowns, Sir.

1 *Wench*. And therefore knowing you are open-handed,
Before all be destroy'd, I'll put you in Mind, Sir,
Of your young Heir here.

2 *Wench*. Here's a second, Sir,
That looks for a Child's Portion.

Bawd. There are Reckonings
For Muskadine and Eggs too, must be thought on.

1 *Wench*. We have not been hasty, Sir.

Bawd. But stay'd your Leisure;
But now you are ripe, and loaden with Fruit.

2 *Wench*. 'Tis fit you should be pull'd; here's a Boy,
Pray you kiss him, 'tis your own, Sir.

[*Sir,*

1 *Wench*. Nay, buss this first,
It hath just your Eyes, and such a promising Nose,
That if the Sign deceive me not, in Time
'Twill prove a notable Striker, like his Father.

Belg. And yet you laid it to another.

1 *Wench*. True,
While you were poor, and it was Policy,
But she that has Variety of Fathers,
And makes not Choice of him that can maintain it,
Ne'er studied *Aristotle's* Problems.

Lan. A smart Quean.

Belg. Why, Brachs, will you worry me?

2 *Wench*. No, but ease you
Of your golden Burthen; the heavy Carriage may
Bring you to a Sweating Sicknes.

Belg. Very likely,
I foam all o'er already.

1 *Wench*. Will you come off, Sir?

Belg. Would I had ne'er come on: Hear me with Pa-
Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me

[*tience,*
And

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And do not vex me farther : By my Sins
And your Diseases, which are certain Truths,
Whate'er you think, I am not Master, at
This Instant, of a Livre.

2 Wench. What, and in
Such a glorious Suit ?

Belg. The liker, wretched Things,
To have no Money.

Bawd. You may pawn your Cloaths, Sir.

1 Wench. Will you see your Issue starve ?

2 Wench. Or the Mothers beg ?

Belg. Why, you unconscionable Strumpets, would you
have me

Transform my Hat to Double Clouts and Biggins ?
My Corset to a Cradle ? or my Belt
To Swaddlebands ? or turn my Cloak to Blankets ?
Or to sell my Sword and Spurs for Soap and Candles ?
Have you no Mercy ? What a chargeable Devil
We carry in our Breeches !

Beauf. jun. Now 'tis Time
To fetch him off.

Enter Beaufort sen.

Monta. Your Father does it for us.

Bawd. The Governor !

Beauf. sen. What are these ?

1 Wench. And it like your Lordship,
Very poor Spinsters.

Bawd. I am his Nurse and Laundress.

Belg. You have nurs'd and lander'd me, Hell take
Vanish. [you for it.

Cham. Do, do, and talk with him hereafter.

1 Wench. 'Tis our best Course.

2 Wench. We'll find a Time to fit him.

[*Exit Bawd and Whores.*

Beauf. sen. Why in this Heat, *Belgard* ?

Belg. You are the Cause of 't.

Beauf. sen. Who, I ?

Belg.

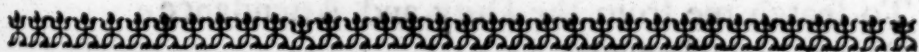
Belg. Yes, your pied Livery, and your Gold
Draw these Vexations on me, pray you strip me
And let me be as I was : I will not lose
The Pleasures and the Freedom which I had
In my certain Poverty ; for all the Wealth
Fair *France* is proud of ?

Beauf. sen. We at better leisure
Will learn the Cause of this.

Beauf. jun. What Answer, Sir,
From the Admiral ?

Beauf. sen. None, his Daughter is remov'd
To the Fort of *Montrevile*, and he himself
In Person fled, but where is not discover'd ;
I could tell you Wonders, but the Time denies me
Fit Liberty. In a Word, let it suffice
The Power of our great Master is contemn'd,
The sacred Laws of God and Man prophan'd,
And if I sit down with this Injury,
I am unworthy of my Place, and thou
Of my Acknowledgment : Draw up all the Troops,
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.
Such as have Power to punish, and yet spare
From Fear or from Connivance, others ill
Though not in Act assist them in their Will.

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Montrevile, Theocrine, Servants.

Montr. **B**IND them, and gag their Mouths sure, I alone
Will be your Convoy.

¹ *Wom.* Madam,

² *Wom.* Dearest Lady,

Page. Let me fight, for my Mistress.

Serv.

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Serv. 'Tis in vain,
Little Cockerell of the Kind.

Montr. Away with them,
And do as I command you,

[*Exeunt Servants, Page, Women.*]

Theoc. Montrevile

You are my Father's Friend, nay, more a Soldier,
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,
Though in a lawful War you had surpriz'd
A City, that bow'd humbly to your Pleasure,
In Honour you stand bound to guard a Virgin
From Violence; but in a free Estate
Of which you are a Limb, to do a Wrong
Which noble Enemies never consent to
Is such an Insolence.

Montr. How her Heart beats!
Much like a Partridge in a Sparhawk's Foot,
That with a panting Silence does lament
The Fate she cannot fly from! Sweet, take Comfort;
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you
But Love and Service.

Theoc. They came never cloth'd
In Force and Outrage. Upon what Assurance
(Rememb'ring only that my Father lives
Who will not tamely suffer the Disgrace.)
Have you presum'd to hurry me from his House,
And as I were not worth the waiting on,
To snatch me from the Duty and Attendance
Of my poor Servants.

Montr. Let not that afflict you,
You shall not want Observance, I will be
Your Page, your Woman, Parasite or Fool,
Or any other Property, provided
You answer my Affection.

Theoc. In what Kind?

Montr. As you had done young *Beaufort's*.

Theoc. How?

Montr. So, Lady,
Or, if the Name of Wife appear a Yoke

Too

Too heavy for your tender Neck, so I
Enjoy you as a private Friend or Mistress,
I will be sufficient.

Theoc. Blessed Angels guard me
What frontless Impudence is this? What Devil
Hath to thy certain Ruin tempted thee
To offer me this Motion? By my Hopes
Of after Joys, Submission, nor Repentance
Shall expiate this foul Intent.

Montr. Intent?
Tis more, I'll make it Act.

Theoc. Ribald, thou dar'st not,
And if (and with a Feaver to thy Soul)
Thou but consider that I have a Father
And such a Father, as when this arrives at
His Knowledge, as it shall, the Terror of
His Vengeance, which as sure as Fate must follow,
Will make thee curse the Hour in which Lust taught thee
To nourish these base Hopes, and 'tis my Wonder
Thou dar'st forget how tender he is of me
And that each Shadow of Wrong done to me,
Will raise in him a Tempest not to be
But with thy Heart-blood calm'd: This when I see him—

Montr. As thou shalt never.

Theoc. Wilt thou Murther me?

Montr. No, no, 'tis otherwise determin'd, Fool.
The Master which in Passion kills his Slave
That may be useful to him, does himself
The Injury: Know thou most wretched Creature,
That Father thou presum'st upon, that Father,
That when I sought thee in a noble Way,
Deny'd thee to me, fancying in his Hope
A higher Match from his excess of Dotage,
Hath in his Bowels kindled such a Flame
Of Impious most unnatural Lust,
That now he fears his furious Desires,
May force him to do that, he shakes to think on.

Theoc. O me most Wretched.

Montr. Never hope again

VOL. III.

Q

To

To blast him with those Eyes, their Golden Beams
 Are unto him Arrows of Death and Hell,
 But unto me Divine Artillery.
 And therefore since what I so long in vain
 Pursued is offer'd to me, and by him
 Given up to my Possession : Do not flatter
 Thyself with an Imaginary Hope,
 But that I'll take Occasion by the Forelock,
 And make use of my Fortune ; as we walk
 I'll tell thee more.

Theoc. I will not stir.

Montr. I'll force thee :

Theoc. Help, help.

Montr. In vain.

Theoc. In me my Brother's Blood
 Is punish'd at the Height.

Montr. The Coach there.

Theoc. Dear, Sir,

Montr. Tears, Curses, Prayers, are alike to me ;
 I can, and must enjoy my present Pleasure,
 And shall take Time to mourn for it at Leisure. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Enter Malefort solus.

Malef. I have play'd the Fool, the gross Fool to believe
 The Bosom of a Friend will hold a Secret ;
 Mine own could not contain ; and my Industry
 In taking Liberty from my innocent Daughter,
 Out of false Hopes of Freedom to myself,
 Is in the little Help it yields me, punish'd.
 She's absent, but I have her Figure here,
 And every Grace and Rarity about her,
 Are by the Pencil of my Memory
 In living Colours painted on my Heart.
 My Fires too a short Interim closed up,
 Break out with greater Fury. Why was I
 Since 'twas my Fate, and not to be declin'd

In this fo
 Injoy'd v
 But Ince
 I stand a
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1 Sold.
 We must
 Malef.
 2 Sold.
 Malef.
 1 Sold.

In this so tender-conscienc'd? Say I had
 Enjoy'd what I desir'd, what had it been
 But Incest? and there's something here that tells me
 I stand accomptable for greater Sins,
 I never check'd at: Neither had the Crime
 Wanted a President. I have read in Story
 Those first great Hero's that for their brave Deeds
 Were in the Worlds first Infancy stil'd Gods,
 Freely enjoy'd what I deny'd myself.
 Old *Saturn* in the golden Age embraced
 His Sister *Ops* and in the same Degree
 The Thunderer *Juno*, *Neptune*, *Thetis*, and
 By their Example after the first Deluge
 Deucalion *Pirrhæ*. Universal Nature
 As every Day 'tis evident, allows it
 To Creatures of all Kinds. The gallant Horse
 Covers the Mare to which he was the Sire;
 The Bird with fertile Seed gives new encrease
 To her that hatch'd him. Why should envious Man then
 Brand that close Act which adds Proximity
 To what's most near him, with the abhorred Title
 Of Incest? Or our later Laws forbid
 What by the first was granted? Let old Men
 That are not capable of these Delights
 And solemn superstitious Fools prescribe
 Rules to themselves, I will not curb my Freedom,
 But constantly go on, with this Assurance,
 I but walk in a Path which greater Men
 Have trod before me. Ha! this is the Fort,
 Open the Gate. Within there.

Enter two Soldiers with Muskets.

1 *Sold.* With your Pardon
 We must forbid your Entrance.

Malef. Do you know me?

2 *Sold.* Perfectly my Lord.

Malef. I am this Captain's Friend.

1 *Sold.* It may be so, but till we know his Pleasure

Q 2

You

You must excuse us.

2 *Sold.* We'll acquaint him with
Your waiting here.

Malef. Waiting Slave, he was ever
By me Commanded.

1 *Sold.* As we are by him.

Malef. So punctual, pray you then in my Name intreat
His Presence.

2 *Sold.* That we shall do.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Malef. I must use
Some strange Persuasions to work him to
Deliver her, and to forget her Vows,
And horrid Oaths I in my Madness made him.
Take to the Contrary, and may I get her
Once more in my Possession, I will bear her
Into some close Cave or Desert, where we'll end
Our Lusts and Lives together.

Enter Montrevile and Soldiers.

Montr. Fail not, on
The Forfeit of your Lives to execute
What I commanded.

Malef. *Montrevile*, how is't Friend?

Montr. I am glad to see you wear such chearful Looks,
The World's well altered.

Malef. Yes, I thank my Stars.
But me thinks thou art troubled.

Montr. Some light cross,
But of no Moment.

Malef. So I hope, beware
Of sad and impious Thoughts, you know how far
They wrought on me.

Montr. No such come near me, Sir.
I have like you no Daughter, and much wish
You never had been curs'd with one.

Malef. Who I?
Thou art deceiv'd, I am most happy in her.

Mont.

Mont.
Malef.
Toward
As a Fa
Mont.
Your co
Tempra
Malef.
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Mon.
In wha
Our V

Montr. I am glad to hear it.

Malef. My incestuous Fires

Towards her are quite burnt out; I love her now
As a Father, and no further.

Montr. Fix there then

Your constant Peace, and do not try a second
Temptation from her.

Malef. Yes, Friend, though she were
By Millions of Degrees more excellent
In her Perfections: Nay, tho' she could borrow
A Form Angelical to take my Frailty,
It would not do; and therefore, *Montrevile*,
(My chief Delight next her) I come to tell thee
The Governor and I are reconcil'd,
And I confirm'd, and with all possible Speed
To make large Satisfaction to young *Beaufort*,
And her whom I have so much wrong'd, and for
Thy Trouble in her Custody, of which
I'll now discharge thee, there is nothing in
My Nerves or Fortunes, but shall ever be
At thy Devotion.

Montr. You promise faintly,
Nor doubt I the Performance; yet I would not
Hereafter be reported to have been
The principal Occasion of your falling
Into a Relapse; or but suppose out of
The Easiness of my Nature, and Assurance
You are firm, and can hold out, I could consent:
You needs must know there are so many Lets
That make against it, that it is my Wonder
You offer me the Motion, having bound me
With Oaths and Imprecations on no Terms,
Reasons, or Arguments, you could propose,
I ever should admit you to her Sight,
Much less restore her to you.

Malef. Are we Soldiers, and stand on Oaths?

Montr. 'Tis beyond my Knowledge
In what we are more worthy, than in keeping
Our Words, much more our Vows.

Malef. Heaven pardon all.

How many Thousands in our Heat of Wine,
Quarrels and Play, and in our younger Days
(In Private, I may say) between ourselves
In Points of Love, have we to answer for,
Should we be scrupulous that Way.

Montr. You say well,
And very aptly call to Memory
Two Oaths against all Ties and Rites of Friendship
Broken by you to me.

Malef. No more of that.

Montr. Yes, 'tis material, and to the Purpose:
The first (and think upon't) was, when I brought you
As a Visitant to my Mistress, then, the Mother
Of this same Daughter, whom, with dreadful Words,
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply
For my Sake never to attempt; yet then,
Then, when you had a sweet Wife of your own,
I know not with what Arts, Philtres, and Charms,
(Unless in Wealth and Fame you were above me)
You won her from me, and her Grant obtain'd,
A Marriage with the Second waited on,
The Burial of the First (that to the World
Brought your dead Son) this I sat tamely down by,
Wanting, indeed, Occasion and Power
To be at the Height revenged.

Malef. Yet this you seem'd
Freely to pardon,

Montr. As perhaps I did.

Your Daughter *Theocrine* growing ripe,
(Her Mother too deceas'd) and fit for Marriage,
I was a Suitor for her, had your Word
Upon your Honour, and our Friendship made
Authenticall, and ratified with an Oath,
She should be mine: But Vows with you being like
To your Religion, a Nose of Wax
To be turn'd every Way, that very Day
The Governor's Son but making his Approaches
Of Courtship to her, the Wind of your Ambition

For her Advancement, scatter'd the thin Sand
 In which you wrote your full Consent to me,
 And drew you to his Party. What hath pass'd since
 You bear a Register in your own Bosom,
 That can at large inform you.

Malef. Montrevile,

I do confess all that you charge me with
 To be strong Truth, and that I bring a Cause
 Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge
 That tho' your Goodness made me mine own Judge,
 I should not shew the least Compassion
 Or Mercy to myself. O, let not yet
 My Foulness taint your Pureness, or my Falshood
 Divert the Torrent of your loyal Faith.
 My Ills, if not return'd by you, will add
 Lustre to your much Good, and to o'ercome
 With noble Suff'rance will express your Strength,
 And triumph o'er my Weakness. If you please too,
 My black Deeds being only known to you,
 And in surrend'ring up my Daughter buried:
 You not alone make me your Slave (for I
 At no Part do deserve the Name of Friend)
 But in your own Breast raise a Monument
 Of Pity to a Wretch on whom with Justice
 You may express all Cruelty.

Montr. You much move me.

*Malef. O that I could but hope it, to revenge
 An Injury is proper to the Wishes
 Of feeble Women, that want Strength to act it:
 But to have Power to punish, and yet pardon,
 Peculiar to Princes, see these Knees,
 That have been ever stiff to bend to Heaven,
 To you are supple. Is there ought beyond this
 That may speak my Submission? Or can Pride
 (Though I well know it is a Stranger to you)
 Desire a Feast of more Humility
 To kill her growing Appetite?*

*Montr. I requir'd not
 To be sought in this poor Way; yet 'tis so far*

A Kind of Satisfaction, that I will
 Dispense a little with those serious Oaths
 You made me take : Your Daughter shall come to you,
 I will not say as you deliver'd her,
 But as she is, you may dispose of her
 As you shall think most requisite. [Exit Montrevile.

Malef. His last Words

Are Riddles to me. Here the Lion's Force
 Would have prov'd uselefs, and against my Nature
 Compell'd me from the Crocodile, to borrow [ward,
 Her counterfeit Tears : There's now no turning back-
 May I but quench these Fires that rage within me,
 And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it.

[The Soldiers thrust forth Theocrine; her Garments
 loose, her Hair dishevell'd.

2 *Sold.* You must be packing.

Theoc. Hath he robb'd me of
 Mine Honour, and denies me now a Room
 To hide my Shame ?

2 *Sold.* My Lord the Admiral
 Attends your Ladyship.

1 *Sold.* Close the Port, and leave 'em.

[Exeunt Soldiers.

Malef. Ha ! who is this ? how alter'd ! how deform'd !
 It cannot be. And yet this Creature has
 A Kind of a Resemblance to my Daughter,
 My *Theocrine* ! but as different
 From that she was, as Bodies dead are in
 Their best Perfections, from what they were
 When they had Life and Motion.

Theoc. 'Tis most true, Sir ;
 I am dead indeed to all but Misery.
 O come not near me, Sir, I am infectious ;
 To look on me at Distance is as dangerous
 As from a Pinnacle's Cloud-kissing Spire,
 With giddy Eyes to view the steep Descent ;
 But to acknowledge me, a certain Ruin.
 O, Sir !

Malef. Speak, *Theocrine* ; force me not

To farther Question; my Fears already
Have choak'd my vital Spirits.

Theoc. Pray you turn away
Your Face, and hear me, and with my last Breath
Give me Leave to accuse you. What Offence
From my first Infancy did I commit
That for a Punishment you should give up
My Virgin Chastity to the treacherous Guard
Of Goatish *Montrevile*?

Malef. What hath he done?

Theoc. Abus'd me, Sir, by Violence; and this told,
I cannot live to speak more: May the Cause
In you find Pardon, but the speeding Curse
Of a ravish'd Maid fall heavy, heavy on him:
Beaufort, my lawful Love, farewell for ever. [*She dies.*

Malef. Take not thy Flight so soon, immaculate Spi-
'Tis fled already. How the Innocent, [rit.
As in a gentle Slumber, pass away!
But to cut off the knotty Thread of Life,
In guilty Men, must force stern *Atropos*
To use her sharp Knife often. I would help
The Edge of her's with the sharp Point of mine,
But that I dare not die, 'till I have rent
This Dog's Heart Piecemeal. O, that I had Wings
To scale these Walls, or that my Hands were Cannons
To bore their flinty Sides, that I might bring
The Villain in the Reach of my good Sword,
The *Turkish* Empire offer'd for his Ransom
Should not redeem his Life. O that my Voice
Were loud as Thunder, and with horrid Sounds
Might force a dreadful Passage to his Ears,
And through them reach his Soul, libidinous Monster,
Foul Ravisher, as thou durst do a Deed
Which forc'd the Sun to hide his glorious Face
Behind a sable Masque of Clouds, appear,
And as a Man defend it, or like me
Shew some Compunction for it.

[*Montrevile above, the Curtain suddenly drawn.*

Montr. Ha, ha, ha!

Malef.

Malef. Is this an Object to raise Mirth?

Montr. Yes, yes.

Malef. My Daughter's dead.

Montr. Thou hadst best follow her;
Or if thou art the Thing thou art reported,
Thou should'st have led the Way. Do tear thy Hair,
Like a Village Nurse, and mourn while I laugh at thee.
Be but a just Examiner of thyself,
And in an equal Balance poize the Nothing,
Or little Mischief I have done, compar'd
With the pond'rous Weight of thine, and how canst thou
Accuse or argue with me? Mine was a Rape,
And she being in a Kind contracted to me,
The Fact may challenge some Qualification:
But thy Intent made Nature's Self run backward,
And done, had caus'd an Earthquake.

Enter Soldiers above.

1 Sold. Captain.

Montr. Ha!

2 Sold. Our Outworks are surpriz'd, the Centinel slain,
The Corps de Guard defeated too.

Montr. By whom?

1 Sold. The sudden Storm and Darknefs of the Night
Forbids the Knowledge; make up speedily,
Or all is lost.

Montr. In the Devil's Name, whence comes this?

[They descend.]

Malef. Do, do; rage on; rend open, *Æolus*,¹³

¹³ ——— Do, do, rage on, &c.

This Description of the Horrors of a guilty Mind is inimitable:—
Shakespeare has a Passage in the *Tempest*, to the same Purpose, which I
shall here set down.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous! ———

Methought the Billows spoke, and told me of it;
The Winds did sing it to me; and the Thunder,
That deep and dreadful Organpipe, pronounc'd
The Name of *Prosper*.

Act III. Scene 4.

Thy

Thy brazen Prison, and let loose at once [A Storm.
 Thy stormy Issue, blustering *Boreas*,
 Aided with all the Gales, the Pilot numbers
 Upon his Compass, cannot raise a Tempest
 Through the vast Region of the Air, like that
 I feel within me: for I am possess'd
 With Whirl-winds, and each guilty Thought to me is
 A dreadful Hurricane; though this Centre
 Labour to bring forth Earthquakes, and Hell open
 Her wide-stretch'd Jaws, and let out all her Furies,
 They cannot add an Atom to the Mountain
 Of Fears and Terrors that each Minute threaten
 To fall on my accursed Head. Ha! is't Fancy?

*Enter the Ghost of young Malefort, naked from the Waist,
 full of Wounds, leading in the Shadow of a Lady, her
 Face leprous.*¹⁴

Or hath Hell heard me, and makes Proof if I
 Dare stand the Trial? Yes, I do, and now
 I view these Apparitions, I feel
 I once did know the Substances. For what come you?
 Are your aerial Forms depriv'd of Language,
 And so deny'd to tell me? that by Signs

[The Ghosts use several Gestures.

You bid me ask here of myself? 'Tis so,
 And there is something here makes Answer for you.
 You come to launce my fear'd-up Conscience? Yes,
 And to instruct me, that those Thunderbolts,
 That hurl'd me headlong from the Height of Glory,

¹⁴ This is the only Play in which *Massinger* has introduced Ghosts: and I may venture to say that he has done it with Propriety, and Justness: For though Ghosts are very frequent in *English* Tragedies; Ghosts, as well as Fairies, seem to be the peculiar Province of *Shakespeare*. In such Circles, none but he could move with Dignity. That in *Hamlet* is introduced with the utmost Solemnity, awful throughout, and majestic. At the Appearance of *Banquo* in *Macbeth*, Act III. Scene 5. the Images are set off in the strongest Expression, and strike the Imagination with high Degrees of Horror, which is supported with surprising Art through the whole Scene."

Wealth,

Wealth, Honours, worldly Happiness, were forg'd
 Upon the Anvil of my impious Wrongs
 And Cruelty to you. I do confess it ;
 And that my Lust compelling me to make Way
 For a second Wife, I poison'd thee, and that
 The Cause (which to the World is undiscover'd)
 That forc'd thee to shake off thy Filial Duty
 To me thy Father, had its Spring and Source
 From thy Impatience to know thy Mother,
 That with all Duty and Obedience serv'd me,
 (For now with Horror I acknowledge it)

[*Answer'd still by Signs.*]

Remov'd unjustly : Yet thou being my Son,
 Wert not a competent Judge mark'd out by Heaven
 For her Revenger, which thy falling by
 My weaker Hand confirm'd. 'Tis granted by thee.
 Can any Penance expiate my Guilt ?
 Or can Repentance save me ? They are vanish'd.

[*Exeunt Ghosts.*]

What's left to do then ? I'll accuse my Fate
 That did not fashion me for nobler Uses :
 Or if those Stars, cross to me in my Birth,
 Had not deny'd their prosperous Influence to it
 With Peace of Conscience like to innocent Men,
 I might have ceas'd to be ; and not as now,
 To curse my Cause of Being.

[*He's kill'd with a Flash of Lightning.*]

Enter Belgard with Soldiers.

Belg. Here is a Night
 To season my Silks. Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee,
 Thou hast endur'd many foul Nights, but never
 One like to this : How fine my Feather looks now !
 Just like a Capon's Tail stoln out of the Pen,
 And hid in the Sink ; and yet 't had been Dishonour
 To have charg'd me without it. — Wilt thou never
 cease ?

Is the Petarde, as I gave Directions, fasten'd
On the Portcullis?

Another Sold. It hath been attempted
By divers, but in vain.

Belg. These are your Gallants,
That at a Feast take the first Place; poor I,
Hardly allow'd to follow. Marry, in
These foolish Businessses they are content
That I shall have Precedence. I much thank
Their Manners, or their Fear. Second me, Soldiers,
They have had no Time to undermine, or if
They have, 'tis but blowing up, and fetching
A Caper or two in the Air, and I will do it,
Rather than blow my Nails here.

Sold. O brave Captain!

[*Exeunt.*]

An Alarum, Noise and Cries within. A Flourish.

*Enter Beaufort sen. Beaufort jun. Montaign, Chamont,
Lanoûr, Belgard, Montrevile, Soldiers.*

Montr. Racks cannot force more from me than I have
Already told you. I expect no Favour.
I have cast up my Accompt.

Beauf. sen. Take you the Charge
Of the Fort, *Belgard*; your Dangers have deserv'd it.

Belg. I thank your Excellence; this will keep me
safe yet

From being pull'd by the Sleeve, and bid remember
The Thing I wot of.

Beauf. jun. All that have Eyes to weep,
Spare one Tear with me. *Theocrine's* dead.

Mont. Her Father too lies breathless here, I think,
Struck dead with Thunder.

Cham. 'Tis apparant: How
His Carcase smells!

Lan. His Face is alter'd to
Another Colour.

Beauf.

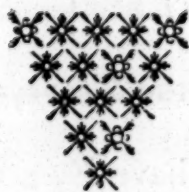
254 THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

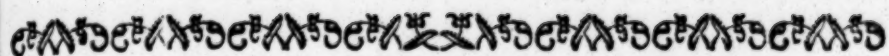
Beauf. jun. But here's one retains
Her native Innocence, that never yet
Call'd down Heaven's Anger.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis in vain to mourn
For what's past Help. We will refer, Bad Man,
Your Sentence to the King: May we make use of
This great Example, and learn from it, that
There cannot be a Want of Power above
To punish Murther, and unlawful Love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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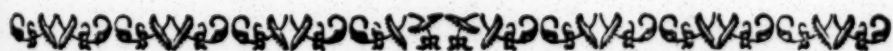


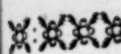


THE
BASHFUL LOVER.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it hath been often acted at the Private-House
in *Black-Friers*, by his late Majesty's Servants,
with great Applause. 1655.

WRITTEN
By PHILIP MASSINGER.

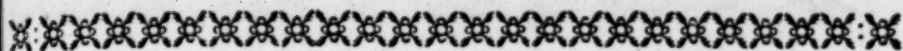




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P R O L O G U E.

THIS from our Author, far from all Offence,
 To abler Writers, or the Audience
 Met here to judge his Poem. He, by me,
 Presents his Service, with such Modesty
 As well becomes his Weakness. 'Tis no Crime,
 He hopes, as we do in this curious Time,
 To be a little diffident, when we are
 To please so many with one Bill of Fare.
 Let others, building on their Merit, say
 Y'are in the wrong, if you move not that Way
 Which they prescribe you; as you were bound to learn
 Their Maxims, but incapable to discern
 'Twixt Truth and Falshood. Ours had rather be
 Censur'd by some, for too much Obsequy,
 Than tax'd of Self-Opinion. If he hear
 That his Endeavours thriv'd, and did appear
 Worthy your View (tho' made so by your Grace,
 With some Desert) he in another Place
 Will thankfully report, one Leaf of Bays
 Truly confer'd upon this Work, will raise
 More Pleasure in him, you the Givers free,
 Than Garlands ravish'd from the Virgin-Tree.

Dramatis Personæ.

GONZAGA, Duke of *Mantua*.
LORENZO, Duke of *Tuscany*.
UBERTI, Prince of *Parma*.
FARNEZE, Cousin to *Gonzaga*.
ALONZO, Nephew to *Lorenzo*.
MANFROY, a Lord of *Mantua*.
OCTAVIO, General, once, to *Gonzaga*; now exil'd.
GOTHRIO, his Servant.
ASCANIO, a Page.
GALEAZZO, a Nobleman disguised.
JULIO, his Man,
PISANO, a *Tuscan* Lord.
MARTINIO, a Captain.
Two Captains more.
Ambassadors.
Soldiers.

MATILDA, Daughter to *Gonzaga*.
BEATRICE, her Waiting-Gentlewoman.
MARIA, Daughter to *Ottavio*, disguis'd as a Page.
Two Women.

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A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Galeazzo and Julio.

Julio.



Dare not cross you, Sir, but I would gladly
(Provided you allow it) render you
My personal Attendance.

Gal. You shall better discharge the Duty of
an honest Servant,

In following my Instructions, which you have
Receiv'd already, than in questioning
What my Intents are, or upon what Motives
My Stay's resolv'd in *Mantua*: Believe me,
That Servant overdoes, that's too officious;
And, in presuming to direct your Master,
You argue him of Weakness, and yourself
Of Arrogance and Impertinence.

Jul. I have done, Sir;
But what my Ends are —

Gal. Honest ones, I know it:
I have my Bills of Exchange, and all Provisions
Entrusted to you; you have shewn yourself
Just and discreet, what would you more? and yet,
To satisfy in some Part your curious Care,
Hear this, and leave me: I desire to be
Obscur'd; and, as I have demean'd myself

260 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

These six Months past in *Mantua*, I'll continue
Unnoted and unknown, and, at the best,
Appear no more than a Gentleman, and a Stranger
That travels for his Pleasure.

Jul. With your Pardon,
This hardly will hold Weight, tho' I should swear it,
With your noble Friends and Brother.

Gal. You may tell 'em,
Since you will be my Tutor, there's a Rumour
(Almost cry'd up into a Certainty)
Of Wars with *Florence*, and that I am determin'd
To see the Service: Whate'er I went forth,
(Heav'n prosp'ring my Intents) I would come home
A Soldier, and a good one.

Jul. Should you get
A Captain's Place, nay, Colonel's, 'twould add little
To what you are; few of your Rank will follow
That dangerous Profession.

Gal. 'Tis the noblest,
And Monarchs honour'd in it: But no more,
On my Displeasure.

Jul. Saints and Angels guard you. [Exit.]

Gal. A War indeed is threaten'd, nay, expected
From *Florence*; but it is 'gainst me already
Proclaim'd in *Mantua*: I find it, here,
No foreign, but intestine War: I have
Defy'd myself, in giving up my Reason
A Slave to Passion, and am led Captive
Before the Battle's fought: I fainted, when
I only saw mine Enemy, and yielded,
Before that I was charg'd; and, tho' defeated,
I dare not sue for Mercy. Like *Ixion*,

* ——— I find it here.

Shakespear, in *Troilus and Cressida*, has a Passage something similar
to this.

Call here my Varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the Walls of *Troy*,
That find such cruel Battle here within?

Act I. Scene 1.

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I look on *Juno*, feel my Heart turn Cinders
 With an invisible Fire: And yet, should she
 Deign to appear cloath'd in a various Cloud,
 The Majesty of the Substance is so sacred,
 I durst not clasp the Shadow. I behold her
 With Adoration; feast my Eye, while all
 My other Senses starve; and, oft frequenting
 The Place which she makes happy with her Presence,
 I never yet had Power with Tongue or Pen
 To move her to Compassion, or make known
 What 'tis I languish for; yet I must gaze still,
 Though it increase my Flame.—However, I
 Much more than fear I am observ'd, and censur'd
 For bold Intrusion. *[Walks sadly.]*

Enter Beatrice and Ascanio.

Beat. Know you, Boy, that Gentleman?

Asc. Who, Monsieur *Melancholy*? hath not your Ho-
 Mark'd him before? *[nour*

Beat. I have seen him often wait
 About the Princess' Lodgings, but ne'er guess'd
 What his Designs were.

Asc. No? what a Sigh he breath'd now!
 Many such will blow up the Roof.—On my small Credit
 There's Gunpowder in 'em.

Beat. How, Crack! Gunpowder?
 He's Flesh and Blood, and Devils only carry
 Such roaring Stuff about 'em. You cannot prove
 He is or Spirit, or Conjuror.

Asc. That I grant:
 But he's a Lover, and that's as bad; their Sighs
 Are like Petards, and blow all up.

Beat. A Lover!
 I've been in Love myself: but ne'er found yet
 That it could work such strange Effects.

Asc. True, Madam,
 In Women it cannot; for when they miss th' enjoying
 Of their full Wishes, all their Sighs and Heigh-hoes,
 R 3 At

At the worst, breed Tympanies, and these are cur'd too
With a Kifs or two of their Saint, when he appears
Between a Pair of Sheets: but with us Men
The Case is otherwise.

Beat. You will be breech'd, Boy,
For your physical Maxims—But how are you assur'd
He is a Lover?

Asc. Who, I? I know with whom too;
—But that is to be whisper'd. [*Whispers.*]

Beat. How? the Princess? th' unparallel'd *Matilda*?
Some Proof of it; I'll pay for my Intelligence.

[*Gives him Gold.*]

Asc. Let me kifs
Your Honour's Hand; 'twas ever fair, but now
Beyond Comparifon.

Beat. I guess the Reason;
A giving Hand is still fair to the Receiver.

Asc. Your Ladyship's in the right: But to the Purpose.
He is my Client, and pays his Fees as duly
As ever Ufurer did in a bad Cause
To his Man of Law; and yet I get, and take 'em
Both easily and honestly: All the Service
I do him, is, to give him Notice when
And where the Princess will appear; and that
I hope's no Treason. If you miss him, when
She goes to the Vesper or the Mattins, hang me;
Or when she takes the Air, be sure to find him
Near her Coach, at her going forth, or coming back:
But, if she walk, he's ravish'd. I have seen him smell out
Her Footing like a Lime-Hound, and knows it
From all the rest of her Train.

Beat. Yet I ne'er saw him
Present her a Petition.

Asc. Nor e'er shall:
He only fees her, sighs, and sacrifices
A Tear or two—then vanishes.

Beat. 'Tis most strange!
What a sad Aspect he wears! but I'll make use of't.
The Princess is much troubled with the Threats

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That come from *Florence* ; I will bring her to him,
The Novelty may afford her Sport, and help
To purge deep melancholy. Boy, can you stay
Your Client here for the third Part of an Hour ?
I have some Ends in't.

Asc. Stay him, Madam ? fear not :
The present Receipt of a round Sum of Crowns,
And that will draw most Gallants from their Prayers,
Cannot drag him from me.

Beat. See you do.

Asc. Ne'er doubt me, [Exit Beatrice.
I'll put him out of his Dream.—Good Morrow, Signior!

Gal. My little Friend, good Morrow ! Hath the
Slept well To-night ? [Princess

Asc. I hear not from her Women
One Murmur to the contrary.

Gal. Heav'n be prais'd for't :
Does she go to Church this Morning ?

Asc. 'Troth, I know not ;
I keep no Key of her Devotion, Signior.

Gal. Goes she abroad ? Pray tell me.

Asc. 'Tis thought rather
She is resolv'd to keep her Chamber.

Gal. Ah me !

Asc. Why do you sigh ? If that you have a Business
To be dispatch'd in Court, shew ready Money,
You shall find those that will prefer it for you.

Gal. Business ! can any Man have Business, but
To see her, than admire her, and pray for her,
She being compos'd of Goodness ? For myself,
I find it a Degree of Happiness
But to be near her ; and I think I pay
A strict religious Vow, when I behold her,
And that's all my Ambition.

Asc. I believe you :
Yet, she being absent, you may spend some Hours
With Profit and Delight too. After Dinner,
The Duke gives Audience to a rough Ambassador,
Whom yet I never saw, nor heard his Title,

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Employ'd from *Florence* : I'll help you to a Place
Where you shall see and hear all.

Gal. 'Tis not worth
My Observation.

Asc. What think you of
An excellent Comedy to be presented
For his Entertainment ? He that penn'd it, is
The Poet of the Time ; and all the Ladies
(I mean the amorous and learned ones)
Except the Princess, will be there to grace it.

Gal. What's that to me ? Without her all is nothing ;
The Light that shines in Court, *Cimmerian* Darknes ;
I will to Bed again, and there contemplate
On her Perfections.

Enter Matilda, Beatrice, and two Women.

Asc. Stay, Sir ! see the Princess,
Beyond our Hopes.

Gal. Take that. [*Gives him Money.*] As *Moors* salute
The rising Sun with joyful Superstition,
I could fall down and worship.—O my Heart !
Like *Phæbe* breaking through an envious Cloud,
Or something which no Simile can express,
She shews to me ; a reverend Fear, but blended
With Wonder and Amazement, does possess me.
Now glut thyself, my famish'd eye !

[*Aside.*

Beat. That's he,
An't please your Excellence

1 Wom. Observe his Posture,
But with a Quarter-Look.

2 Wom. Your Eye fix'd on him
Will breed Astonishment.

Matil. A comely Gentleman !
I would not question your Relation, Lady,
Yet faintly can believe it.—How he eyes me !
Will he not speak ?

Beat. Your Excellence hath depriv'd him
Of Speech and Motion.

Matil.

THE BASHFUL LOVER. 265

Matil. 'Tis most strange!

Asc. These Fits are usual with him.

Matil. Is it not, *Ascanio*,

A personated Folly? or is he a Statue?

If it be, it is a Master-piece; for Man

I cannot think him.

Beat. For your Sport, vouchsafe him

A little Conference.

Matil. In Compassion rather:

For should he love me as you say (though hopeless)

It should not be return'd with Scorn; that were

An Inhumanity, which my Birth nor Honour

Could privilege, were they greater. Now I perceive

He has Life and Motion in him; to whom, Lady,

Pays he that Duty?

[*Galeazzo, bowing, offers to go off.*]

Beat. Sans doubt, to yourself.

Matil. And whither goes he now?

Asc. To his private Lodging;

But to what End I know not: This is all

I ever noted in him.

Matil. Call him back:

In Pity I stand bound to counsel him,

Howe'er I am denied, though I were willing

To ease his Sufferings.

Asc. Signior, the Princess
Commands you to attend her.

Gal. How! the Princess?

Am I betray'd?

Asc. What a Lump of Flesh is this!

You are betray'd, Sir, to a better Fortune

Than you durst ever hope for.—What a *Tantalus*

Do you make yourself! The flying Fruit stays for you,

And the Water, that you long'd for, rising up

Above your Lip, do you refuse to taste it?

Move faster, sluggish Camel, or I will thrust

This Goad in your Breech. Had I such a promising

I should need the Reins, not Spurs.

[*Beard,*

Matil. You may come nearer.

Why

Why do you shake, Sir? If I flatter not
Myself, there's no Deformity about me,
Nor any Part so monstrous to beget
An Ague in you.

Gal. It proceeds not, Madam,
From Guilt, but Reverence.

Matil. I believe you, Sir;
Have you a Suit to me?

Gal. Your Excellence
Is wondrous fair.

Matil. I thank your good Opinion,

Gal. And I beseech you that I may have Licence
To kneel to you.

Matil. A Suit I cannot cross.

Gal. I humbly thank your Excellence.

Matil. But what
As you are prostrate on your Knee before me,
Is your Petition?

Gal. I have none, great Princess.

Matil. Do you kneel for nothing?

Gal. Yes, I have a Suit;
But such a one, as, if denied, will kill me.

Matil. Take Comfort; it must be of some strange
Unfitting you to ask, or me to grant, [Nature,
If I refuse it.

Gal. It is, Madam, ——

Matil. Out with 't.

Gal. That I may not offend you, this is all,
When I presume to look on you.

Asc. A flat Eunuch!
To look on her? I should desire myself
To move a little farther.

[*Aside.*

Matil. Only that?

Gal. And I beseech you, Madam, to believe
I never did yet with a wanton Eye,
Or cherish one lascivious Wish beyond it.

Beat. You'll never make good Courtier, or be
In Grace with Ladies.

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If that be your *Nil Ultra*.

2 Wom. He's no Gentleman,
On my Virginity, it is apparent :
My Taylor has more Boldness ; nay, my Shoe-maker
Will fumble a little farther, he could not have
The Length of my Foot else.

Matil. Only to look on me ?
Ends your Ambition there ?

Gal. It does, great Lady ;
And that confin'd too, and at fitting Distance :
The Fly that plays too near the Flame, burns in it.
A I behold the Sun, the Stars, the Temples,
I look upon you, and wish 'twere no Sin,
Should I adore you.

Matil. Come, there's something more in't ;
And since that you will make a Goddess of me,
As such a one, I'll tell you, I desire not
The meanest Altar rais'd up to mine Honour
To be pull'd down. I can accept from you
(Be your Condition ne'er so far beneath me)
One Grain of Incense with Devotion offer'd,
Beyond all Perfumes, or *Sabæan* Spices,
By one that proudly thinks he merits in it.
I know you love me.

Gal. Next to Heaven, Madam,
And with as pure a Zeal. That, we behold
With th' Eyes of Contemplation, but can
Arrive no nearer to it in this Life ;
But when that is divorc'd, my Soul shall serve yours,
And witness my Affection.

Matil. Pray you, rise ;
But wait my further Pleasure.

Enter Farneze and Uberti.

Farn. I'll present you,
And give you Proof I am your Friend, a true one ;
And in my Pleading for you, teach the Age,
That calls erroneously Friendship but a Name,

It

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It is a Substance.—Madam, I am bold
To trench so far upon your Privacy,
As to desire my Friend (let not that wrong him,
For he's a worthy one) may have the Honour
To kiss your Hand.

Matil. His own Worth challengeth
A greater Favour.

Farn. Your Acknowledgment
Confirms it, Madam. If you look on him
As he's built up a Man, without Addition
Of Fortune's liberal Favours, Wealth or Titles,
He doth deserve no usual Entertainment :
But, as he is a Prince, and for your Service
Hath left fair *Parma* (that acknowledges
No other Lord) and uncompel'd exposes
His Person to the Dangers of War,
Ready to break in Storms upon our Heads ;
In noble Thankfulness you may vouchsafe him
Nearer Respect, and such Grace as may nourish,
Not kill, his amorous Hopes.

Matil. Cousin, you know
I am not the Disposer of myself,
The Duke my Father challengeth that Power :
Yet thus much I dare promise ; Prince *Uberti*
Shall find the Seed of Service that he sows
Falls not on barren Ground.

Uber. For this high Favour
I am your Creature, and profess I owe you
Whatever I call mine. [*They walk.*]

Gal. This great Lord is
A Suitor to the Princess ?

Afc. True, he is so.

Gal. Fame gives him out too for a brave Commander.

Afc. And in it does him but deserved Right ;
The Duke hath made him General of his Horse
On that Assurance.

Gal. And the Lord *Farnexe*
Pleads for him, as it seems.

Afc. 'Tis too apparent :

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And, this consider'd, give me Leave to ask
What Hope have you, Sir?

Gal. I may still look on her,
Howe'er he wear the Garland.

Asc. A thin Diet,
And will not feed you fat, Sir.

Uber. I rejoice,
Rare Princess, that you are not to be won
By Carpet-Courtship, but the Sword: With this
Steel Pen I'll write on *Florence* Helm, how much
I can, and dare do for you.

Matil. 'Tis not question'd.
Some private Business of mine own dispos'd of,
I'll meet you in the Presence.

Uber. Ever your Servant.

[Exit Uberti and Farneze.]

Matil. Now, Sir, to you. You have observ'd, I doubt
(For Lovers are sharp-sighted) to what Purpose [not,
This Prince solicits me; and yet I am not
So taken with his Worth, but that I can
Vouchsafe you further Parley. The first Command
That I'll impose upon you, is to hear
And follow my good Counsel. I am not
Offended that you love me: persist in it;
But love me virtuously; such Love may spur you
To noble Undertakings, which atchiev'd
Will raise you into Name, Preferment, Honour:
For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my Person,
(For that's impossible) you are indebted
To your high Aims. Visit me when you please;
I do allow it, nor will blush to own you,
(So you confine yourself to what you promise)
As my virtuous Servant.

Beat. Farewel, Sir! You have
An unexpected Cordial.

Asc. May it work well!

[Exeunt all but Galeazzo.]

Gal. Your Love—yes, so she said, may spur you to
Brave Undertakings: Adding this, you may

Visit

270 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Visit me when you please. Is this allow'd me,
And any Act within the Power of Man
Impossible to be effected? No:
I will break through all Oppositions that
May stop me in my full Career to Honour;
And, borrowing Strength to do, from her high Favour,
Add, something to *Alcides'* greatest Labour. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Gonzaga; Uberti, Farneze, Manfroy, *Attendants.*

Gonz. This is your Place; and, were it in our Power,
You should have greater Honour, Prince of *Parma*.
The rest know theirs.—Let some attend with Care
On the Ambassador, and let my Daughter
Be present at his Audience. Reach a Chair,
We'll do all fit Respects; and, pray you, put on
Your milder Looks; you're in a Place where Frowns
Are no prevailing Agents.

Enter (at one Door) Alonzo and Attendants: Matilda, Beatrice, Ascanio, Galeazzo, and Waiting-Women (at the other.)

Asc. I have seen
More than a Wolf, a *Gorgon*! [Swoons.

Gonz. What's the Matter?

Matil. A Page of mine is fall'n into a Swoon:
Look to him carefully.

Gonz. Now, when you please,
The Cause that brought you hither.

Alon. The Protraction
Of my Dispatch forgotten, from *Lorenzo*
The *Tuscan* Duke, thus much to you, *Gonzaga*,
The Duke of *Mantua*. By me, his Nephew,
He does salute you fairly, and entreats
(A Word not suitable to his Power and Greatness)

You

You would consent to tender that, which he
Unwillingly must force, if contradicted.
Ambition, in a private Man a Vice,
Is in a Prince a Virtue.

Gonz. To the Purpose ;
These Ambages are impertinent.

Alon. He demands
The fair *Matilda* (for I dare not take
From her Perfections) in a noble Way ;
And in creating her the Consort of
His Royal Bed, to raise her to a Height
Her flatt'ring Hopes could not aspire to, where she
With Wonder shall be gaz'd upon, and live
The Envy of her Sex.

Gonz. Suppose this granted ?

Uber. Or, if denied, what follows ?

Alon. Present War,
With all Extremities the Conqueror can
Inflict upon the Vanquish'd.

Uber. Grant me Licence
To answer this Defiance. What Intelligence
Holds your proud Master with the Will of Heaven,
That, ere th' uncertain Dye of War be thrown,
He dares assure himself the Victory ?
Are his unjust, invading Arms of Fire ?
Or those we put on, in Defence of Right,
Like Chaff to be consum'd in the Encounter ?
I look on your Dimensions, and find not
Mine own of lesser Size ; the Blood that fills
My Veins, as hot as yours ; my Sword as sharp,
My Nerves of equal Strength, my Heart as good ;
And, confident we have the better Cause,
Why should we fear the Trial ?

Farn. You presume
You are superior in Numbers ; we
Lay hold upon the surest Anchor, Virtue ;
Which, when Tempest of the War roars loudest,
Must prove a strong Protection.

Gonz. Two main Reasons

Seconding

(Seconding those you have already heard)
 Gives us Encouragement : The Duty that
 I owe my Mother Country, and the Love
 Descending to my Daughter. For the first,
 Should I betray her Liberty, I deserv'd
 To have my Name with Infamy raz'd from
 The Catalogue of good Princes ; and I should
 Unnaturally forget I am a Father,
 If, like a *Tartar*, or for Fear or Profit,
 I should consign her as a Bond-woman
 To be dispos'd of at another's Pleasure,
 Her own Consent or Favour never su'd for,
 And mine by Force exacted. No, *Alonzo*,
 She is my only Child, my Heir ; and, if
 A Father's Eyes deceive me not, the Hand
 Of prodigal Nature hath given so much to her,
 As, in the former Ages, Kings would rise up
 In her Defence, and make her Cause their Quarrel :
 Nor can she, if that any Spark remain
 To kindle a Desire to be possess'd
 Of such a Beauty, in our Time want Swords
 To guard it safe from Violence.

Gal. I must speak,
 Or I shall burst ; now to be silent, were
 A Kind of Blasphemy. If such Purity,
 Such Innocence, an Abstract of Perfection,
 The Soul of Beauty, Virtue, in a Word,
 A Temple of Things sacred, should groan under
 The Burthen of Oppression, we might
 Accuse the Saints, and tax the Powers above us
 Of Negligence or Injustice. [*Aside.*] — Pardon, Sir,
 A Stranger's Boldness, and in your Mercy call it
 True Zeal, not Rudeness. In a Cause like this,
 The Husbandman would change his Ploughing-Irons
 To Weapons of Defence, and leave the Earth
 Untill'd, although a general Dearth should follow :
 The Student would forswear his Book ; the Lawyer
 Put of his thriving Gown, and without Pay
 Conclude this Cause is to be fought, not pleaded.

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The Women will turn *Amazons*, as their Sex
In her were wrong'd; and Boys write down their Names
I' th' Muster-book for Soldiers.

Gonz. Take my Hand —

Whate'er you are, I thank you. How are you call'd?

Gal. *Hortensio*, a *Milanese*.

Gonz. I wish *Mantua*

Had many such. My Lord Ambassador,
Some Privacy, if you please. *Manfroy*, you may
Partake it, and advise us. [They go aside.

Uber. Do you know, Friend,
What this Man is, or of what Country?

Farn. Neither.

Uber. I'll question him myself. — What are you, Sir?

Gal. A Gentleman.

Uber. But if there be Gradation
In Gentry, as the Heralds say, you have
Been over-bold i' th' Presence of your Betters.

Gal. My Betters, Sir?

Uber. Your Betters! As I take it,
You are no Prince.

Gal. 'Tis Fortune's Gift you were born one :
I have not heard that glorious Title crowns you
As a Reward of Virtue: It may be
The first of your House deserv'd it; yet his Merits
You can but faintly call your own.

Matil. Well answer'd.

Uber. You come up to me.

Gal. I would not turn my Back
If you were the Duke of *Florence*, tho' you charg'd me
I' th' Head of your Troops.

Uber. Tell me in gentler Language,
(Your passionate Speech induces me to think so)
Do you love the Princess?

Gal. Were you mine Enemy,
Your Foot upon my Breast, Sword at my Throat,
E'en then I would profess it. The Ascent
To th' Height of Honour, is by Arts or Arms :
And if such an unequal'd Prize might fall

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On him that did deserve best in Defence
Of this rare Princess, in the Day of Battle,
I should lead you a Way would make your Greatness
Sweat Drops of Blood to follow.

Uber. Can your Excellence
Hear this without Rebuke from one unknown?
Is he a Rival for a Prince?

Matil. My Lord,
You take that Liberty I never gave you.
In Justice you should give Encouragement
To him, or any Man, that freely offers
His Life to do me Service, not deter him;
I give no Suffrage to it. Grant he loves me,
As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it?
Would you have all Men hate me but yourself?
No more of this, I pray you: If this Gentleman
Fight for my Freedom, in a fit Proportion,
To his Desert and Quality, I can
And will reward him; yet give you no Cause
Of Jealousy or Envy.

Gal. Heavenly Lady!

Gonz. No Peace, but on such poor and base Condi-
We will not buy it at that Rate.—Return [tions?
This Answer to your Master: Though we wish'd
To hold fair Quarter with him, on such Terms
As Honour would give Way to, we are not
So Thunder-struck with the loud Voice of War,
As to acknowledge him our Lord before
His Sword hath made us Vassals. We long since
Have had Intelligence of the unjust Gripe
He purpos'd to lay on us; neither are we
So unprovided as you think, my Lord,
He shall not need to seek us, we will meet him
And prove the Fortune of a Day.—Perhaps,
Sooner than he expects.

Alon. And find Repentance,
When 'tis too late. Farewel! [Exit with Farnese.

Gonz. No, my Matilda,
We must not part so. Beasts and Birds of Prey

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To their last Gasp defend their Brood; and *Florence*
 Over thy Father's Breast shall march up to thee,
 Before he force Affection. The Arms
 That thou must put on for us and thyself,
 Are Pray'rs and pure Devotion, which will
 Be heard, *Matilda*. *Manfroy*, to your Trust
 We do give up the City, and my Daughter;
 On both keep a strong Guard.—No Tears, they are omi-
 O my *Ostavio*, my try'd *Ostavio*, [nous.
 In all my Dangers! now I want thy Service,
 In Passion recompenc'd with Banishment.
 Error of Princes, who hate Virtue when
 She's present with us, and in vain admire her
 When she is absent!—'Tis too late to think on't.
 The wish'd-for Time is come, Princely *Uberti*,
 To shew your Valour. Friends being to do, not talk.
 All Rhetorick is fruitless; only this,
 Fate cannot rob you of deserv'd Applause,
 Whether you win, or lose, in such a Cause. [Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Matilda Beatrice, and two Women.

Matil. NO Matter for the Ring I ask'd you for:—
 The Boy not to be found?

Beat. Nor heard of, Madam.

1 *Wom.* He hath been sought and search'd for, House
 by House,

Nay, every Nook of the City, but to no Purpose.

2 *Wom.* And how he should escape hence, the Lord
 Being so vigilant o'er the Guards, appears [Manfroy
 A Thing impossible.

Matil. I never saw him
 Since he swoon'd in the Presence, when my Father
 Gave Audience to th' Ambassador: But I feel

276 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

A sad miss of him; on any slight Occasion
He would find out such pretty Arguments
To make me Sport, and with such witty Sweetness
Deliver his Opinion, that I must
Ingenuously confess his harmless Mirth,
When I was most oppress'd with Care, wrought more
In the removing of it, than Musick on me.

Beat. An't please your Excellence, I have observ'd him
Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, on the sudden,
He would be very pensive, and then talk
So feelingly of Love, as if he had
Tasted the Bitter-Sweets of't.

1 Wom. He would tell too
A pretty Tale of a Sister, that had been
Deceiv'd by her Sweetheart; and then, weeping, swear
He wonder'd how Men could be false.

2 Wom. And that,
When he was a Knight, he'd be the Ladies Champion,
And travel o'er the World to kill such Lovers
As durst play false with their Mistresses.

Matil. I'm sure
I want his Company.

Enter Manfroy with a Letter.

Manf. There are Letters, Madam,
In Post come from the Duke; but I am charg'd
By the careful Bringer, not to open them
But in your Presence.

Matil. Heav'n preserve my Father!
Good News, an't be thy Will!

Manf. Patience must arm you
Against what's ill.

Matil. I'll hear 'em in my Cabinet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Galeazzo and Ascanio (with a Ring.)

Gal. Why have you left the Safety of the City
And Service of the Princess, to partake
The Dangers of the Camp? and at a Time too
When the Armies are in View, and every Minute
The dreadful Charge expected.

Asc. You appear
So far beyond yourself, as you are now
Arm'd like a Soldier, (though I grant your Presence
Was ever gracious) that I grow enamour'd
Of the Profession; in the Horror of it
There is a Kind of Majesty.

Gal. But too heavy
To sit on thy soft Shoulders, Youth; retire
To the Duke's Tent that's guarded.

Asc. Sir, I come
To serve you: Knight-Adventurers are allow'd
Their Pages; and I bring a Will that shall
Supply my Want of Power.

Gal. To serve me, Boy!
I wish (believe it) that 'twere in my Nerves
To do thee any Service; and thou shalt,
If I survive the Fortune of this Day,
Be satisfy'd I am serious.

Asc. I am not
To be put off so, Sir: Since you neglect
My offer'd Duty, I must use the Power
I bring along with me, that may command you:
You've seen this Ring?

Gal. Made rich by being worn
Upon the Princess' Finger.

Asc. 'Tis a Favour
To you, by me sent from her.—View it better;
But why coy to receive it?

Gal. I am unworthy

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Of such a Blessing. I have done nothing yet
That may deserve it ; no Commander's Blood
Of th' adverse Party hath yet dy'd my Sword
Drawn out in her Defence.—I must not take it.
This were a Triumph for me when I had
Made *Florence* Duke my Prisoner, and compell'd him
To kneel for Mercy at her Feet.

Asc. 'Twas sent, Sir,
To put you in Mind whose Cause it is you fight for ;
And, as I am her Creature, to revenge
A Wrong to me done.

Gal. By what Man ?

Asc. *Alonzo*.

Gal. Th' Ambassador ?

Asc. The same.

Gal. Let it suffice.

I know him by his Armour and his Horse ;
And if we meet —— I am cut off, the Alarm
Commands me hence : Sweet Youth, fall off.

Asc. I must not ;
You are too noble to receive a Wound
Upon your Back ; and, following close behind you,
I am secure, though I could wish my Bosom
Were your Defence.

Gal. Thy Kindness will undo thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lorenzo, Alonzo, Pisano, Martinio.

Lor. We'll charge the main Battalia, fall you
Upon the Van, preserve your Troops entire
To force the Rear : He dies that breaks his Ranks,
'Till all be ours and sure.

Pisa. 'Tis so proclaim'd:

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm.

Enter Galeazzo, Ascanio, and Alonzo.

Gal. 'Tis he, *Ascanio* : Stand !

Alon.

Alon. I never shun'd
A single Opposition ; but tell me
Why in the Battle ; of all Men, thou hast
Made Choice of me ?

Gal. Look on this Youth ; his Cause
Sits on my Sword.

Alon. I know him not.

Gal. I'll help
Your Memory.

[*Fight.*

Asc. What have I done ? I am doubtful
To whom to wish the Victory ; for, still
My Resolution wav'ring, I so love
The Enemy that wrong'd me, that I cannot
Without Repentance wish Success to him
That seeks to do me Right.—Alas ! he's fall'n !

[*Alonzo falls.*

As you are gentle, hold, Sir ! or, if I want
Pow'r to persuade so far, I conjure you
By her lov'd Name I'm sent from.

Gal. 'Tis a Charm
Too strong to be resisted.—He is yours.
Yet, why should you make Suit to save that Life
Which you so late desir'd should be cut off
For Injuries receiv'd, begets my Wonder.

Asc. Alas ! we foolish spleenful Boys would have
We know not what : I have some private Reasons ;
But now not to be told.

Gal. Shall I take him Prisoner ?

Asc. By no Means, Sir ; I will not save his Life
To rob him of his Honour : When you give,
Give not by Halves.—One short Word, and I follow.

[*Exit Galeazzo.*

My Lord *Alonzo*, if you have receiv'd
A Benefit, and would know to whom you owe it,
Remember what your Entertainment was
At old *Octavia's* House, one you call'd Friend,
And how you did return it,

[*Exit.*

Alon. I remember
I did not well ; but it is now no Time

To think upon't ; my wounded Honour calls
 For Reparation, I must quench my Fury
 For this Disgrace in Blood, and some shall smart for't.
 [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Uberti, Farneze (wounded)

Farn. O Prince *Uberti*, Valour cannot save us ;
 The Body of our Army's pierc'd and broken,
 The Wings are routed, and our scatter'd Troops
 Not to be rallied up.

Uber. 'Tis, yet, some Comfort,
 The Enemy must say we were not wanting
 In Courage or Direction ; and we may
 Accuse the Powers above us partial, when
 A good Cause, well defended too, must suffer
 For want of Fortune.

Farn. All is lost ; the Duke
 Too far engag'd ; I fear, to be brought off :
 Three Times I did attempt his Rescue, but
 With Odds was beaten back : Only the Stranger
 (I speak it to my Shame) still follow'd him,
 Cutting his Way ; but 'tis beyond my Hopes
 That either should return.

Uber. That noble Stranger,
 Whom I in my proud Vanity of Greatness
 As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown
 Out of my Saddle by the great Duke's Lance,
 Hors'd me again, in spight of all that made
 Resistance ; and then whisper'd in mine Ear,
 Fight bravely, Prince *Uberti* ; there's no Way, else,
 To the fair *Matilda's* Favour.

Farn. 'Twas done nobly.

Uber. In you, my Bosom-friend, I had call'd it noble :
 But such a Courtesie from a Rival, merits
 The highest Attribute.

Enter

Farn.
 We are
Uber.
Farn.
Gonz.
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Enter Galeazzo and Gonzaga.

Farn. Stand on your Guard,
We are pursu'd.

Uber. Preserv'd! Wonder on Wonder.

Farn. The Duke in Safety?

Gonz. Pay your Thanks, *Farneze*,
To this brave Man, if I may call him so,
Whose Acts were more than human. If thou art
My better Angel, from my Infancy
Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear;
For sure thou'rt more than mortal.

Gal. No, great Sir;
A weak and sinful Man; though I have done you
Some prosp'rous Service that hath found your Favour,
I'm lost unto myself; but lose not you
The offer'd Opportunity to delude
The hot pursuing Enemy: These Woods,
Nor the dark Veil of Night, cannot conceal you,
If you dwell long here.—You may rise again,
But I am fall'n for ever.

Farn. Rather borne up
To the supreme Sphere of Honour.

Uber. I confess
My Life your Gift.

Gonz. I my Liberty: You've snatch'd
The Wreath of Conquest from the Victor's Head,
And do alone, in Scorn of *Lorenzo's* Fortune,
Though we are slav'd, by true heroic Valour
Deserve a Triumph. From whence then proceeds
This poor Dejection?

Gal. In one Suit I'll tell you,
Which I beseech you grant,—I lov'd your Daughter;
But how? as Beggars in their wounded Fancy
Hope to be Monarchs: I long languish'd for her;
But did receive no Cordial, but what
Despair, my rough Physician, prescrib'd me.
At length her Goodness and Compassion found it:

And,

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And, whereas I expected, and with Reason,
The Distance and Disparity consider'd
Between her Birth and mine, she would condemn me,
The Princess gave me Comfort.

Gonz. In what Measure ?

Gal. She did admit me for her Knight and Servant,
And spur'd me to do something in this Battle
Fought for her Liberty, that might not blemish
So fair a Favour.

Gonz. This you have perform'd
To th' Height of Admiration.

Uber. I subscribe to't,
That am your Rival.

Gal. You are charitable :
But how short of my Hopes, nay, the Assurance
Of those Atchievements which my Love and Youth
Already held accomplish'd, this Day's Fortune
Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me
The Strength to do ; her Piety preserv'd
Her Father ; and her Gratitude for the Dangers
You threw yourself into for her Defence,
Protected you, by me her Instrument :
But when I came to strike in mine own Cause,
And to do something so remarkable,
That should at my Return command her Thanks
And gracious Entertainment, then, alas !
I fainted like a Coward. I made a Vow too
(And it is register'd) ne'er to presume
To come into her Presence, if I brought not
Her Fears and Dangers bound in Fetters to her,
Which now's impossible.—Hark ! the Enemy
Makes his Approaches : Save yourselves !—This only
Deliver to her Sweetness ; I have done
My poor Endeavours, and pray her not repent
Her Goodness to me. May you live to serve her,
This Loss recover'd, with a happier Fate,
And make Use of this Sword. Arms I abjure,
And Conversation of Men : I'll seek out
Some unfrequented Cave, and die Love's Martyr. [*Exit.*

Gonz.

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Gonz. Follow him.

Uber. 'Tis in vain ; his nimble Feet
Have borne him from my Sight.

Gonz. I suffer for him.

Farn. We share in it ; but must not, Sir, forget
Your Means of Safety.

Uber. In the War I've serv'd you,
And to the Death will follow you.

Gonz. 'Tis not fit :

We must divide ourselves. My Daughter, if I retain not
A Sov'reign's Power o'er thee, or Friends with you,
Do, and dispute not ; by my Example change
Your Habits : As I thus put off my Purple,
Ambition dies ; this Garment of a Shepherd
Left here by Chance will serve ; in Lieu of it
I leave this to the Owner. Raise new Forces,
And meet me at St. Leo's Fort ; my Daughter,
As I commanded *Manfroy*, there will meet us.
The City cannot hold out, we must part.
Farewell ; thy Hand —

Farn. You still shall have my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter Lorenzo, Alonzo, Pisano, Martino, Captains,
Soldiers.*

Loren. The Day is ours, tho' it cost dear ; yet 'tis not
Enough to get a Victory, if we lose
The true Use of it. We have hitherto
Held back your forward Swords, and in our Fear
Of Ambushes, defer'd the wish'd Reward
Due to your bloody Toil : But now give Freedom,
Nay, Licence to your Fury and Revenge.
Now glut yourselves with Prey. Let not the Night,
Nor these thick Woods, give Sanctuary to
The fear-struck Hares our Enemies : Fire these Trees,
And force the Wretches to forsake their Holes,
And offer their scorch'd Bodies to your Swords,

Or

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Or burn 'em as a Sacrifice to your Angers.
 Who brings *Gonzaga's* Head, or takes him Prisoner,
 (Which I incline to rather, that he may
 Be sensible of those Tortures, which I vow
 T' inflict upon him, for denial of
 His Daughter to our Bed) shall have a Blank,
 With our Hand and Signet made authentical,
 In which he may write down himself, what Wealth
 Or Honours he desires.

Alon. The great Duke's Will
 Shall be obey'd.

Pisan. Put it in Execution.

Mart. Begirt the Wood, and fire it.

Sold. Follow, follow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Farneze (with a Florentine Soldier's Coat.)

Farn. Uberti! Prince Uberti! O my Friend,
 Dearer than Life! I've lost thee! Cruel Fortune,
 Unsatisfy'd with our Sufferings! We no sooner
 Were parted from the Duke, and e'en then ready
 To take a mutual Farewel, when a Troop
 Of th' Enemy's Horse fell on us: We were forc'd
 To take the Woods again, but in our Flight
 Their hot Pursuit divided us. We had been happy
 If we had dy'd together; to survive him
 To me is worse than Death, and therefore should not
 Embrace the Means of my Escape, though offer'd.
 When Nature gave us Life, she gave a Burthen;
 But at our Pleasure not to be cast off,
 Though weary of it; and my Reason prompts me,
 This Habit of a *Florentine*, which I took
 From a dying Soldier, may keep me unknown,
 'Till Opportunity mark me out a Way
 For Flight, and with Security.

Enter

Enter Uberti.

Uber. Was there ever
Such a Night of Horror?

[*Aside.*

Farn. My Friend's Voice? I now
In Part forgive thee, Fortune.

Uber. The Wood flames,
The Bloody Sword devours all that it meets,
And Death in several Shapes rides here in Triumph.
I'm like a Stag, clos'd in a Toil, my Life,
As soon as found, the cruel Huntsman's Prey:
Why fly'st thou, then, what is inevitable?
Better to fall with manly Wounds before
Thy cruel Enemy, than survive thine Honour:
And yet to charge him, and die unreveng'd,
Mere Desperation.

Farn. Heroic Spirit!

[*Aside.*

Uber. Mine own Life I contemn, and would not save
But for the future Service of the Duke,
And Safety of his Daughter; having Means,
If I escape, to raise a second Army,
And what is nearest to me, to enjoy
My Friend *Farneze*.

[it

Farn. I am still his Care.

[*Aside.*

Uber. What shall I do? If I call loud, the Foe
That hath begirt the Wood, will hear the Sound.
Shall I return by the same Path? I cannot;
The Darkness of the Night conceals it from me:
Something I must resolve.

Farn. Let Friendship rouse
Thy sleeping Soul, *Farneze*: Wilt thou suffer
Thy Friend, a Prince, nay, one that may set free
Thy captiv'd Country, perish, when 'tis in
Thy Power with this Disguise to save his Life?
Thou hast liv'd too long, therefore resolve to die;
Thou hast seen thy Country ruin'd, and thy Master
Compell'd to shameful Flight; the Fields and Woods
Strew'd o'er with Carcases of thy Fellow-Soldiers:

The

These Miseries thou art fall'n in, and before
 Thy Eyes the Horror of this Place, and thousand
 Calamities to come; and after all these
 Can any Hope remain? Shake off Delays,
 Dost thou doubt yet? To save a Citizen,
 The conqu'ring *Roman*, in a General,
 Esteem'd the highest Honour; can it be then
 Inglorious to preserve a Prince? thy Friend?
Uberti, Prince *Uberti*, use this Means
 Of thy Escape; conceal'd in this thou may'st
 Pass through the Enemy's Guards.—The Time denies
 Longer Discourse: Thou hast a noble End;
 Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying Friend. [Exit.

Uber. Farneze, stay thy hasty Steps: *Farneze*!
 Thy Friend *Uberti* calls thee.—'Tis in vain;
 He's gone to Death an Innocent, and makes Life,
 The Benefit he confers on me, my Guilt.
 Thou art too covetous of another's Safety;
 Too prodigal and careless of thine own.
 'Tis a Deceit in Friendship to enjoin me
 To put this Garment on, and live, that he
 May have alone the Honour to die nobly.
 O cruel Pity, in our equal Danger
 To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thy Friend!
 It must not be.—I will restore his Gift
 And die before him.—How? where shall I find him?
 Thou art o'ercome in Friendship. Yield, *Uberti*,
 To the Extremity of the Time, and live:
 A heavy Ransom! but it must be paid.
 I will put on this Habit: Pitying Heaven,
 As it loves Goodness, may protect my Friend,
 And give me Means to satisfy the Debt
 I stand engag'd for; if not, pale Despair,
 I dare thy Worst; thou canst but bid me die,
 And so much I'll force from an Enemy. [Exit.

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

Enter Alonzo, Pifano, Farneze (bound) Soldiers (with Torches) Farneze's Sword in one of the Soldiers Hands.

Alon. I know him, he's a Man of Ransom.

Pifan. True.

But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me.

Alon. I forc'd him to the Woods.

Pifan. But my Art found him;
Nor will I brook a Partner in the Prey
My Fortune gave me.

Alon. Render him, or expect
The Point of this.

Pifan. Wer't Lightning, I would meet it
Rather than be out-brav'd.

Alon. I thus decide the Difference.

Pifan. My Sword shall plead my Title. [*They fight.*

Enter Lorenzo, Martinio, two Captains.

Lor. Ha! where learn'd you this Discipline? My
Commanders

Oppos'd 'gainst one another? What blind Fury
Brings forth this Brawl? *Alonzo and Pifano*
At bloody Difference!—Hold! or I tilt
At both as Enemies.—Now speak, how grew
This strange Division?

Pifan. Against all Right;
By Force *Alonzo* strives to reap the Harvest
Sown by my Labour.

Alon. Sir, this is my Prisoner,
The Purchase of my Sword, which proud *Pifano*,
That hath no Interest in him, would take from me.

Pifan. Did not the Presence of the Duke forbid me,
I would say—

Alon. What?

Pifan. 'Tis false,

[*Lor.*

Lor. Before my Face? —

Keep 'em afunder. And was this the Cause
Of such a mortal Quarrel? This the Base
To raise your Fury on? The Ties of Blood,
Of Fellowship in Arms, Respect, Obedience
To me your Prince and General, no more
Prevailing on you? This a Price for which
You would betray our Victory, or wound
Your Reputation with Mutinies,
Forgetful of yourselves, Allegiance, Honour?
This is a Course to throw us headlong down
From that proud Height of Empire, upon which
We were securely seated. Shall Division
O'erturn what Concord built? If you desire
To bathe your Swords in Blood, the Enemy
Still flies before you: Would you have Spoil, the Coun-
Lies open to you. O unheard-of Madness! [try
What greater Mischief could *Gonzaga* with us,
Than you pluck on our Heads?—No, my brave Leaders,
Let Unity dwell in our Tents, and Discord
Be banish'd to our Enemies.

Alon. Take the Prisoner,
I do give up my Title.

Pisan. I desire
Your Friendship, and will buy it. He is yours.

[*They embrace.*

Alon. No Man's a faithful Judge in his own Cause:
Let the Duke determine of him; we are Friends, Sir.

Lor. Shew it in Emulation to o'ertake
The flying Foe: This cursed Wretch dispos'd of,
With our whole Strength we'll follow.

[*Exeunt Alonzo and Pifano embracing.*

Farn. Death at length
Will set a Period to Calamity.

Enter Uberti like a Soldier, and shuffles in among 'em.

I see it in this Tyrant's Frowns haste to me.

Lor.

Lor.
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Lor. Thou Machine of this Mischief, look to feel
Whate'er the Wrath of an incensed Prince
Can pour upon thee : With thy Blood I'll quench
(But drawn forth slowly) the invisible Flames
Of Discord;—by thy Charms first fetch'd from Hell,
Then forc'd into the Breasts of my Commanders.
—Bring forth the Tortures.

Uber. Hear, victorious Duke,
The Story of my miserable Fortune,
Of which this Villain (by your sacred Tongue
Condemn'd to die) was the immediate Cause :
And, if my humble Suit have Justice in it,
Vouchsafe to grant it.

Lor. Soldier, be brief ;
Our Anger cannot brook a long Delay.

Uber. I am the last
Of three Sons, by one Father got, and train'd up
With his best Care for Service in your Wars :
My Father dy'd under his fatal Hand,
And two of my poor Brothers. Now I hear,
(Or Fancy, wounded by my Grief, deludes me)
Their pale and mangled Ghosts, crying for Vengeance
On Perjury and Murder.—Thus the Case stood.—
My Father (on whose Face he durst not look
In equal Mart) by his Fraud circumvented,
Became his Captive. We his Sons, lamenting
Our old Sire's hard Condition, freely offer'd
Our utmost for his Ransom. That refus'd,
The subtle Tyrant, for his cruel Ends,
(Conceiving that our Piety might ensnare us)
Propos'd my Father's Head to be redeem'd,
If two of us would yield ourselves his Slaves.
We, upon any Terms resolv'd to save him,
Though with the Loss of Life which he gave to us ;
With an undaunted Constancy drew Lots
(For each of us contended to be one)
Who should preserve our Father. I was exempted ;
But, to my more Affliction, my Brothers
Deliver'd up. The perjur'd Homicide

Laughing in Scorn, and by his hoary Locks
Pulling my wretched Father on his Knees,
Said thus : " Receive the Father you have ransom'd ;"
And instantly struck off his Head.

Lor. Most barbarous !

Farn. I never saw this Man.

Lor. One Murmur more,
I'll have thy Tongue pull'd out.—Proceed.

Uber. Conceive, Sir,
How thunderstruck we stood, being made Spectators
Of such an unexpected Tragedy :
Yet this was a Beginning, not an End
To his intended Cruelty ; for, pursuing
Such a Revenge as no *Hyrcean* Tygres,
Robb'd of her Whelps, durst aim at, in a Moment
Treading upon my Father's Trunk, he cut off
My pious Brothers Heads, and threw 'em at me.
Oh, what a Spectacle was this ! What Mountain
Of Sorrow overwhelm'd me ! My poor Heart-strings,
As tenter'd by his Tyranny, crack'd ; my Knees
Beating 'gainst one another, Groans and Tears
Blended together follow'd ; not one Passion
Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.
Now, mighty Sir, (bathing your Feet with Tears)
Your Suppliant's Suit is, that he may have Leave,
With any Cruelty Revenge can fancy,
To sacrifice this Monster, to appease
My Father's Ghost and Brothers.

Lor. Thou hast obtain'd it :
Choose any Torture ; let the Memory
Of what thy Father and thy Brothers suffer'd
Make thee ingenious in it ; such a one
As *Phalaris* would wish to be call'd his.
Martinio, guarded with your Soldiers, see
The Execution done ; but bring his Head,
On Forfeiture of your own, to us : Our Presence
Long since was elsewhere look'd for.

[Exit, with Attendants.]

Mari.

Mart. Soldier, to work ;
Take any Way thou wilt, for thy Revenge,
Provided that he die. His Body's thine ;
But I must have his Head.

Uber. I have already
Concluded of the Manner.—O just Heaven,
The Instrument I wish'd for offer'd me !

Mart. Why art thou rap'd thus ?

Uber. In this Soldier's Hand
I see the Murtherer's own Sword ; I know it ;
Yes, this is it by which my Father and
My Brothers were beheaded : Noble Captain,
Command it to my Hand.—Stand forth and tremble :
This Weapon, of late drunk with innocent Blood,
Shall now carouse thine own. Pray, if thou canst ;
For, though the World shall not redeem thy Body,
I would not kill thy Soul.

Farn. Canst thou believe
There is a Heav'n, or Hell, or Soul ? Thou hast none,
In Death to rob me of my Fame, my Honour,
With such a forged Lye ? Tell me, thou Hangman,
Where did I ever see thy Face ? or when
Murder'd thy Sire or Brothers ? Look on me,
And make it good : Thou dar'st not.

Uber. Yes I will [Unbinds his Arms.
In one short Whisper ; and, that told, thou art dead.
I am *Uberty*.—Take thy Sword, fight bravely ;
We'll live or die together.

Mart. We are betray'd.

[*Martinio struck down, the Soldiers run away.*

Farn. And have I Leave once more, brave Prince,
My Head on thy true Bosom ? [to ease

Uber. I glory more
To be thy Friend, than in the Name of Prince,
Or any higher Title.

Farn. My Preserver !

Uber. The Life you gave to me, I but return ;
And pardon, dearest Friend, the bitter Language
Necessity made me use.

Farn. O Sir, I am
Outdone in all ; but comforted, that none
But you can wear the Laurel.

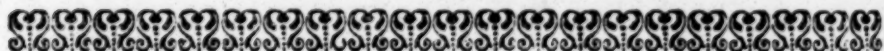
Uber. Here's no Place
Or Time to argue this ; let us fly hence.

Farn. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Mart. A thousand Furies keep you Company !
I was at the Gate of — but now I feel
My Wound's not mortal ; I was but astonish'd,
And, coming to myself, I find I am
Reserv'd for th' Gallows. There's no looking on
Th' enraged Duke, Excuses will not serve ;
I must do something that may get my Pardon ;
If not, I know the worst, a Halter ends all. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Octavio (a Book in his Hand.)

Oct. 'TIS true, by Proof I find it, Human Reason
Views with such dim Eyes what's good or
That, if the great Disposer of our Being [*ill,*
Should offer to our Choice all worldly Blessings,
We know not what to take.—When I was young,
Ambition of Court-Preferment fir'd me :
And, as there were no Happiness beyond it,
I labour'd for't and got it : No Man stood
In greater Favour with his Prince ; I had
Honours and Offices ; Wealth flow'd unto me ;
And, for my Service both in Peace and War,
The general Voice gave out I did deserve 'em.
But, O vain Confidence in subordinate Greatness !
When I was most secure it was not in
The Power of Fortune to remove me from

The

The Flat I firmly stood on, in a Moment
My Virtues were made Crimes, and popular Favour
(To new-raiſ'd Men ſtill fatal) bred Suspicion
That I was dangerous ; which no ſooner enter'd
Gonzaga's Breaſt, but ſtrait my Ruin follow'd ;
My Offices were taken from me, my 'State ſeiz'd on ;
And, had I not prevented it by Flight,
The Jealouſy of the Duke had been remov'd
With the Forfeiture of my Head.

Galeazzo *within.*

Gal. Or ſhew Compaſſion,
Or I will force it.

Off. Ha ! is not Poverty ſafe ?
I thought proud War, that aim'd at Kingdoms Ruins,
The Sack of Palaces and Cities, ſcorn'd
To look on a poor Cottage.

Enter Galeazzo, with Aſcanio in his Arms, Gothrio following.

Goth. What would you have ? The Devil ſleeps in
my Pocket ; I have no Croſs to drive him from it. Be
you or Thief or Soldier, or ſuch a Beggar as will not
be denied, My Scrip, my Tar-Box, Hook and Coat
will prove but a thin Purchase ; if you turn my Inſide
Outwards, you'll find it true.

Gal. Not any Food ? *[Searches his Scrip.]*

Goth. Alas ! Sir, I am no Glutton. but an Under-
Shepherd ; the very Picture of Famine ; judge by my
Cheeks, elſe : I have my Pittance by Ounces, and ſtarve
myſelf, when I pay a Penſioner I have, an ancient Mouſe,
a Crum a-meal.

Gal. No Drop left ? *[Takes the Bottle.]*
Drunkard ! haſt thou ſwill'd up all ?

Goth. How ! Drunkard, Sir ? I am a poor Man :
You miſtake me, Sir : Alas ! Drunkard's a Title for
the Rich, my Betters ; a Calling in Repute.—Some
fell

sell their Lands for't, and roar Wine's better than Money. Our poor Beverage of Buttermilk or Whey, allay'd with Water, ne'er raise our Thoughts so high. Drunk ? I had never the Credit to be so yet.

Gal. Ascanio,

Look up, dear Youth, *Ascanio*, did thy Sweetness Command the greedy Enemy to forbear To prey upon it ? And I thank my Fortune For suff'ring me to live, that in some Part I might return thy Courtesies : And now, To heighten my Afflictions, must I be Inforc'd, no pitying Angel near to help us, Heav'n deaf to my Complaints too, to behold thee Die in my Arms for Hunger ?—No Means left To lengthen Life a little ? I will open A Vein, and pour my Blood, not yet corrupted With any sinful Act, but pure as he is, Into his famish'd Mouth.

Off. Young Man, forbear
Thy savage Pity ; I have better Means
To call back flying Life

[They apply themselves to Ascanio.]

Goth. You may believe him ; it is his Sucking-Bottle, and confirms, An Old Man's twice a Child ; his Nurse's Milk was ne'er so chargeable : Should you put it too for Soap and Candles, tho' he sell his Flock for't, the Baby must have this Dug : He swears 'tis ill for my Complexion, but wond'rous comfortable for an old Man that would never die.

Off. Hope well, Sir :
A temperate Heat begins to thaw his Numbness ;
The Blood too by Degrees takes fresh Possession
On his pale Cheeks ; his Pulse beats high. —Stand off,
Give him more Air, he stirs.

[Gothrio steals the Bottle.]

Goth. And have I got thee,
Thou Bottle of Immortality !

Asc. Where am I ?
What cruel Hand hath forc'd back wretched Life ?

Is

Is Rest in Death deny'd me?

Goth. O sweet Liquor!

Were here enough to make me drunk, I might
Write myself Gentleman, and never buy
A Coat of th' Heralds.

Oct. How now, Slave?

Goth. I was fainting,
A clown-like Qualm seiz'd on me; but I am
Recover'd, Thanks to your Bottle, and begin
To feel new Stirrings, gallant Thoughts.—One Draught
Will make me a perfect Signior. [more

Oct. A tough Cudgel
Will take this gentle Itch off: Home to my Cottage,
See all Things handsome.

Goth. Good Sir, let me have
The Bottle along to smell to:—O rare Perfume! [*Ex.*
Gal. Speak once more, dear *Ascanio*! How he eyes
you,

Then turns away his Face! Look up, sweet Youth!
The Object cannot hurt you; this good Man,
Next Heav'n, is your Preserver.

Asc. Would I had perish'd
Without Relief, rather than live to break
His good old Heart with Sorrow. O my Shame!
My Shame! my never dying Shame!

Oct. I have been
Acquainted with this Voice, and know the Face too:
—'Tis she, 'tis too apparent; O my Daughter!
I mourn'd long for thy Loss; but thus to find thee,
Is more to be lamented.

Gal. How? your Daughter?

Oct. My only Child: I murmur'd against Heaven
Because I had no more; but now I find
This one too many. Is *Alonzo* gluttred

[*Ascanio weeps.*

With thy Embraces?

Gal. At his Name a Shower
Of Tears falls from her Eyes.—She faints again.
Grave Sir, over-rule your Passion, and defer

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The Story of your Fortune. On my Life
 She is a worthy one : Her Innocence
 Might be abus'd ; but Mischief's Self wants Power
 To make her guilty. Shew yourself a Father
 In her Recovery ; then as a Judge,
 When she hath Strength to speak in her own Cause,
 You may determine of her.

Off. I much thank you
 For your wise Counsel : You direct, Sir,
 As one indebted more to Years, and I
 As a Pupil will obey you. Not far hence
 I have a homely Dwelling ; if you please there
 To make some short Repose, your Entertainment,
 Tho' coarse, shall relish of a Gratitude ;
 And that's all I can pay you. Look up, Girl,
 Thou'rt in thy Father's Arms.

Gal. She's weak and faint still :—
 O spare your Age ! I'm young and strong, and this Way
 To serve her is a Pleasure, not a Burthen :
 Pray you, lead the Way.

Off. The Saints reward your Goodness. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Manfroy, and Matilda (disguis'd)

Matil. No Hope of Safety left ?

Manf. We are descry'd.

Matil. I thought that, cover'd in this poor Disguise,
 I might have pass'd unknown.

Manf. A Diamond,
 Though set in Horn, is still a Diamond,
 And sparkles as in purest Gold. We're follow'd :
 Out of the Troops that scour'd the Plains, I saw
 Two gallant Horsemen break forth (who by their
 Brave Furniture and Habiliments for the War
 Seem'd to command the rest) spurring hard towards us.
 See with what winged Speed they climb the Hill,
 Like Falcons on the Stretch to seize the Prey ;

Now

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Matil.
 My Cou
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Manf.
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Matil.
 Part of
Daphne
Manf.
 Defend

Alon.
 She shew
Pisan
 Like to
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 Her Be
 From w
 But we
Pisan

Gal.
 I have c
Maria,

Now they dismount, and on their Hands and Knees
O'ercome the steep Ascent that guards us from them.
Your Beauty hath betray'd you ; for it can
No more be Night when bright *Apollo* shines
In our Meridian, than that be conceal'd.

Matil. It is my Curse, not Blessing ; fatal to
My Country, Father, and myself.——Why did you
Forfake the City ?

Manf. 'Twas the Duke's Command ——
No Time to argue that ; we must descend ;
If undiscover'd your soft Feet (unus'd
To such rough Travail) can but carry you
Half a League hence, I know a Cave which will
Yield us Protection.

Matil. I wish I could lend you
Part of my Speed ; for me, I can outstrip
Daphne or *Atalanta*.

Manf. Some good Angel
Defend us, and strike blind our hot Pursuers ! [Exeunt.

Enter Alonzo and Pisano.

Alon. She cannot be far off.—How gloriously
She shew'd to us in the Valley !

Pisan. In my Thought,
Like to a blazing Comet.

Alon. Brighter far :
Her Beams of Beauty made the Hill all Fire ;
From whence remov'd, 'tis cover'd with thick Clouds.
But we lose Time ; I'll take that Way.

Pisan. I this. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Galeazzo, dress'd as a Shepherd.

Gal. 'Tis a Degree of Comfort in my Sorrow,
I have done one good Work in reconciling
Maria, long hid in *Ascanio's* Habit,

To

298 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

To griev'd *Ottavio*. What a Sympathy
 I found in their Affections! She with Tears
 Making a free Confession of her Weakness,
 In yielding up her Honour to *Alonzo*,
 Upon his Vows to marry her: *Ottavio*
 Prepar'd to credit her Excuses, nay,
 T' extenuate her Guilt; she the Delinquent,
 And Judge, as 'twere, agreeing.—But to me,
 The most forlorn of Men, no Beam of Comfort
 Deigns to appear; nor can I in my Fancy
 Fashion a Means to get it: To my Country
 I'm lost for ever, and 'twere Impudence
 To think of a Return.—Yet this I could
 Endure with Patience: But to be divorc'd
 From all my Joy on Earth, the Happiness
 To look upon the Excellence of Nature,
 That is Perfection in herself, and needs not
 Addition or Epithet, Rare *Matilda*
 Would make a Saint blaspheme. Here, *Galeazzo*,
 In this obscure Abode 'tis fit thou should'st
 Consume thy Youth, and grow old in lamenting
 Thy Star-cross'd Fortune, in this Shepherd's Habit;
 This Hook thy best Defence; since thou could'st use
 (When thou didst fight in such a Princess' Cause)
 Thy Sword no better. [Lies down.]

Enter Alonzo, Pifano, Matilda.

Matil. Are you Men, or Monsters?
 Whither will you drag me? Can the open Ear
 Of Heav'n be deaf, when an unspotted Maid
 Cries out for Succour!

Pifan. 'Tis in vain; cast Lots
 Who shall enjoy her first.

Alon. Flames rage within me,
 And such a Spring of Nectar near to quench 'em!
 My Appetite shall be cloy'd first.—Here I stand
 Thy Friend, or Enemy; let me have Precedence,
 I write a Friend's Name in my Heart; deny it,
 As an Enemy I defy thee. *Pifan.*

Pisan. Friend or Foe

In this alike I value ; I disdain
To yield Priority.—Draw thy Sword.

Alon. To sheath it

In thy ambitious Heart.

Matil. O curb this Fury,

And hear a wretched Maid first speak,

Gal. I'm Marble.

Matil. Where shall I seek out Words, or how restrain
My Enemy's Rage, or Lovers'?—Oh the latter
Is far more odious! [*Aside.*] Did not your Lust
Provoke you, for that is its proper Name,
My Chastity were safe ; and yet I tremble more
To think what dire Effects Lust may bring forth,
Than what, as Enemies, you can inflict,
And less I fear it. Be Friends to yourselves,
And Enemies to me : Better I fall
A Sacrifice to your Attonement, than
Or one, or both, should perish. I'm the Cause
Of your Division ; remove it, Lords,
And Concord will spring up : Poison this Face
That hath bewitch'd you ; this Grove cannot want
Aspicks or Toads, Creatures, though justly call'd
For their Deformity the Scorn of Nature,
More happy than myself with this false Beauty
(The Seed and Fruit of Mischief) you admire so.
I thus embrace your Knees, and yours a Suppliant,
If Tigers did not nurse you, or you suck
The Milk of a fierce Lioness, shew Compassion
Unto yourselves in being reconciled,
And Pity to poor me, my Honour safe,
In taking loath'd Life from me.

Pisan. What shall we do ?

Or end our Difference in killing her,
Or fight it out ?

Alon. To the last Gasps. I feel

The moist Tears on my Cheeks, and blush to find
A Virgin's Complaints can move so.

Pisan. To prevent

Her

300 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Her Flight while we contend, let's bind her fast
To this Cypress-Tree.

Alon. Agreed.

Matil. It does presage
My Funeral Rites.

Gal. I shall turn Atheist,
If Heaven see and suffer this. Why did I
Abandon my good Sword? with unarm'd Hands
I cannot rescue her. Some Angel pluck me
From the Apostacy I'm falling to,
And by a Miracle lend me a Weapon
To underprop falling Honour.

Pisan. She is fast,
Resume your Arms.

Alon. Honour, Revenge, the Maid too
Lie at the Stake.

Pisan. Which thus I draw —

[*They fight,
Pisano falls.*]

Alon. All's mine.

But bought with some Blood of mine own. *Pisano,*
Thou wert a noble Enemy; wear that Laurel
In Death to comfort thee; for the Reward,
'Tis mine now without Rival.

[*Galeazzo snatches up Pisano's Sword.*]

Gal. Thou art deceiv'd;
Men will grow up, like to the Dragon's Teeth
From *Cadmus'* Helm sown in the Field of *Mars*,
To guard pure Chastity from Lust and Rape.
Libidinous Monster, Satyr, Fawn, or what
Does better speak thee Slave to Appetite
And sensual Baseness; if thy profane Hand
But touch this Virgin Temple, thou art dead.

Matil. I see the Aid of Heav'n, tho' slow, is sure.

Alon. A rustic Swain dare to retard my Pleasure?

Gal. No Swain, *Alonzo*, but her Knight and Servant,
To whom the World should owe and pay Obedience;
One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under
His Arm, that spar'd thy Life in the late Battle
At th' Intercession of the Princess' Page.
Look on me better.

Matil.

Matil. 'Tis my virtuous Lover :

Under his Guard 'twere Sin to doubt my Safety.

Alon. I know thee, and with Courage will redeem
What Fortune then took from me.

Gal. Rather keep *[Fight. Alonzo falls.]*
Thy Compeer Company in Death.—Lie by him,
A prey for Crows and Vultures : These fair Arms,
[He unbinds Matilda.]

Unfit for Bonds, should have been Chains to make
A Bridegroom happy, though a Prince, and proud
Of such Captivity. Whatsoe'er you are,

I glory in the Service I have done you ;
But I intreat you pay your Vows and Prayers
For Preservation of your Life and Honour,
To the most virtuous Princess, chaste *Matilda*.

I am her Creature, and what Good I do
You truly may call hers ; what's Ill, mine own.

Matil. You never did do Ill, my virtuous Servant ;
Nor is it in the Pow'r of poor *Matilda*
To cancel such an Obligation as
With humble Willingness she must subscribe to.

Gal. The Princess ? Ha !

Matil. Give me a fitter Name,
Your manumis'd Bondwoman, but even now
In the Possession of Lust, from which
Your more than brave heroic Valour bought me :
And can I then, for Freedom unexpected,
But kneel to you, my Patron ?

Gal. Kneel to me !

For Heav'n's sake rise ; I kiss the Ground you tread on,
My Eyes fix'd on the Earth ; for I confess
I am a Thing not worthy to look on you,
'Till you have sign'd my Pardon.

Matil. Do you interpret
The much Good you have done me, an Offence ?

Gal. The not performing your Injunctions to me,
Is more than capital : Your Allowance of
My Love and Service to you, with Admission
To each Place you made Paradise with your Presence,
Should

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Should have enabled me to bring home Conquest :
Then, as a Sacrifice, to offer it
At the Altar of your Favour. Had my Love
Answer'd your Bounty or my Hopes, an Army
Had been as Dust before me ; whereas I
Like a Coward turn'd my Back, and durst not stand
The Fury of th' Enemy.

Matil. Had you done nothing
In the Battle, this last Act deserves more
Than I, the Duke my Father joining with me,
Can ever recompence. But take your Pleasure ;
Suppose you have offended, in not grasping
Your boundless Hopes, I thus seal on your Lips
A full Remission.

Gal. Let mine touch your Foot,
Your Hand's too high a Favour.

Matil. Will you force me
To ravish a Kiss from you ?

Gal. I'm intranc'd.

Matil. So much Desert and Bashfulness should not
march [me

In the same File. Take Comfort ; when you've brought
To some Place of Security, you shall find
You have a Seat here, a Heart that hath
Already study'd, and vow'd to be thankful.

Gal. Heav'n make me so ! Oh, I am overwhelm'd
With an Excess of Joy ! Be not too prodigal,
Divinest Lady, of your Grace and Bounties
At once ; if you are pleas'd, I shall enjoy 'em.
Not taste 'em, and expire.

Matil. I'll be more sparing. [Exeunt.

Enter Octavio, Gothrio, and Maria.

Oct. What Noise of clashing Swords, like Armour
fashion'd
Upon an Anvil, pierc'd mine Ears ? The Echo
Redoubling the loud Sound through all the Vallies,
This Way the Wind assures me that it came.

Goth.

THE BASHFUL LOVER. 303

Goth. Then, with your Pardon, I'll take this.

Off. Why, Sirrah?

Goth. Because, Sir, I will trust my Heels before
All Winds that blow in the Sky : We are wiser far
Than our Grandfathers were, and in this I'll prove it ;
They said, "Haste to the Beginning of a Feast,
(There I am with 'em) " but to the End of a Fray,"
That is apocryphal ; 'tis more canonical
Not to come there at all.—After a Storm
There are still some Drops behind.

Mar. Pure Fear hath made
The Fool a Philosopher.

Off. See, *Maria*, see !

I did not err ; here lie two brave Men welt'ring
In their own Gore.

Mar. A pitiful Object.

Goth. I am in a Swoon to look on't.

Off. They are stiff already.

Goth. But are you sure they're dead ?

Off. Too sure, I fear.

Goth. But are they stark dead ?

Off. Leave prating !

Goth. Then I am valiant, and dare come nearer to 'em.
This Fellow without a Sword shall be my Patient.

Off. Whate'er they are, Humanity commands us
To do our best Endeavour.—Run, *Maria*,
To th' neighbour Spring for Water ; you'll find there
A wooden Dish, the Beggar's Plate, to bring it in.

[*Exit Maria.*

Why dost not, dull Drone, bend his Body, and feel
If any Life remain ?

Goth. By your Leave
He shall die first, and then I'll be his Surgeon.

Off. Tear ope his Doublet,
And prove if his Wounds be mortal.

Goth. Fear not me, Sir :
Here's a large Wound ——— How it is swoln and im-
posthum'd !——

[*His Pocket.*
This

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This must be cunningly drawn out; should it break,
[Pulls out his Purse.

'Twould strangle him: What a deal of foul Matter's
here! — [His little Pocket.

This hath been long a gathering: Here's a Gash too
On the Rim of his Belly, it may have Matter in it.
He was a cholerick Man, sure: What comes from him
[Gold.

Is yellow as Gold: How! troubled with the Stone too?
[A Diamond Ring.

I'll cut you for this.

Pisan. Oh, oh! [Starts up and quakes.

Goth. He roars before I touch him.

Pisan. Robb'd of my Life?

Goth. No, Sir; nor of your Money
Nor Jewel; I keep 'em for you.—If I had been
A perfect Mountebank, he had not liv'd
To call for his Fees again.

Oth. Give me Leave—There's Hope of his Recovery.

Goth. I had rather bury him quick [not.
Than part with my Purchase; let his Ghost walk, I care

Enter Maria (with a Dish of Water.)

Oth. Well done, *Maria*, lend thy helping Hand:
He hath a deep Wound in his Head, wash off
The clotted Blood.—He comes to himself.

Alon. My Lust!

The Fruit that grows upon the Tree of Lust!
With Horror now I taste it.

Oth. Do you not know him?

Mar. Too soon.—*Alonzo*! Ah me! though disloyal,
Still dear to thy *Maria*.

Goth. So they know not
My Patient, all's cock-sure: I do not like
The Romanish Restitution.

Oth. Rise and leave him.
Applaud Heav'n's Justice.

Mar.

Mar.
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Oth.

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Mar.

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Act II. S
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VOL.

Mar. 'Twill become me better
T'implore its saving Mercy.

Off. Hast thou no Gall?
No Feeling of thy Wrongs?

Mar. Turtles have none;
Nor can there be such Poison in her Breast
That truly loves, and lawfully.

Off. True, if that Love
Be plac'd on a worthy Subject. What he is,
In thy Disgrace is publish'd; Heav'n hath mark'd him
For Punishment, and 'twere rebellious Madness
In thee t' attempt to alter it: Revenge,
A sovereign Balm for Injuries, is more proper
To thy robb'd Honour. Join with me, and thou
Shalt be thyself the Goddess of Revenge,
This Wretch the Vassal of thy Wrath: I'll make him,
While yet he lives, partake those Torments which
For perjur'd Lovers are prepar'd in Hell,
Before his curs'd Ghost enter it. This Oil,
Extracted and sublim'd from all the Simples
The Earth when swoln with Venom e'er brought forth,
Pour'd in his Wounds, shall force such Anguish as
The Furies' Whips but imitate²; and when
Extremity of Pain shall hasten Death,
Here is another that shall keep in Life,
And make him feel a Perpetuity
Of ling'ring Tortures.

² *The Furies' Whips but imitate.*

Many of the Images in this Play are very noble, and shew great Strength of Imagination; but to remark every Beauty of an Author would be displeasing: Readers love to judge for themselves; however, I shall here set down the following from the Play before us, Act II. Scene the last, spoken by *Uberti* in behalf of his Friend *Farneze*, whom he delivers by Stratagem,

Oh what a Spectacle was this! What Mountain
Of Sorrow overwhelm'd me! My poor Heartstrings,
As tenter'd by his Tyranny, crack'd; my Knees
Beat against one another; Groans and Tears
Blended together follow'd; not one Passion
Calamity ever yet express'd forgotten.

306 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Goth. Knock 'em both o' th' Head, I say,
And it be but for their Skins ; they are embroider'd,
And will sell well i' th' Market.

Mar. Ill-look'd Devil,
Tie up thy bloody Tongue !—O Sir ! I was slow
In beating down those Propositions which
You urge for my Revenge ; my Reasons being
So many, and so forcible, that make
Against yours, that, until I had collected
My scatter'd Powers, I waver'd in my Choice
Which I should first deliver. Fate hath brought
My Enemy (I can faintly call him so)
Prostrate before my Feet : Shall I abuse
The Bounty of my Fate, by trampling on him ?
He alone ruin'd me, nor can any Hand
But his rebuild my late demolish'd Honour.
If you deny me Means of Reparation,
To satisfy your Spleen, you are more cruel
Than ever yet *Alonzo* was ; you stamp
The Name of Strumpet on my Forehead, which
Heav'n's Mercy would take off ; you fan the Fire
E'en ready to go out ; forgetting that
'Tis truly noble, having Power to punish,
Nay, King-like, to forbear it. I would purchase
My Husband by such Benefits, as should make him
Confess himself my Equal, and disclaim
Superiority.

Off. My Blessing on thee !
What I urg'd, was a Trial ; and my Grant
To thy Desires shall now appear, if Art
Or long Experience can do him Service ;
Nor shall my Charity to this be wanting,
Howe'er unknown. Help me, *Maria*. You, Sir,
Do your best to raise him.—So.

Goth. He's wond'rous heavy.—
But the Porter's paid, there's the Comfort.

Off. 'Tis but a Trance,
And 'twill forsake both.

Mar.
He will
Confirm
And pay

Mar.

Lor. M
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Lor.

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St. *Leo*,
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Mar.

THE BASHFUL LOVER. 307

Mar. If I live, I fear not
He will redeem all, and in Thankfulness
Confirm he owes you for a second Life,
And pays the Debt in making me his Wife. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lorenzo, and Captains.

Lor. **MANTUA** is ours; place a strong Garrison
in it

To keep it so; and as a due Reward
To your brave Service, be our Governor in it.

1 Capt. I humbly thank your Excellence. [*Exit.*

Lor. Gonzaga

Is yet out of our Gripe; but his strong Fort
St. Leo, which he holds impregnable

By th' Aids of Art, as Nature, shall not long
Retard our absolute Conquest. The Escape

Of fair *Matilda*, my supposed Mistress,

(For whose desir'd Possession 'twas given out
I made this War) I value not. Alas!

Cupid's too feeble-ey'd to hit my Heart;

Or, could he see, his Arrows are too blunt

To pierce it; his imagin'd Torch is quench'd

With the more glorious Fire of my Ambition

T' enlarge my Empire. Soft and filken Amours,

With Carpet-courtship, which weak Princes stile

The happy Issue of a flourishing Peace,

My Toughness scorns. Were there an Abstract made

Of all the eminent and canoniz'd Beauties

By Truth recorded, or by Poets feign'd,

I could unmov'd behold it; as a Picture,

Commend the Workmanship, and think no more on't;

U 2

I have

308 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

I have more noble Ends.—Have you not heard, yet,
Of *Alonzo*, or *Pisano*?

2 *Capt.* My Lord, of neither.

Lor. Two turbulent Spirits, unfit for Discipline,
Much less Command in War; if they were lost,
I shall not pine with Mourning.

Enter Martinio, Matilda, Galeazzo, and Guard.

Mart. Bring 'em forward;
This will make my Peace, tho' I had kill'd his Father;
Besides the Reward that follows.

Lor. Ha! *Martinio*?

Where is *Farneze's* Head?—Dost thou stare? and where
The Soldier that desir'd the Torture of him?

Mart. An't please your Excellence ———

Lor. It doth not please us.

Are our Commands obey'd?

Mart. *Farneze's* Head, Sir,
Is a Thing not worth your Thought; the Soldier's less,
I have brought your Highness such a Head! a Head
So well set on too! a fine Head ———

Lor. Take that

[*Strikes him.*

For thy Impertinence: What Head, ye Rascal?

Mart. My Lord, if they that bring such Presents to
Are thus rewarded, there are few will strive [you
To be near your Grace's Pleasures: But I know
You will repent your Choler. Here's the Head;
And, now I draw the Curtain, it hath a Face too,
And such a Face ———

Lor. Ha!

Mart. View her all o'er, my Lord;
My Company on't, she's sound of Wind and Limb,
And will do her Labour tightly, a *Bona Roba*:
And for her Face, as I said, there are Five Hundred
City-dub'd Madams in the Dukedom, that would part
with [Head, Maid.

Their Jointures to have such another.—Hold up your

Lor. Of what Age is the Day?

Mart.

Mart. Sir, since Sun-rising
About two Hours.

Lor. Thou ly'st; the Sun of Beauty,
In modest Blushes on her Cheeks, but now
Appear'd to me, and in her Tears breaks forth
As through a Show'r in *April*; every Drop
An Orient Pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd,
Were Ear-rings for the Catholick King,
Worn on his Birth-day.

Mart. Here's a sudden Change.

Lor. Incens'd *Cupid*, whom e'en now I scorn'd,*
Hath took his Stand, and by Reflexion shines
(As if he had two Bodies, or indeed
A Brother-twin whom Sight cannot distinguish)
In her fair Eyes.—See how they head their Arrows
With her bright Beams; now frown, as if my Heart,
Rebellious to their Edicts, were unworthy,
Should I rip up my Bosom, to receive
A Wound from such Divine Artillery.

Mart. I am made for ever.

Matil. We are lost, dear Servant.

[*Aside.*

Gal. Virtue's but a Word;
Fortune rules all.

Matil. We are her Tennis-Balls,

Lor. Allow her fair, her Symmetry and Features
So well proportion'd, as the heavenly Object
With Admiration would strike *Ovid* dumb,
Nay, force him to forget his Faculty
In Verse, and celebrate her Praise in Prose,
What's this to me? I that have pass'd my Youth
Unscorch'd with wanton Fires, my sole Delight
In glitt'ring Arms, my conq'ring Sword my Mistress;
Neighing of barbed Horse, the Cries and Groans
Of vanquish'd Foes suing for Life, my Musick:

* 'Tis dangerous to contemn the Pow'r of Love,
He rules o'er all Things, and is King above.

OTWAY.

310 THE BASHFUL LOVER,

And shall I in the Autumn of my Age,³
Now when I wear the Livery of Time
Upon my Head and Beard, suffer myself
To be transform'd, and like a puling Lover,
With Arms thus folded up, echo *Ay me's!*
And write myself a Bondman to my Vassal?
It must not, nay, it shall not be: Remove
The Object, and th' Effect dies.—Nearer, *Martinio*.

Mart. I shall have a Regiment.—Colonel *Martinio*,
I cannot go less. [Aside.

Lor. What Thing is this thou hast brought me?

Mart. What Thing? Heaven bless me! are you a
Florentine?

Nay, the Great Duke of *Florentines*, and having had her
So long in your Power, do you now ask what she is?
Take her aside and learn; I have brought you that
I look to be dearly paid for.

Lor. I am a Soldier;
And Use of Women will, *Martinio*, rob
My Nerves of Strength.

Mart. All Armour, and no Smock?
Abominable! A little of the one with the other
Is excellent: I ne'er knew General yet,
Nor Prince that did deserve to be a Worthy,
But he desir'd to have his Sweat wash'd off
By a juicy Bedfellow.

Lor. But say she be unwilling
To do that Office?

Mart. Wrestle with her, I will wager
Ten to one on your Grace's Side.

Lor. Slave, hast thou brought me
Temptation in a Beauty not to be
With Pray'rs resisted; and in Place of Counsel

³ And shall I in the Autumn of my Age.

Thus *Shakespear* in *Macbeth*,

———— My Way of Life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf.

Act V. Scene 3.

To master my Affections, and to guard
 My Honour now besieg'd by Lust, with the Arms
 Of sober Temperance, mark me out a Way
 To be a Ravisher? Would thou had'st shewn me
 Some Monster, though in a more ugly Form
 Than *Nile* or *Africk* ever bred. The Basilisk
 (Whose envious Eye yet never brook'd a Neighbour)
 Kills but the Body. Her more potent Eye
 Buries alive mine Honour: Shall I yield thus?
 And all brave Thoughts of Victory and Triumphs,
 The Spoils of Nations, the loud Applauses
 Of happy Subjects made so by my Conquests;
 And, what's the Crown of all, a glorious Name
 Insculp'd on Pyramids to Posterity,
 Be drench'd in *Lethe*, and no Object take me
 But a weak Woman, rich in Colours only,
 Too delicate to touch, and some rare Features
 Which Age or sudden Sickness will take from her;
 And where's then the Reward of all my Service?
 Love-soothing Passions, nay Idolatry
 I must pay to her. Hence, and with thee take
 This second, but more dangerous *Pandora*,
 Whose fatal Box, if open'd, will pour on me
 All Mischiefs that Mankind is subject to.
 To the Desarts with this *Circe*, this *Calypso*,
 This fair Enchantress; let her Spells and Charms
 Work upon Beasts and thee, than whom wise Nature
 Ne'er made a yiler Creature.

Matil. Happy Exile!

Gal. Some Spark of Hope remains yet.

Mart. Come, you're mine now;

I will remove her where your Highness shall not
 Or see or hear more of her.—What a Sum,
 Will she yield for the *Turk's* Seraglio!

Lor. Stay, I feel

A sudden Alteration.

Mart. Here are fine Whimfies.

Lor. Why should I part with her? Can any Foulness
 Inhabit such a clean and gorgeous Palace?

The Fish, the Fowl, the Beasts may safer leave
 The Elements they were nourish'd in, and live,
 Than I endure her Absence.—Yet her Presence
 Is a Torment to me: Why do I call it so?
 My Sire enjoy'd a Woman, I had not been, else;
 He was a complete Prince, and shall I blush
 To follow his Example? Oh! but my Choice,
 Though she gave Suffrage to it, is beneath me:
 But even now in my proud Thoughts I scorn'd
 A Princess, fair *Matilda*; and is't decreed
 For Punishment, I straight must doat on one,
 What, or from whence, I know not? Grant she be
 Obscure, without a Coat or Family,
 Those I can give.—And yet, if she were noble,
 My Fondness were more pardonable.—*Martinio*,
 Dost thou know thy Prisoner?

Mart. Do I know myself?

I kept that for the Lenvoy; 'tis the Daughter
 Of your Enemy, Duke *Gonzaga*.

Lor. Fair *Matilda*!

I now call to my Memory her Picture,
 And find this is the Substance; but her Painter
 Did her much Wrong, I see it.

Mart. I am sure

I tugg'd hard for her; here are Wounds can witness,
 Ere I could call her mine.

Lor. No Matter how:

Make thine own Ransom, I will pay it for her.

Mart. I knew 'twould come at last.

Matil. We're lost again.

Gal. Variety of Afflictions!

Lor. That his Knee,

That never yet bow'd to Mortality, [Kneels.
 Kisses the Earth, happy to bear your Weight,
 I know, begets your Wonder: Hear the Reason,
 And cast it off.—Your Beauty does command it.
 'Till now, I never saw you; Fame hath been
 Too sparing in Report of your Perfections,
 Which now with Admiration I gaze on.

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Be not afraid, fair Virgin; had you been
Employ'd to mediate your Father's Cause,
My Drums had been unbrac'd, my Trumpets hung up;
Nor had the Terror of the War e'er frighted
His peaceful Confines; your Demands had been,
As soon as spoke, agreed to. But you'll answer,
And may with Reason, Words make no Satisfaction
For what's in Fact committed. Yet, take Comfort,
Something my pious Love commands me do,
Which may call down your Pardon.

Matil. This Expression
Of Reverence to your Person, better suits
[Takes him up and kneels.]

With my low Fortune. That you deign to love me,
My Weakness would persuade me to believe
(Though conscious of mine own Unworthiness)
You being as the liberal Eye of Heaven
Which may shine where it pleases. Let your Beams
Of Favour warm and comfort, not consume me!
For, should your Love grow to Excess, I dare not
Deliver what I fear.

Lor. Dry your fair Eyes;
I apprehend your Doubts, and could be angry
If humble Love could warrant it, you should
Nourish such base Thoughts of me. Heav'n bear Witness,
And, if I break my Vow, dart Thunder at me,
You are, and shall be, in my Tent as free
From Fear of Violence; as a cloyster'd Nun
Kneeling before the Altar. What I purpose
Is yet an Embrion; but, grown into Form,
I'll give you Power to be the sweet Disposer
Of Blessings unexpected; that your Father,
Your Country, People, Children yet unborn too,
In holy Hymns on Festivals shall sing
The Triumph of your Beauty. On your Hand
Once more I swear it.—O imperious Love!
Look down, and, as I truly do repent,
Prosper the good Ends of thy Penitent. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Octavio and Maria.

Oct. You must not be too sudden, my *Maria*,
 In being known.—I'm, in this Friar's Habit,
 As yet conceal'd.—Though his Recovery
 Be almost certain, I must work him to
 Repentance by Degrees. When I would have you
 Appear in your true Shape of Sorrow to
 Move his Compassion, I will stamp thus — Then
 You know to act your Part.

Mar. I shall be careful.

[*Exit Mar.*

Oct. If I can cure the Ulcers of his Mind,
 As I despair not of his Body's Wounds,
 Felicity crowns my Labour. *Gothrio!*

Enter Gothrio.

Goth. Here, Sir.

Oct. Desire my Patients to leave their Chamber,
 And take fresh Air here. How have they slept?

Goth. Very well, Sir.

I would we were soon rid of 'em.

Oct. Why?

Goth. I fear one hath the Art of Memory, and will
 Remember his Gold and Jewels: Could you not minister
 A Potion of Forgetfulness? What would Gallants
 That are in Debt, give me for such a Receipt
 To pour in their Creditors Drink?

Oct. You shall restore all:

Believ't you shall.—Will you please to walk?

Goth. Will you please to put off
 Your holy Habit, and spic'd Conscience? One
 I think infects the other.

[*Exit.*

Oct. I have observ'd
 Compunction in *Alonzo*; he speaks little,
 But full of retir'd Thoughts: The other is

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Jocund and merry, no doubt, because he hath
The less Accompt to make here.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Reverend Sir,
I come to wait your Pleasure ; but, my Friend,
(Your Creature I should say, being so myself)
Willing to take further Repose, entreats
Your Patience a few Minutes.

Off. At his Pleasure :
Pray you sit down ; you are faint still.

Alon. Growing to Strength,
I thank your Goodness : But my Mind is troubled,
Very much troubled, Sir ; and I desire,
Your pious Habit giving me Assurance
Of your Skill and Power that Way, that you would please
To be my Mind's Physician.

Off. Sir, to that
My Order binds me, if you please to unload
The Burthen of your Conscience, I will minister
Such heavenly Cordials as I can, and set you
In a Path that leads to Comfort.

Alon. I will open
My Bosom-secrets to you.—That I am
A Man of Blood, being brought up in the Wars,
And cruel Executions my Profession,
Admits not to be question'd : But in that,
Being a Subject, and bound to obey
Whate'er my Prince commanded, I have left
Some Shadow of Excuse : With other Crimes,
As Pride, Lust, Gluttony (it must be told)
I am besmear'd all over.

Off. On Repentance
Mercy will wash it off.

Alon. O Sir, I grant
These Sins are deadly ones ; yet their Frequency
With wicked Men, make them less dreadful to us.
But I am conscious of one Crime, with which

All

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All Ills I have committed from my Youth
Put in the Scale weigh nothing : Such a Crime,
So odious to Heaven and Man, and to
My fear'd-up Conscience so full of Horror,
As Penance cannot expiate.

OE. Despair not,
'Tis impious in Man to prescribe Limits
To the Divine Compassion.—Out with it.

Alon. Hear then, good Man ; and when that I have
given you

The Character of it, and confess'd myself
The Wretch that acted it, you must repent
The Charity you have extended towards me.

Not long before these Wars began, I had
Acquaintance ('tis not fit I stile it Friendship,
That being a Virtue, and not to be blended
With vicious Breach of Faith) with th' Lord *Ostavio*,
The Minion of his Prince and Court, set off
With all the Pomp and Circumstance of Greatness :
To this, then happy, Man I offer'd Service,
And with Insinuation wrought myself
Into his Knowledge, grew familiar with him,
Ever a welcome Guest. This noble Gentleman
Was bless'd with one fair Daughter, (so he thought
And boldly might believe so, for she was
In all Things excellent without a Rival)
'Till I (her Father's Mass of Wealth before
My greedy Eyes, but hood-wink'd to mine Honour)
With far more subtle Arts than perjur'd *Paris*
Ere practis'd on poor credulous *Oenone*,
Besieg'd her Virgin-Fort, in a Word, took it ;
No Vows or Imprecation forgotten
With Speed to marry her.

OE. Perhaps she gave you
Just Cause to break those Vows.

Alon. She Cause ? alas !
Her Innocence knew no Guilt, but too much Favour
To me unworthy of it : 'Twas my Baseness,
My foul Ingratitude.—What shall I say more ?

The

The good *Octavio* no sooner fell
In the Displeasure of his Prince, his 'State
Confiscated, and he forc'd to leave the Court,
And she expos'd to Want, but all my Oaths
And Protestation of Service to her,
Like seeming Flames rais'd by Enchantment, vanish'd ;
This, this sits heavy here.

Oct. He speaks as if
He were acquainted with my Plot. [*Aside.*] You have
Reason

To feel Compunction, for 'twas most inhuman
So to betray a Maid.

Alon. Most barbarous.

Oct. But does your Sorrow for the Fact beget
An Aptness in you to make Satisfaction
For th' Wrong you did her ?

Alon. Gracious Heaven ! an Aptness ?
It is my only Study : Since I tasted
Of your Compassion, these Eyes ne'er were clos'd ;
But fearful Dreams cut off my little Sleep,
And, being awake in my Imagination,
Her Apparition haunted me.

Oct. 'Twas mere Fancy. [*He stamps.*]

Alon. 'Twas more, grave Sir—Nay, 'tis——Now it
appears.

Enter Maria.

Oct. Where ?

Alon. Do you not see there the gliding Shadow
Of a fair Virgin ? That is she, and wears
The very Garments that adorn'd her when
She yielded to my Crocodile Tears : A Cloud
Of Fears and Diffidence then so chac'd away
Her purer White and Red, as it foretold
That I should be disloyal. Blessed Shadow !
For 'twere a Sin, far, far exceeding all
I have committed, to hope only that
Thou art a Substance : Look on my true Sorrow,
Nay, Soul's Contrition ; hear again those Vows
My Perjury cancell'd, stamp'd in Brass, and never
To be worn out——

Enter

Enter Gothrio.

Mar. I can endure no more ;
Action, not Oaths, must make me Reparation :
I am *Maria*.

Alon. Can this be ?

Off. It is,
And I *Othario*.

Alon. Wonder on Wonder !
How shall I look on you ? or with what Forehead
Desire your Pardon ?

Mar. You truly shall deserve it
In being constant.

Off. If you fall not off,
But look on her in Poverty with those Eyes
As when she was my Heir in Expectation,
You thought her beautiful.

Alon. She's in herself
Both *Indies* to me.

Goth. Stay, she shall not come
A Beggar to you, my sweet young Mistress ! no,
She shall not want a Dower : Here's White and Red
Will ask a Jointure ; but how you should make her one,
Being a Captain, would beget some Doubt,
If you should deal with a Lawyer.

Alon. I have seen this Purse.

Goth. How the World's given—I dare not say to Lying, because you are a Soldier ; you may say as well, this Gold is mark'd too : you, being to receive it, should ne'er ask how I got it. I'll run for a Priest to dispatch the Matter ; you shall not want a Ring, I have one for the Purpose. Now, Sir, I think I'm honest. [*Exit.*]

Alon. This Ring was *Pisano's*.

Off. I'll dissolve this Riddle at better Leisure :
The Wound given to my Daughter, which in your Honour
You're bound to cure, exacts our present Care. [*nour*]

Alon. I am all yours, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, Manfroy.

Gonz. Thou hast told too much to give Assurance that
Her Honour was too far engag'd to be
By human Help redeem'd : If thou hadst given
Thy sad Narration this full Period,
She's dead ; I had been happy. [Weeps.]

Uber. Sir, these Tears
Do well become a Father ; and my Eyes
Would keep you Company as a forlorn Lover,
But that the burning Fire of my Revenge
Dries up those Drops of Sorrow. We once more,
Our broken Forces rallied up, and with
Full Numbers strengthen'd, stand prepar'd t' endure
A second Trial ; nor let it dismay us
That we are once again to affront the Fury
Of a victorious Army ; their Abuse
Of Conquest hath disarm'd themselves, and call'd down
The Pow'rs above to aid us. I have read
Some Piece of Story, yet ne'er found but that
The General, that gave Way to Cruelty,
The Profanation of Things Sacred, Rapes
Of Virgins, Butchery of Infants, and
The Massacre in Cold Blood of reverend Age,
Against the Discipline and Law of Arms,
Did feel the Hand of Heav'n lie heavy on him,
When most secure.—We have had a late Example ;
And let us not despair but that, in *Lorenzo*,
It will be seconded.

Gonz. You argue well,
And 'twere a Sin in me to contradict you :
Yet we must not neglect the Means that's lent us
To be the Ministers of Justice.

Uber. No, Sir :
One Day giv'n to refresh our weary'd Troops,
Tir'd with a tedious March, we'll be no longer
Coop'd

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Coop'd up, but charge the Enemy in his Trenches,
And force him to a Battle. [*Shouts within.*]

Gonz. Ha! how's this?

In such a general Time of Mourning, Shouts
And Acclamations of Joy?

Within they cry,

Long live the Princess! Long live Matilda!

Uber. Matilda!

The Princess' Name!

Matilda, oft re-echo'd.

Enter Farneze.

Gonz. What speaks thy Haste?

Farn. More Joy and Happiness
Than weak Words can deliver, or strong Faith
Almost give Credit to: The Princess lives.—
I saw her, kiss'd her Hand.

Gonz. By whom deliver'd?

Farn. That is not to be 'stall'd by my Report,
This only must be told.—As I rode forth
With some choice Troops to make Discovery
Where th' Enemy lay, and how intrench'd, a Leader
Of th' adverse Party, but unarm'd, and in
His Hand an Olive-branch, encounter'd me.
He shew'd the Great Duke's Seal that gave him Power
To parley with me: His Desires were, that
Assurance for his Safety might be granted
To his Royal Master, who came as a Friend,
And not as an Enemy, to offer to you
Conditions of Peace: I yielded to it.
This being return'd, the Duke's *Prætorium* open'd;
When suddenly, in a triumphant Chariot
Drawn by such Soldiers of his own as were
For Insolence after Victory condemn'd
Unto this slavish Office, the fair Princess
Appear'd, a Wreath of Laurel on her Head,
Her Robes majestical, their Richness far
Above all Value, as if the present Age

Con-

Contended that a Woman's Pomp should dim
The glitt'ring Triumphs of the *Roman Cæsars*.
—I am cut off; no Cannon's Throat now thunders,
Nor Fife nor Drum beat up a Charge; choice Musick
Ushers the Parent of Security,
Long-absent Peace.

Manf. I know not what to think on't.

Uber. May it poise the Expectation!

*Enter Soldiers (unarm'd, with Olive Branches) Captains,
Lorenzo, Galeazzo, Martino, Matilda, (a Wreath
of Laurel on her Head, in her Chariot drawn through
them.)*

Gonz. Thus to meet you,
Great Duke of *Tuscany*, throws Amazement on me:
But to behold my Daughter, long since mourn'd for,
And lost even to my Hopes, thus honour'd by you,
With an Excess of Comfort overwhelms me:
And yet I cannot truly call myself
Happy in this Solemnity, 'till your Highness
Vouchsafe to make me understand the Motives
That in this peaceful Way hath brought you to us.

Lor. I must crave Licence first; for know, *Gonzaga*,
I'm subject to another's Will, and can
Nor speak nor do without Permission from her.
My curled Forehead, of late terrible

*[While Lorenzo speaks, Uberti and the rest
present themselves to Matilda.]*

To those that did acknowledge me their Lord,
Is now as smooth as Rivers when no Wind stirs:
My Frowns or Smiles, that kill'd or sav'd, have lost
Their potent Awe, and Sweetness: I am transform'd
(But do not scorn the Metamorphosis)
From that fierce Thing Men held me; I am captiv'd,
And by the irresistible Force of Beauty
Led hither as a Prisoner. Is't your Pleasure that
I shall deliver those Injunctions which
Your absolute Command impos'd upon me,

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Or deign yourself to speak 'em?

Matil. Sir, I am

Your Property, you may use me as you please ;
But what is in your Power and Breast to do,
No Orator can dilate so well.

Lor. I obey you.

That I came hither as an Enemy,
With hostile Arms, to th' utter Ruin of
Your Country, what I have done makes apparent :
That Fortune seconded my Will, the late
Defeat will make good : That I resolv'd
To force the Scepter from your Hand, and make
Your Dukedom tributary, my Surprizal
Of *Mantua* your Metropolis can well witness :
And that I cannot fear the Change of Fate,
My Army, flesh'd in Blood, Spoil, Glory, Conquest,
Stand ready to maintain : Yet, I must tell you
By whom I am subdu'd, and what's the Ransom
I am commanded to lay down.

Gonz. My Lord,

You humble yourself too much ; 'tis fitter you
Should first propose, and we consent.

Lor. Forbear,

The Articles are here subscrib'd and sign'd
By my obedient Hand : All Prisoners
Without a Ransom set at Liberty ;
Mantua to be deliver'd up ; the Rampiers
Ruin'd in the Assault, to be repair'd ;
The Loss the Husbandman receiv'd, his Crop
Burnt up by wanton Licence of the Soldier
To be made good — with whatsoever else
You could impose on me, if you had been
The Conqu'ror, I your Captive.

Gonz. Such a Change

Wants an Example : I must owe this Favour
To th' Clemency of the old heroic Valour,
That spar'd when it had Power to kill ; a Virtue
Buried long since, but rais'd out of the Grave.
By you to grace this latter Age.

Lor. Mistake not

The

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The Cause that did produce this good Effect,
If as such you receive it: 'Twas her Beauty
Wrought first on my rough Nature; but the Virtues
Of her fair Soul, dilated in her Converse,
That did confirm it.

Matil. Mighty Sir, no more:
You honour her too much, that is not worthy
To be your Servant.

Lor. I have done; and now
Would gladly understand that you allow of
The Articles propounded.

Gonz. Do not wrong
Your Benefits with such a Doubt; they are
So great and high, and with such Reverence
To be receiv'd, that, if I should profess
I hold my Dukedom from you as your Vassal,
Or offer'd up my Daughter as you please
To be dispos'd of, in the Point of Honour
And a becoming Gratitude, 'twould not cancel
The Bond I stand engag'd for.—But accept
Of that which I can pay: My All is yours, Sir;
Nor is there any here (though I must grant
Some have deserv'd much from me, for so far
I dare presume) but will surrender up
Their Interest to that your Highness shall
Deign to pretend a Title.

Uber. I subscribe not
To this Condition.

Farn. The Services this Prince
Hath done your Grace in your most Danger,
Are not to be so slighted.

Gal. 'Tis far from me
To urge my Merits; yet, I must maintain
How'er my Power is less, my Love is more:
Nor will the gracious Princess scorn t' acknowledge
I've been her humble Servant.

Lor. Smooth your Brows:
I'll not incroach upon your Right, for that were
Once more to force Affection (a Crime

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With which should I the second Time be tainted,
I did deserve no Favour; neither will I
Make use of what is offer'd by the Duke,
Howe'er I thank his Goodness. I'll lay by
My Power; and though I should not brook a Rival,
(What we are, well consider'd) I'll descend
To be a third Competitor. He that can
With Love and Service best deserve the Garland,
With your Consent let him wear it; I despair not
The Trial of my Fortune.

Gonz. Bravely offer'd,
And like yourself, great Prince.

Uber. I must profess
I am so taken with it, that I know not
Which Way t' express my Service.

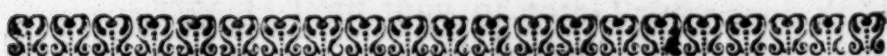
Gal. Did I not build
Upon the Princess' Grace, I could sit down,
And hold it no Dishonour.

Matil. How I feel
My Soul divided! All have deserv'd so well,
I know not where to fix my Choice.

Gonz. You have
Time to consider. Will you please to take
Possession of the Fort? Then, having tasted
The Fruits of Peace, you may at Leisure prove
Whose Plea will prosper in the Court of Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Alonzo, Octavio, Pisano, Maria (with a Purse)
Gothrio.*

Alon. **Y**OU need not doubt, Sir, were not Peace
proclaim'd,
And celebrated with a general Joy, The

The high Displeasure of the *Mantuan* Duke,
 Rais'd on just Grounds, not jealous Suppositions.
 The saving of our Lives (which, next to Heaven,
 To you alone is proper) would force Mercy
 For an Offence, though capital.

Pisan. When the Conqueror
 Uses Entreaties, they are arm'd Commands
 The Vanquish'd must not check at.

Mar. My Piety pay the Forfeit,
 If Danger come but near you! I have heard
 My gracious Mistress often mention you,
 (When I serv'd her as a Page) and feelingly
 Relate how much the Duke her Sire repented
 His hasty Doom of Banishment, in his Rage
 Pronounc'd against you.

Off. In a private Difference,
 I grant that Innocence is a Wall of Brass,
 And scorns the hottest Battery: But, when
 The Cause depends between the Prince and Subject,
 'Tis an unequal Competition; Justice
 Must lay her Balance by, and use her Sword
 For his Ends that protect it. I was banish'd,
 And, 'till revok'd from Exile, to tread on
 My Sovereign's Territories with forbidden Feet,
 The severe Letter of the Law calls Death;
 Which I am subject to in coming so near
 His Court and Person. But my only Child
 Being provided for, her Honour salv'd too,
 (I thank your noble Change) I shall endure
 Whate'er can fall, with Patience.

Alon. You have us'd
 That Medicine too long; prepare yourself
 For Honour in your Age, and rest secure of't.

Mar. Of what is your Wisdom musing?

Goth. I am gazing on this gorgeous House; our
 Cot's a Dishclout to it: It has no Sign.—What do you
 call't?

Mar. The Court;
I've liv'd in't a Page.

Goth. Page! very pretty:
May I not be a Page? I am old enough,
Well-timber'd too, and I've a Beard to carry it:
Pray you, let me be your Page; I can swear already
Upon your Pantoffle.

Mar. What?

Goth. That I'll be true
Unto your Smock.

Mar. How, Rascal?

Off. Hence, and pimp
To your Rams and Ewes; such foul Pollution is
To be whipp'd from Court. I've now no more Use of
Return to you Trough. [you;

Goth. Must I feed on Husks,
Before I have play'd the Prodigal?

Off. No, I'll reward
Your Service; live in your own Element
Like an honest Man; all that is mine in the Cottage
I freely give you.

Goth. Your Bottles too, that I carry
For your own Tooth?

Off. Full as they are.

Mar. And Gold,
That will replenish 'em.

Goth. I'm made for ever.
This was done i' th' Nick.

Off. Why in the Nick?

Goth. O Sir! 'twas well for me that you did reward
my Service

Before you enter'd the Court; for 'tis reported
There is a Drink of Forgetfulness, which once tasted,
Few Masters think of their Servants, who, grown old,
Are turn'd off like lame Hounds and Hunting Horses,
To starve on the Commons.

Alon. Bitter Knave!

Enter

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Enter Martinio.

There's Craft i' the clouted Shoe.* Captain!

Mart. I am glad to kiss
Your valiant Hand, and yours: But pray you, take No-
My Title's chang'd, I am a Colonel. [tice

Pisan. A Colonel! where's your Regiment?

Mart. Not rais'd yet;
All the old ones are cashier'd, and we are now
To have a new Militia. All is Peace here,
Yet I hold my Title still, as many do
That never saw an Enemy.

Alon. You are pleasant,
And it becomes you. Is the Duke stirring?

Mart. Long since,
Four Hours at least; but yet not ready.

Pisan. How?

Mart. Even so; you make a Wonder of't, but leave
Alas, he is not now (Sir) in the Camp, [it:
To be up and arm'd upon the least Alarm;
There's something else to be thought on.
Here he comes, with his Officers, new-rigg'd.

*Enter Lorenzo, Doctor, Gent. Page (employed about him
as from his Chamber.)*

Alon. A Looking-glass!
Upon my Head, he saw not his own Face
These seven Years past, but by Reflexion
From a bright Armour.

Mart. Be silent, and observe.

Lor. So, have you done yet?
Is your Building perfect?

Doct. If your Highness please,
Here is a Water.

* *There's Craft i' the clouted Shoe.*

Thus *Hamlet*, speaking of the Clown, says, "That the Toe of
"the Peasant comes so near the Heel of the Courtier, he galls his
"Kibe."
Lar.

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Lor. To what Use? my Barber
Hath wash'd my Face already.

Doct. But this Water
Hath a strange Virtue in't, beyond his Art;
It is a sacred Relique, Part of that
Most powerful Juice, which with *Medæa* made
Old *Æson* young.

Lor. A Fable.—But suppose
I should give Credit to it, will it work
The same Effect on me?

Doct. I'll undertake
This will restore the honour'd Hair that grows
Upon your Highness' Head and Chin, a little
Inclining unto Grey.

Lor. Inclining, Doctor?

Doct. Pardon me, mighty Sir, I went too far;
Not Grey at all.—I dare not flatter you,
'Tis something chang'd; but this apply'd will help it
To the first Amber-Colour, every Hair
As fresh as when, your Manhood in the Prime,
Your Grace arriv'd at Thirty.

Lor. Very well.

Doct. Then here's a precious Oil (to which the Maker
Hath not yet given a Name) will soon fill up
These Dimples in your Face and Front. I grant
They are terrible to your Enemies, and set off
Your Frowns with Majesty: But you may please
To know (as sure you do) a smooth Aspect,
Softness and Sweetness, in the Court of Love,
Though dumb, are the prevailing Orators.

Lor. Will he new create me?

Doct. If you deign to taste too
Of this Confection.

Lor. I'm in Health, and need
No Physick.

Doct. Physick, Sir! An Empress
(If that an Empress' Lungs, Sir, may be tainted
With Putrefaction) would taste of it
That Night on which she were to print a Kiss

Upon

Upon the Lips of her long-absent Lord
Returning home with Conquest.

Lor. 'Tis predominant
Over a stinking Breath, is it not, Doctor?

Doct. Cloath the Infirmary with sweeter Language;
'Tis a Preservative that Way.

Lor. You are then
Admitted to the Cabinets of great Ladies,
And have the Government of the borrow'd Beauties
Of such as write near Forty.

Doct. True, my good Lord,
And my Attempts have prosper'd,

Lor. Did you never
Minister to the Princess?

Doct. Sir, not yet;
She's in the *April* of her Youth, and needs not
The Aids of Art, my gracious Lord: But in
The Autumn of her Age I may be useful,
And sworn her Highness' Doctor, and your Grace
Partake of the Delight.

Lor. Slave! Witch! Impostor! [Kicks him;
Mountebank! Cheater! Traitor to great Nature!
In thy Presumption to repair what she
In her immutable Decrees design'd
For some few Years to grow up, and then wither.
Or is't not Crime enough thus to betray
The Secrets of the weaker Sex, thy Patients,
But thou must make the Honour of this Age,
And Envy of the Time to come, *Matilda*,
(Whose sacred Name I bow to) guilty of
A future Sin in thy ill-boding Thoughts,
Which for a Perpetuity of Youth
And Pleasure she disdains to act, such is
Her Purity and Innocence?

[His Foot on the Doctor's Breast.

Alon. Long since
I look'd for this Lenvoy.

Mart. Would I were well off!
He's dang'rous in these Humours.

Os.

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Off. Stand conceal'd.

Doct. O Sir, have Mercy! in my Thought I never Offended you.

Lor. Me? most of all, thou Monster!
What a Mock-man Property in thy Intent
Would'st thou have made me? a meer Pathick to
Thy Devilish Art, had I given Suffrage to it.
Are my Grey Hairs, the Ornament of Age,
And held a Blessing by the wisest Men,
And for such warranted by Holy Writ,^s
To be conceal'd, as if they were my Shame?
Or plaister up these Furrows in my Face,
As if I were a painted Bawd or Whore?
By such base Means if that I could ascend
To the Height of all my Hopes, their full Fruition
Would not wipe off the Scandal. No, thou Wretch!
Thy coz'ning Water and adult'rate Oil
I thus pour in thine Eyes, and tread to Dust
Thy loath'd Confection, with thy Trumperies:
Vanish for ever!

Mart. You've your Fee, as I take it,
Dear *Domine Doctar*! I'll be no Sharer with you.

[*Exit Doctar.*]

Lor. I'll court her like myself; these rich Adornments
And Jewels, worn by me an Absolute Prince;
My Order too, of which I am the Sovereign,
Can meet no ill Construction: Yet 'tis far
From my Imagination to believe
She can be taken with sublimed Clay,
The Silk-worm's Spoils, or rich Embroideries:
Nor must I borrow Helps from Power or Greatness;
But as a loyal Lover plead my Cause,
If I can feelingly express my Ardour,
And make her sensible of the much I suffer

^s ——— Warranted by Holy Writ.

This alludes to the *Proverbs of Solomon*, who says,

“ The Hoary Head is a Crown of Glory, if it be found in the
Way of Righteousness. Chap. xvi. ver. 31. In

THE BASHFUL LOVER. 331

In Hopes and Fears, and she vouchsafe to take
Compassion on me.—Ha! Compassion?
The Word sticks in my Throat: What's here that tells
I do descend too low? *Rebellious Spirit,* [me
I conjure thee to leave me: There is now
No Contradiction or Declining left,
I must and will go on.

Mart. The Tempest's laid;
You may present yourselves.

Alon. My gracious Lord!

Pisan. Your humble Vassal.

Lor. Ha! both living?

Alon. Sir,

We owe our Lives to this good Lord, and make it
Our humble Suit ——

Lor. Plead for yourselves: We stand
Yet unresolv'd whether your Knees or Prayers
Can save the Forfeiture of your own Heads:
Though we have put our Armour off.—Your Pardon
For leaving the Camp without our Licence
Is not yet sign'd. At some more fit Time wait us.
[Exit *Lor. and Attendants.*

Alon. How's this?

Mart. 'Tis well it is no worse; I met with
A rougher Entertainment, yet I had
Good Cards to shew. He's parcel mad, you'll find him
Every Hour in a several Mood, this foolish Love
Is such a Shuttlecock; but all will be well
When a better Fit comes on him, never doubt it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, Manfroy.

Gonz. How do you find her?

Uber. Thankful for my Service,
And yet she gives me little Hope; my Rival
Is too great for me.

Gonz. The Great Duke, you mean?

Uber.

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Uber. Who else? the *Millanois*, although he be
A compleat Gentleman, I am sure despairs
More than myself.

Farn. A high Estate, with Women,
Takes Place of all Desert.

Uber. I must stand my Fortune.

Enter Lorenzo and Attendants.

Manf. The Duke of *Florence*, Sir!

Gonz. Your Highness' Presence
Answers my Wish. Your private Ear:—I have us'd
My best Persuasion with a Father's Power
To work my Daughter to your Ends; yet she,
Like a small Bark on a tempestuous Sea,
Toss'd here and there by opposite Winds, resolves not
At which Port to put in, this Prince's merits;
Your Grace and Favour; nor is she unmindful
Of the brave Acts (under your Pardon, Sir,
I needs must call them so) *Hortensio*
Hath done to gain her good Opinion of him:
All these together tumbling in her Fancy,
Do much distract her. I have Spies upon her,
And am assur'd this instant Hour she gives
Hortensio private Audience; I will bring you
Where we will see and hear all.

Lor. You oblige me.

Uber. I do not like this Whispering.

Gonz. Fear no foul Play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Galeazzo, Beatrice, and two Waiting-Women.

1 Wom. The Princess, Sir, long since expected you;
And, would I beg a Thanks, I could tell you that
I've often mov'd her for you.

Gal. I'm your Servant.

Enter

Enter Matilda.

Beat. She's come; there are others I must place to hear

The Conference.

[*Exit.*

1 Wom. Is't your Excellency's Pleasure
That we attend you?

Matil. No; wait me in the Gallery.

1 Wom. Would each of us, Wench, had a Sweetheart
To pass away the Time! [too,

2 Wom. There I join with you.

[*Exit Waiting-Women.*

Matil. I fear this is the last Time we shall meet.

Gal. Heaven forbid!

*Enter (above) Beatrice, Lorenzo, Gonzaga, Uberti,
Farneze.*

Matil. O my *Hortensio*!

In me behold the Misery of Greatness,
And that which you call Beauty. Had I been
Of a more low Condition, I might
Have call'd my Will and Faculties mine own,
Not seeing that which was to be lov'd
With other's Eyes: But now, ay me! most wretched
And miserable Princess! in my Fortune
To be too much engag'd for Service done me,
It being impossible to make Satisfaction
To my so many Creditors; all deserving,
I can keep Touch with none.

Lor. A sad *Exordium*!

Matil. You lov'd me long, and without Hope, (alas,
I die to think on't!) *Parma's* Prince, invited
With a too partial Report of what
I was, and might be to him, left his Country
To fight in my Defence. Your brave Atchievements
I' the War, and what you did for me, unspoken,
(Because I would not force the Sweetness of

Your

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Your Modesty to a Blush) are written here :
 And, that there might be nothing wanting to
 Sum up my numerous Engagements (never
 In my Hopes to be cancell'd) the Great Duke,
 Our mortal Enemy, when my Father's Country
 Lay open to his Fury, and the Spoil
 Of the victorious Army, and I brought
 Into his Power, hath shewn himself so noble,
 So full of strictest Honour, Temperance,
 And all Virtues that can set off a Prince,
 That, though I cannot render him that Respect
 I would, I'm bound in Thankfulness t'admire him.

Gal. 'Tis acknowledg'd, and on your Part
 To be return'd.

Matil. But oh! how can I,
 Without the Brand of foul Ingratitude
 To you, and Prince *Uberti*?

Gal. Hear me, Madam,
 And what your Servant shall with Zeal deliver,
 As a *Dædalean* Clew may guide you out of
 This Labyrinth of Destruction. He that loves
 His Mistress truly, should prefer her Honour
 And Peace of Mind, above the glutting of
 His rav'nous Appetite: He should affect
 But with a fit Restraint, and not take from her
 To give himself: He should make it the Height
 Of his Ambition, if it lie in
 His stretch'd-out Nerves t'effect it, though she fly in
 An eminent Place, to add Strength to her Wings,
 And mount her higher, though he fall himself
 Into the bottomless Abyss; or else
 The Services he offers are not real,
 But counterfeit.

Matil. What can *Hortensio*
 Infer from this?

Gal. That I stand bound in Duty
 (Though in the Act I take my last Farewel
 Of Comfort in this Life) to sit down willingly,
 And move my Suit no farther. I confess,

While

While you were in Danger, and Heav'n's Mercy made
me

Its Instrument to preserve you, (which your Goodness
Priz'd far above the Merit) I was bold
To feed my starv'd Affection with false Hopes
I might be worthy of you: For know, Madam,
How mean soever I appear'd in *Mantua*,
I had in Expectation a Fortune,
Though not possess'd of't, that encourag'd me
With Confidence to prefer my Suit, and not
To fear the Prince *Uberti* as my Rival.

Gonz. I ever thought him more than what he seem'd.

Lor. Pray you, forbear.

Gal. But when the Duke of *Florence*
Put in his Plea, in my Consideration
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him,
A *Mars* of Men in Arms; and, those put off,
The great Example for a Kingly Courtier
To imitate: Annex to these his Wealth,
Of such a large Extent, as other Monarchs
Call him the King of Coin; and, what's above all,
His lawful Love, with all the Happiness
This Life can fancy, from him flowing to you;
The true Affection which I have ever borne you,
Does not alone command me to desist,
But, as a faithful Counsellor, to advise you
To meet and welcome that Felicity
Which hastes to crown your Virtues.

Lor. We must break off this Parley.

Something I have to say.

[*Exeunt above.*]

Matil. In Tears I thank

Your Care of my Advancement; but I dare not
Follow your Counsel. Shall such Piety
Pass unrewarded? Such a pure Affection,
For any Ends of mine, be undervalu'd?
Avert it, Heaven! I will be thy *Matilda*,
Or cease to be: No other Heat but what
Glow from thy purest Flames, shall warm this Bosom,
Nor

Nor *Florence*, nor all Monarchs of the Earth
Shall keep thee from me.

*Enter Lorenzo, Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, Manfroy,
two Waiting-Women.*

Gal. I fear, gracious Lady,
Our Conference hath been o'erheard.

Matil. The better :
Your Part is acted ; give me Leave at Distance
To zany it. — Sir, on my Knees thus prostrate
Before your Feet. [To Lorenzo.

Lor. This must not be : I shall
Both wrong myself and you in suff'ring it.

Matil. I will grow here, and weeping thus turn Mar-
Unless you hear and grant the first Petition [ble,
A Virgin, and a Princess, ever tendred :
Nor doth the Suit concern poor me alone,
It hath a stronger Reference to you
And to your Honour ; and, if you deny it,
Both Ways you suffer. Remember, Sir, you were not
Born only for yourself ; Heav'n's liberal Hand
Design'd you to command a potent Nation,
Gave you heroic Valour, which you have
Abus'd in making unjust War upon
A Neighbour-Prince, a Christian ; while the *Turk*,
Whose Scourge and Terror you should be, securely
Wastes the *Italian* Confines : 'Tis in you
To force him to pull in his horned Crescents,
And 'tis expected from you.

Lor. I have been in
A Dream, and now begin to wake.

Matil. And will you
Forbear to reap the Harvest of such Glories,
Now ripe, and at full Growth, for the Embraces
Of a slight Woman ? or exchange your Triumphs
For Chamber-pleasures ? melt your able Nerves
(That should with your victorious Sword make Way
Through th'Armies of your Enemies) in loose

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And wanton Dalliance? Be yourself, great Sir,
The Thunderbolt of War, and scorn to sever
Two Hearts long since united: Your Example
May teach the Prince *Uberti* to subscribe
To that which you allow of.

Lor. The same Tongue
That charm'd my Sword out of my Hand, and threw
A frozen Numbness on my active Spirit,
Hath disenchant'd me. Rise, fairest Princess!
And, that it may appear I do receive
Your Counsel as inspir'd from Heav'n, I will
Obey and follow it: I am your Debtor,
And must confess you've lent my weaken'd Reason
New Strengths once more to hold a full command
Over my Passions. Here to the World
I freely do profess that I disclaim
All Interest in you, and give up my Title,
Such as it is, to you, Sir; and, as far
As I have Power, thus join your Hands.

Gonz. To yours
I add my full Consent.

Uber. I am lost, *Farneze*.

Farn. Much nearer to the Port than you suppose:
In me our Laws speak, and forbid this Contract.

Matil. Ay me! new Stops?

Gal. Shall we be ever cross'd thus?

Farn. There is an Act upon Record, confirm'd
By your wise Predecessors, that no Heir
Of *Mantua* (as questionless the Princess
Is the undoubted one) must be join'd in Marriage,
But where the Match may strengthen the Estate
And Safety of the Dukedom. Now this Gentleman,
However I must stile him Honourable,
And of a high Desert, having no Power
To make this good in his Alliance, stands
Excluded by our Laws; whereas this Prince,
Of equal Merit, brings to *Mantua*
The Power and Principality of *Parma*:
And therefore, since the Great Duke hath let fall

His Plea, there lives no Prince that justlier can
Challenge the Princess' Favour.

Lor. Is this true, Sir?

Gonz. I cannot contradict it.

Enter Manfroy.

Manf. There's an Ambassador
From *Milan*, that desires a present Audience;
His Business is of highest Consequence,
As he affirms: I know him for a Man
Of the best Rank and Quality.

Gal. From *Milan*?

Gonz. Admit him.

Enter Ambassador and Julio with a Letter, which he presents on his Knee to Galeazzo.

—How? so low!

Amb. I am sorry, Sir,
To be the Bringer of this heavy News:
But since it must be known —

Gal. Peace rest with him!
I shall find fitter Time to mourn his Loss,
My faithful Servant too, *Julio*!

Jul. I am o'erjoy'd,
To see your Highness safe.

Gal. Pray you peruse this,
And there you'll find that the Objection
The Lord *Farneze* made, is fully answer'd.

Gonz. The great *John Galeas* dead?

Lor. And this his Brother,
The absolute Lord of *Milan*.

Matil. I'm reviv'd.

Uber. There's no contending against Destiny,
I wish both Happiness.

Enter

Enter Alonzo, Maria, Octavio, Pifano, Martinio.

Lor. Marry'd, *Alonzo*?

I will salute your Lady, she's a fair one,
And seal your Pardon on her Lips.

Gonz. Octavio,

Welcome e'en to my Heart! Rise, I should kneel
To thee for Mercy.

Oct. The poor Remainder of
My Age shall truly serve you.

Matil. You resemble a Page I had, *Ascanio.*

Mar. I am your Highness' Servant still.

Lor. All stand amaz'd

At this unlook'd-for Meeting: But defer
Your several Stories. Fortune here hath shewn
Her various Power; but Virtue in the End
Is crown'd with Laurel: Love hath done his Parts too;
And mutual Friendship, after bloody Jars,
Will cure the Wounds received in our Wars.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

PRAY you, Gentlemen, keep your Seats ; something I would
 Deliver to gain Favour, if I could,
 To us, and the still doubtful Author. He,
 When I desir'd an Epilogue, answer'd me,
 " 'Twas to no Purpose : He must stand his Fate,
 " Since all Intreaties now would come too late ;
 " You being long since resolv'd what you would say
 " Of him, or us, as ye rise, or of the Play."
 A strange old Fellow ! yet this sullen Mood
 Would quickly leave him, might it be understood
 You part not hence displeas'd. I am design'd
 To give him certain Notice : If you find
 Things worth your Liking, shew it. Hope and Fear,
 Though different Passions, have the self-same Ear.

END of VOL. III.

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